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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF AN

ITALIAN GENTLEMAN ; *

CONTAINING HIS TRAVELS IN ITALY, GREECE, FRANCE, &c.

No. I.

My parents were substantial citizens of Rome ; at three years of age I had the misfortune to lose my father ; and my mother, who was very young, being disposed to marry again, entrusted the care of my education to an uncle, who, as he had no children, (having married a lady in her fiftieth year,) very readily accepted the charge, for which indeed he seemed anxious, his wish being to imbue me with priestly maxims and systems, in the belief that he might thus turn his guardianship to account.

After the death of General Dufaon, (on which I shall not enlarge, as his history is pretty generally known,) the priests, perceiving that the French armies were approaching the territories of the Church, began to spread reports that all the wooden images of Christ and the Virgin were opening their eyes ; the ignorant people blindly crediting what the priests had related, began to make processions and illuminations throughout the city, while all hastened to carry presents to the images. My uncle, enraptured at the idea of beholding with his own eyes that which he had heard, formed a procession of all the inhabitants of his house, himself clad in black, and bearing a crucifix in hand ; I at his side holding a torch ; and near us the whole family bearing lighted candles, and walking barefooted, from a notion that the more penitence and resignation we testified, the more would

* Our readers may be assured of the *genuineness* of this amusing piece of autobiography. As the incidents are very numerous, and the adventures of the most various description, and narrated with the necessary detail, this paper will probably extend through several numbers of the Magazine—a circumstance which we feel confident will not be regretted.—Ed.

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the Madonna and Christ be moved to compassion, and be disposed to open their eyes before all of us. We went forth in this order by night, and proceeded to the church of St. Marcellos, in which were multitudes of people, and nothing was heard but cries of "Long live Mary! long live Mary! long live Mary, and he who created her!" There being soldiers stationed at the door, who kept back the crowd, and allowed entrance only to the processions, we passed into the church without difficulty, and arrived at the balustrade, where we prostrated ourselves before the images. The people cried out: "See, they open their eyes!" Numbers saw nothing, and echoed this exclamation through mere compliance; others, who were incredulous, would not have dared to utter a word in contradiction for fear of being massacred. My uncle, looking at the images in ecstasy, said: "Ah, yes, I see them; they have opened and shut their eyes twice!" I, child as I was, being tired of standing, my feet aching in consequence of having walked barefooted, began to cry, and my uncle gave me a box on the ear, bidding me think of the Madonna, and not of my feet. While we were in the church, a tailor, named Badaschi, came with his wife, leading a son about ten or eleven years of age, so very lame that he could scarcely manage his crutches: they placed the boy on the platform of the altar, and began to cry out "Grazia!"—and having for half an hour cried "Grazia!" to the Christ, and "Grazia!" to the Madonna, the mother said to the boy: "Have faith, my son!" then they all stood aloof from the child, leaving him by himself, and they continued to say to him: "Have faith, my son!" throw away your crutches." The poor boy obeyed, but being thus deprived of his support, fell backwards from a height of four steps, and split his skull:—the mother had to take him to the Hospital of the Consolation to get his head dressed; and for all her faith, she beheld him still lame, and wounded to boot. After this we quitted the church, and making the same exclamations through the streets, returned in procession to our home. On arriving there, I asked my uncle why the Madonna had suffered the poor boy to hurt his head? He answered: "My son, do you think that God and the Madonna will work miracles on all?—that he will let every one see him open his eyes? Believe it not, my son. To obtain these favours, we must have a spotless conscience."

Were I to relate what was daily invented concerning these miracles, whole volumes would not suffice for the recital: I shall merely observe, that on the Piazza Pollarola in Rome, it was said of the image called Madonna del Saponaro, that the lamps which burnt around it were not fed with oil, but with milk from the Madonna herself; and they had introduced a whitish composition into the crystal lamps, to make the populace believe this imposture: there were priests in surplice and stole, who took the rosaries of the people and dipped them in these lamps. Having gone in procession with my uncle to visit this Madonna, we gained an opportunity of accosting the curate, and of

requesting him to take our rosaries; with much effort he complied with our wish, and restored them to us, not dipped in milk, but so soaked in oil, that we could not at the moment venture to put them in our pockets.

In the year 1797, an army of forty thousand men having entered Rome to establish the Republican system, the national guard was immediately organized. My uncle, whose disposition and sentiments were wholly at variance with those of the invaders, took very great offence at being compelled to metamorphose his favourite notions, and to solicit the rank of captain, which to his utter mortification he was constrained by the duties of his office to do, among other things equally repugnant, such as attending the festival of the confederation of the Roman Republic, and being obliged to send even me to the procession antecedent to that solemn act, which was performed in the square of the Vatican. I, with a great number of other boys, was clad in the antique costume, wearing a laurel crown, and a wreath in the manner of a cross-belt, also of laurel. I was greatly delighted with this novelty, (much more delighted than with the processions which my uncle made me join, to behold the opening of the Madonna's eyes,) and in common with all my companions, was doubtless the more pleased, because we were to partake of the dinner which on this occasion was given in the very square of St. Peter's. But this pleasure was embittered by my uncle, who, the moment we came home, began to exhort me to abhor this accursed solemnity, which was nothing but an imitation of Paganism, by means of which it was intended that licentiousness should take up its abode in the capital of the Catholic world: he added—"that the devil regarded such holidays as a triumph, in consideration of the many souls which he gained by them—that our duty was to crave the pardon of heaven for having filled such a post; protesting that we would rather have died than have accepted it, and that we would never more suffer ourselves to be so led away, whatever compulsion might be threatened." In fact, he acted up to these arguments of his, until the fortune of war having withdrawn the French from Rome, relieved him from his anxieties, and gave him the satisfaction of witnessing the re-establishment of the Pontifical Government. Highly gratified with this event, and adhering firmly to his principles, he placed me under the tuition of a master, for the purpose of acquiring the rudiments of Latin, it being impossible for me to go to the public schools (that is, to the Roman College) without being acquainted at least with the syntax. In two years time I began to study the Latin language in that college, under several masters. I find it impossible to decide whether any one in such circumstances could possibly be more ignorant. The respect due to my uncle impels me to throw all the blame on the masters, for undertaking to teach me a language unknown to me, without first giving me a thorough knowledge of my own. After several years of application

I failed to derive much profit, for several reasons—first, the tedious method and bad process of instruction—second, the practice of stuffing the student's head with prayers, sermons, and phantasies—and thirdly, the artifice of keeping him constantly in the dark, and of preventing him from enlightening his own mind. You are never to ask questions which the masters may not answer; it is a sin to reason on points which do not concern us: believe what the priests tell you. At the end of two years I received the sacrament for the first time: for this three months of preparation were requisite, then a month and a half of exercises in a cloister where nothing was heard but sermons, meditations, and other religious observances. At the end of this period I went home: my uncle and aunt, who cared nothing about my studies, (they said they thought only of my soul,) embraced me, and said, with tears in their eyes: "Now thou art a man—God is come unto thee—thou must be a good Catholic," and gave me many similar exhortations, which in the lapse of years I have ceased to remember. On my return to school I found myself much in arrear with my studies, having almost forgotten the little I had learned.

In the college there was an association called the Brotherhood of Saint Louis. All the young men who went to school were obliged, on the festival, to attend sermon in the morning, to confess, and go to communion; afterwards they went home to dinner, and in two hours returned; then several priests conducted all the scholars into a garden to play at ball, and the stake for each game was ten pater-nosters to be recited before the winner with the hands under the knees. When the hour of play was expired we all returned to the town, and went to church to hear a sermon; after which all the lights were put out, and two priests administered a corporal discipline to each: (the lights were extinguished for the accommodation of those who, through deeper penitence, chose to strip and inflict the discipline on their skin:) at the commencement of the psalm "*Miserere mei Deus!*" all began to flog themselves and continued while it was sung. At the end of the psalm the discipline was suspended; time was allowed for those penitents to dress, who had stripped; then the lamps were again lighted, and after other prayers the poor youths were dismissed to their homes, filled with the fear of hell and the devil. Twice or thrice a week occurred a holiday, the festival of some saint or other; and the students were always occupied in these religious exercises, no care being taken for their advancement in learning. On the contrary, the masters found it advantageous to keep the young students in ignorance, who, through the rigorous treatment inflicted on them, lost all the good qualities with which they might originally have been endowed. An occurrence which bitterly exasperated me, put an end to my course of studies. One morning, having gone to school rather late, and (contrary to my usual custom) not having my lesson perfectly by heart, the master sent for the corrector, a man hired by government

as a sort of constable, to inflict castigation on the students, and ordered him to give me twenty stripes on the hands. After receiving them I returned to my place quivering with excessive and intolerable pain, and being then very young, I was indignant at so unjust a punishment. The master seeing that I wished for satisfaction, sent again for the corrector, to give me twenty more stripes, telling me that I was to go on my knees into the middle of the school. I told the master that I would not go; he threatened that if I did not obey he would have me taken by force. Seeing that there was no alternative for the master's order but flight, and being filled with boyish indignation, I successively hurled at his head from the desk before me, inkstand, pens, books, and penknife; fortunately none of them hit him, and I fled just as he rose from his seat. All the scholars began to laugh; I was already afar off, but the master took care to have me pursued. Finding that I was nearly overtaken I entered into the church of the Minerva, and there found safety; my pursuers halted, and after laughing heartily, returned and told the master that I had taken sanctuary, (every one in Italy being safe who betakes himself to a church.) I began to ponder on what I should do: if I appealed to my uncle I should find him more inexorable than the master, and I therefore determined to send for my mother, the only person who could at that moment plead my cause. It was not long before she came, in a great fright, apprehending that I must have committed some signal offence since I had taken refuge in a church. I told her what had happened: she rebuked me, and said I should go with her home. She and her husband had afterwards much trouble in settling this affair, as the master wished that my hands should suffer for it. To this my mother replied: "It becomes you well enough to talk so, for you know not what it is to have children." My uncle with much ado forgave me, and the master also pronounced my pardon, on condition, however, that I should ask it publicly on my knees, and go and perform a month's exercises at the convent of Sts. John and Paul, a sort of prison for the performance of such impositions, where each penitent must live at his own cost. My uncle was satisfied with this commutation, hoping that the friars would work amendment in me.

On taking me to the convent, he said to me: "Behold, God still waits for thee, hoping to see thee again; recollect that hell is open." He consigned me to the prior of the convent, gave him money to say masses to bring me back to the light of truth and inspire me with deep contrition for the offence committed, and then left me. I am at a loss for words to express how I was tormented by the friars; they demonstrated to me that I was damned, that the crime committed was of the deepest dye, and that the scandal I had caused was of a most aggravated nature. Being young, I believed all this, and heartily repented. Every evening they made me undergo the discipline; and called out to me to lay on heavily that I might rid myself of my sin.

They made me bind round my thighs some small chains with iron spikes in them; saying, that without this the penance would not cancel the offence. I did as I was bid; believing all that they told me, and thinking that I had the devil at my very shoulders. This apprehension was so strong, that every night I had most horrible dreams. They caused me to make a general confession, and I owned that several friends or schoolmates had lent me some books which were not very moral. My confessor assured me that I was damned; that the devil might carry me away body and soul; but that alms and penance were a remedy for every thing. I had four dollars in my pocket which I gave him; and by dint of much penance, that is to say, spare diet, self-flagellation, and other discipline, I hoped to fulfil the other condition. The confessor said to me: "Look you, my son; with these four dollars I will perform four masses at an altar privileged by St. Pius the Fifth, which will do your soul a great deal of good; meantime I recommend you to mortify the body." I promised all this, and kept my word. Happily the appointed time drew to an end. The day before I came away, they made me receive the sacrament; I did nothing but weep for the grief which my sins occasioned me. Next day came my uncle, who showed some surprise at seeing me so much wasted, and then said to me: "The exercises have done thee good; thou art no longer in mortal sin; thou hast acquired a more delicate physiognomy." My uncle took me in a coach to the school, and I made a public excuse to the master, kneeling, and kissing his hand, and he directly took occasion to preach a little sermon, that his scholars might, from this warning, learn to respect him. After a multitude of ceremonies, my uncle took me home; my aunt, on seeing me, instantly asked: "What can the friars have done to him to waste him so?" My uncle answered, "he has done penance for the fault committed." He would have had me go to school again, but finding it impossible to persuade me, and being unwilling to use coercion, he determined to send me to study in the house of the advocate Bruner, the expeditor of papal briefs for Spain. This man was very fond of home, and for two years had been bedridden with the rheumatism, nor could he do more than simply sign a few briefs. He had two men who wrote for him, and when I began to attend him he was living alone, being unwilling to have any relations under his roof; he had only a man servant. My aunt, an old lady, frequently went to keep him company, and in the evening, after I had done writing, we used to go home together. This advocate, finding himself obliged to keep his bed continually, from the pain which tormented him, frequently began to blaspheme the name of God and the saints, saying, that if God were just he would distribute the pain among all mankind, in equal portions. My devout and scrupulous aunt reproved him, but the advocate, who disliked to hear reproof from a woman, bade her mind her knitting and not concern herself with what he said. On our return home, my

aunt told me I must go no more to the advocate: "It shocks my conscience," she added, "to hear him blaspheme, and if I do not continue my visits, neither must you; for you will learn all those wicked and abominable words." I told her I took no heed of them; that the evil rested with those who uttered them; I should have been much displeased if my uncle, knowing this, had forbidden me to go and write for the advocate, because, when we were alone, he instructed me in so many things, concerning which I was entirely in the dark:—he devolved to me the impostures of the priests; he gave me beautiful books to read, in which I took great delight, and which he afterwards explained to me, saying: "I wish you well, and I would have you know that you are in darkness." I seemed to be in a chaos: I could not reconcile what the friars had said in their exercises, with what was afterwards told me by Bruner the advocate, whose strong arguments, however, were daily more convincing. One day, while the advocate was in extreme pain, my aunt, who was there, urged him to endure all for the love of God. The advocate, who had little or no faith, in the torture of his disease began to blaspheme to such a degree, that the good lady, without staying to put on her bonnet and shawl, hastened away, making a thousand crosses, and left the house, determined never more to set foot in it. In the evening I paid my usual visit to the advocate in his room, and he told me, laughing, that my aunt had fled and would never return. "Poor, silly old woman," added he, "the confessors have put these scruples into her head; otherwise she would take no notice of my blasphemies, and would say her prayers." When I went home my aunt said nothing of what had happened. On the Sunday she went to confession; her confessor was a Dominican belonging to the Inquisition; he would not give her absolution unless she first went to the Holy Office and denounced the advocate as a blasphemer. [My aunt having accused herself of having heard blasphemies, this was ground sufficient for the confessor's purpose.] My aunt came home and said nothing. On the Monday she obeyed the confessor's injunction; and as the Holy Office was at some distance, she took a coach and went thither alone. She was examined, and afterwards repaired forthwith to the church to confess herself anew, and thus show that she had fulfilled the task imposed on her.

In fifteen days I was summoned to the Inquisition; I was greatly terrified, not knowing what was the matter; I imagined that some friend might have acted the spy upon me, and denounced me as having some prohibited book in my possession. To my uncle I was unwilling to mention the matter; I passed the whole day and night in continual agony; indeed the occasion was sufficiently terrible to a youth, as I then was, unacquainted with the world, and familiar only with those ecclesiastical notions which the advocate Bruner had been unable entirely to eradicate. On the morning of the 10th I went to the Inquisition; they made me wait an hour in the antechamber: my

heart beat violently. At length I was led into an apartment wholly hung with black, on one side of which was a large table covered also with black, at which were seated three Dominican friars, and an abbate in black raiment, who was their secretary, and with whom I happened to be well acquainted. He no sooner saw me, than he encouraged me, by a look, not to be afraid; I then breathed more freely, and before my examination began, had leisure to observe that there was a large crucifix over the heads of the friars, a smaller crucifix on the table, and a book, which was the New Testament. After the father Inquisitor had asked my name and surname, he said: "Do you know why you have been cited before this holy tribunal?" I answered, "No." He enquired if my conscience was clear from every stain which might sully the holy tribunal? I answered, that I had none wherewith to reproach myself. After many fruitless questions, he asked me if I knew the advocate Bruner? [I now understood that the whole blame lay with my aunt.] I replied that I did know him; and that I went to his house to write. "Have you ever heard him utter blasphemies?" I answered, that he was tormented with illness, but that I went to his house, not to hear what he said, but merely to write, and to do my duty. The Inquisitor, looking sternly at me, said, that if I did not instantly tell all I knew, I should be punished with the utmost rigour of the law; that by my conscience, and by the holy gospels, which he caused me to touch, he conjured me to declare minutely what the advocate Bruner had said; and to specify all the blasphemies which he had uttered. He asked me if I had ever held any private conversations with him? I answered in the negative. Then the Inquisitor said to me: "I advise you not to frequent the society of that man; he is already lost to all eternity; the devil has already gained dominion over his soul: we shall do our utmost endeavours, but I believe all will be to no purpose. Swear upon that crucifix never to declare to any one that you have been cited before the Inquisition, or why you have been cited." I promised all this; and with much formality was dismissed from the gloomy hall. While I staid in the outer room, I saw the two men who used to write for the advocate Bruner; they trembled excessively, and declared that they were old men, and had never before been in that place. I took them on one side, and told them why they were summoned. They recovered their spirits, and went to examination in better heart.—On my return home, I related the whole affair to my uncle, who strongly reproached his wife for accusing the advocate Bruner. She answered, "I shall not deprive myself of absolution, and forego the sacrament, for the sake of the advocate Bruner: and my confessor told me he would never absolve me unless I accused him." In the evening I went as usual to the house of the advocate, whom I found in high spirits. Congratulating him on his merry mood, I enquired the reason, and he immediately replied: "Have I not cause to laugh, and to be merry? The tender may easily imagine what

when I have been accused to the Inquisition? What do they think of doing now? I wait for them in bed."—A fortnight afterwards an Inquisitor presented himself, and an interrogation ensued between them which lasted four hours, but finding it impossible to elicit any thing, the emissary went away dissatisfied. In a month from that time, came the chief Inquisitor, who interrogated the advocate for a very long time, and after threatening to have him carried to prison in his bed, went away. When he was gone, Bruner said to me: "What would they be at? I am a better theologian than any of them. They may put me in prison; they may torture me; but I shall never say the thing that is not." Then taking me by the hand he said: "My friend, the Inquisition is adapted for the vulgar, and not for well-informed people, who can confute and overthrow all its propositions." Two months afterwards an order arrived for his arrest, but as he was extremely ill, it was thought necessary to postpone his removal. In a few days his case became desperate, the rheumatism having affected his chest; he died without consenting to listen to any of the priests, and we had much ado to prevail on them to allow him Christian burial.

Scarcely had the barbarous Gauls set foot for the second time in what was once the capital of the world, (I allude to their coming in 1807,) when the youth of the city, attracted and allured by the fine promises of that ever faithless nation, credulously and implicitly complied with their wishes. No wonder then that I should have been of the number. I was at this time possessed of some property, but was still under the guardianship of my uncle, who, infatuated as I have already said, with ecclesiastical notions, deprived me of the means of attaining distinction, keeping me always pent up at home, lest some of those ultramontane wretches should seduce me, and exercising me continually with prayers, sermons, fastings, and so forth. That, however, which he dreaded, came to pass. Having occasion to go into the country on business, he left me with a strict charge to stay at home, and associate with no one but a certain priest, the only individual competent to give me good advice; and, moreover, to be quite indifferent concerning political affairs, which might have a tendency to disturb my mind. I did not fail to promise all that he required of me; but he could scarcely have journeyed a distance of two miles, ere I quitted the house, and went to enquire among my friends how things were going on. Several of them I found wearing regimentals—others enjoying some profitable appointment or other; they all urged me to leave my uncle, and enter on the career of arms, assuring me that I should obtain the post of sub-lieutenant in the National Guard. I made some little demur, remarking that the Pope had excommunicated all those who accepted employments under the French government. My friends laughed at this, and said: "thy uncle has plunged thee in ignorance—thy masters have kept thee there; come with us, and in a few minutes thou shalt be free from all dread of excommunication." The reader may easily imagine what

effect was produced on me by the notion of becoming an officer—of wearing the military garb—of having soldiers under my command: I felt assured that my uncle would venture to say nothing to me, on seeing me in uniform; and knowing that he was still to be absent two days, I determined to embrace the proposal made to me. Having got together a sum of money, I instantly bespoke a military equipment at my own expense, and my friends procured me an officer's commission from General Miollis, Governor of Rome. Four days afterwards, I made my appearance in the streets of the city in martial attire. I exulted in having at one step become an officer; and when the sentinels presented arms as I passed, I could not sufficiently appreciate this honour, accompanied as it was, in my case, with a transition from priestly restraint to conversation and liberty—a contrast almost too great for my comprehension. On the second day I failed not to present myself in full dress to General Miollis, to thank him and to vow fidelity to the Emperor; the General received me very cordially, and assured me that those who should have earliest become partisans of the French government, should be the first to be rewarded, according to their deserts, by lucrative appointments; and he sent me to the new church, to Cæsar Marucchi, chef de bataillon of the first legion, so that I was instantly in active service. My uncle soon heard of what had happened, and hastening the conclusion of his business, immediately returned home. I cannot describe the furious passion he flew into when he saw me in regimentals; he declared I should instantly leave the house, as he would have no excommunicated persons, or rebels against the holy church; that his holiness had excommunicated not only all those who were employed under the French government, but even those who ate and drank with them; and that in Rome and throughout the state, bulls had been issued, fulminating a general excommunication. I wished to appease him by adducing the reasons with which my friends had persuaded me to this step, and by showing that it was possible to serve Napoleon and be a good Catholic. It was impossible, he rejoined, to serve two masters—there was yet time for me to atone for my fault; “abandon this engagement,” said he, “abandon all thy friends, who are leading thee to ruin; I will send thee into the country, where no one shall seek thee; and thou mayest again begin to lead a good and holy life, as in thy former days.” Having now had some taste of the world, though but for so very brief a space, I was immoveably bent on following my new profession; he dared not use compulsion towards me, lest he should become obnoxious to the suspicions of the French government—he therefore determined to allow me thirty dollars a month; but I must instantly quit his house, and I did so on the following day.

The moment they arrived in Rome, the French began to do just as they liked, notwithstanding the letters written from day to day by the Pope's Secretary of State, imploring General Miollis to put a stop to such abuses: the French governor sent answers to

him of an evasive or ironical nature, but took care at the same time to do what best served his own purpose. He began to take possession of many convents as quarters for his troops: new letters were written to remonstrate on the want of respect shown to consecrated places, openly declaring that the holy father disapproved of such proceedings. I am not prepared to deny, that to all the letters written by the pontifical government, from the commencement of the invasion until the removal of the Pope, the French government did punctually send answers, but it is certain that not one of the demands made in them was complied with. The Pope, seeing that no attention was paid to his remonstrances, went to work with his religious weapons, excommunicating all who sided with the French government, and causing his bulls to be posted by night at the usual places, throughout Rome and the whole ecclesiastical state. General Miollis laughed at the excommunications of Pope Pius the Seventh; he had removed the Swiss guards from the palace of Monte Cavallo, and had substituted French guards, with orders to refuse access to all persons. The Pope, finding himself disregarded by every body, and as it were imprisoned, ordered the great gates of the palace to be closed, not choosing to have further communication with any one. As he well knew the French were devising means to carry him off, he caused a report to be spread, that he had ordered for himself the vestments of a holy bishop, and that whenever any person should introduce himself into the palace to enforce his departure, he would assume those vestments, and fulminate death on that man who should dare to lay hands on his sacred person. The people were in a state of indescribable tumult when they knew that the French government were bent on removing the Pope; and although the force of the latter amounted to more than fifteen thousand men, General Miollis prudently determined that the removal should be effected with the utmost privacy, and he therefore used all the precaution necessary for the execution of a measure so difficult in a country which, to all appearance, is acquainted with nothing but religion, and which maintains the Pope to be not merely as a sovereign but even as an earthly god. Three days before the departure of his holiness from Rome, all the headboroughs, namely—those of Trestevere, Monti, Popolo, and Borgo, on the pretext of having to present to the Pope a live sturgeon, weighing three hundred pounds, in a tub of suitable dimensions, were allowed to pass the advanced posts of the French, stationed around the papal palace. The prohibition that any person should enter, lest a plot should be hatched, still existed; but the French, knowing that they would have raised suspicions among these people, if they had denied them entrance for the purpose of carrying a present to the Pope, very shrewdly permitted it; not that they were ignorant of his intended removal, which, however, proved to be more sudden than any one could have imagined. These headboroughs, with their huge fish, being introduced into his presence, the Pope blessed and accepted it with many demon-

strations of satisfaction, thanking them for this proof of loyalty to their sovereign, oppressed by the enemies of the church. One of the deputation replied: "Holy father, it is not to present the fish that we come to your holiness—these are not times for making presents, we merely availed ourselves of such a pretext to elude the French guards. We have twenty thousand armed men, who can save you from the hands of your enemies, and delay your departure, which is said to be near at hand; we will fight to the last drop of our blood, and we think that we cannot meet a better death than in the attempt to save our sovereign." The Pope himself was deceived, not imagining that his removal was so imminent. Dismissing them with thanks, he said—"Retire to your homes—this is not the time—when you are wanted I will send for you—do not believe it—I shall not depart from hence—no one will dare to lay hands on my sacred person." When he had given them his blessing, they asked permission to kiss his foot; the Pope granted it, and they went their way.

General Miollis, aware of the agitation that prevailed in Rome, and knowing that the people had taken it into their heads to resist the removal of the Pope, determined to hasten it as much as possible, and confided this important affair to General Radette, of the *gens-d'armes*. Having fixed on the night when the removal was to take place, he ordered all the emissaries of the police to be, that night, on the alert at their respective stations—one hundred constables to be under arms, with fifty of the *gens-d'armes*, and an hundred picked men of the National Guard, who could be depended upon, were to be in readiness with scaling-ladders near the walls of the Pope's garden. General Miollis caused an order to be read to the troops destined for this service, declaring that the first man who touched the least thing in the papal palace should be put to death. General Radette arrived at midnight, accompanied by M. Bonom, marshal of the *gens-d'armes*, both drest as citizens. He commanded that the constables should ascend first, then the National Guards, and after them the general, with the small number of the *gens-d'armes*. One of the National Guard, named Mazzolini, a true patriot, aspired to the distinction of being the first to scale the walls. It being dark by this time, he missed a step, and falling from a considerable height, broke his thigh. All the people, though they were well disposed, and in good heart, began to think that this was a judgment of God. The constables, who were ignorant men, and who had been forced into this service, refused to go up. On this, the general, turning to the *gens-d'armes*—"Come, brave *gens-d'armes*, let us show them whether it be a judgment of God, or a mere accident." Then the *gens-d'armes* began to mount—the National Guard followed—the general after them—and the constables the last. There was a person who was acquainted with the subterranean passage that led from the garden into the palace; the general took this man under his arm as a guide, and with a pistol in each hand they entered, proceeded for a

good half mile along the passage, found a person waiting, who opened the gate, through which they passed into the grand court of the palace of Monte Cavallo. Having first collected his small force, the general ordered them to go to all the Swiss body-guards that were in the palace, disarm them of their halberts and rusty swords, and then lock them up and leave them until morning. He sent some fifteen men to this band of guards; most of them were found asleep, the others, with great good will, gave up their arms. When they found they were to be locked up, one of them laughed and said: "let us have a good breakfast in the morning." Having all returned to the appointed place of meeting, the general said, after hearing all the reports made to him, he was certain that the Pope's guards would make no resistance. He enjoined all the men in the palace to the strictest silence, and then ordered the guide to conduct him and the marshal to the door of the Pope's chamber, which they reached without encountering any impediment. He knocked twice at the door; at the second knocking the Pope asked, "who was there?" The answer was: "I am General Radette, an envoy from the Emperor Napoleon." The Pope opened the door; he had his clothes on, and it is supposed that he had not yet been in bed, it being his custom to make long vigils; some said that he knew of his removal, and was waiting the time fixed for departing. However that may be, the Pope bade the general and the marshal come in. After paying his respects, the general said to him: "Your holiness has five minutes to decide either on signing this treaty (including an oath of fidelity to the emperor, a recognition of the Code Napoleon, and some minor clauses) or depart immediately. The Pope read the treaty, and during the five minutes, stood playing with the snuff-box in his hand. The audacious marshal begged a pinch of snuff from his holiness; the Pope, with a smile, condescended, and opened the box; the marshal having tasted it, said, "Holy father, what excellent snuff!" the Pope, without speaking, motioned him to take a packet of it, which lay on a table. The five minutes being expired, the general asked him how he had decided? The Pope answered, that he had decided on going; but he wished to have with him his secretary of state and his chamberlain. The general agreed, and orders were given for awaking these persons without noise; while, at the same time, a great gate of the palace was opened to admit two travelling carriages with post-horses, guarded by six mounted gens-d'armes. Cardinal Gonsalvi instantly rose, and presented himself to General Radette with an imposing air, remonstrating against this procedure, and observing, that time was necessary, and that the departure could not take place at that moment. General Radette good humouredly observed, that those times were over, and that now there was no time for commanding or conferring; it was time to go. The travelling carriages were at the foot of the staircase; the Pope entered that which was destined for

guide, and with a pistol in each hand they entered, preceded for a

him, and would have beside him his secretary of state. The general opposed this, saying, that another carriage was provided purposely for him. The Pope's chamberlain wished to get up behind the carriage where his holiness was; but the general preventing this, obliged him to enter the second carriage together with Cardinal Gonsalvi, not choosing that he should get up behind, for fear of being recognised. The marshal was ordered to mount behind the cardinal's carriage, and General Radette himself got up behind that of the Pope; they quitted the palace, and passed entirely through Rome without being perceived by any person. The Pope being gone, a commandant summoned together all the guards who had been stationed in the palace, and ordered them to quit it by the same gate through which the Pope had passed. Every man returned to his respective quarters. The scaling-ladders having been left until morning, a rumour began to spread that the Pope was gone, and that there had been an escalade. The priests hatched a thousand stories respecting the fall of the poor constable; they said that the Pope could have caused them all to die if he had chosen, but he only occasioned the fall of the first offender as an example for the others to reflect upon; and there were many similar fables, which the ignorant people readily believed.

At the time when the general was in the Pope's apartment, a constable entered the chapel, opened the ciborium, took the golden pyx, threw the host upon the altar, flattened the vessel with his hands, and putting it in his pocket, returned to his post. In the morning, a priest having gone into the chapel of the papal palace, found the consecrated wafers scattered on the altar, and some on the ground, he set up a loud cry. No one now thought any more of the removal of the Pope; all minds were engrossed with this sacrilege; several bishops went and picked up all the wafers, placing them in another vase, which they deposited in the same ciborium. Various ablutions and fumigations were performed, together with all the other formalities practised on similar occasions. General Miollis wished to have the thief apprehended, not so much for the sake of the holy wafers, as for the enforcement of his own decree. In four days time, the delinquent was discovered through the information of the man to whom he had sold the golden vessel; he was immediately tried, and shot on the Piazza del Popolo.

The French government took possession of the papal palace, and gradually sent away the cardinals and prelates who did not choose to take the oath of fidelity to the emperor.

I shall mention a little incident which occurred at Monterosi, twenty-five miles from Rome. General Radette had taken the precaution to order relays of horses to be ready at a moment's notice. The Pope having arrived by daybreak at Monterosi, the horses were already put to, when his holiness having opened a blind to speak to

the general, the postilion who had driven the carriage from Baccano to Monterosi, recognised him. He fell on his knees, and exclaimed; "Holy father, your blessing! I am not to blame; I knew not of this, otherwise I would sooner have been shot than have had a hand in removing you." The postilions who stood ready to mount, refused to set foot in the stirrup. The populace began to cry out, "Holy father, your blessing! We wish to deliver you." The general, seeing himself in imminent danger of being massacred, ordered the few gens-d'armes who escorted the coach, merely for the preservation of order, to drive the postilions away, and commanded two of them to mount the coach-horses and proceed at full gallop. The general, taking his pistols in hand, declared that he would blow out the brains of the first man who should come near the horses or the carriage, and thus he extricated himself from this awkward interruption. They proceeded without halting to Pozziborgi, in Tuscany; there they rested some hours, and then continued the journey. Passing through Pozziborgi at a subsequent period, I was informed by the landlady of the very inn where the Pope lodged, that he had no change of dress, and a button of his small-clothes having given way, his holiness sent for her to fasten it, as his chamberlain had not yet arrived. The hostess immediately executed his commands; but the Pope not having a sous wherewith to reward her, called General Radette, and asked him for some money; the general gave him a purse full of Louis, and he presented four to the hostess.

After the departure of the Pope, things took a sudden turn—the people altered their behaviour towards us; several of them began to forget the excommunication of the Pope, and accepted employments under the French. Many, however, still refused such appointments, and among them was my uncle, who constrained himself to dispose of the property he possessed rather than take an office which would make him liable to an excommunication from Pope Pius the Seventh. It was not long before I obtained an appointment at Foligno, a town one hundred miles distant from Rome, in the Damani, (the offices for the management of the national property.) I asked permission to resign my former post of sub-lieutenant, and before my departure, went to see my mother and my uncle, and inform them that I had obtained a situation, and was setting out immediately to take possession of it. I had the same luck which I have ever had with all my relations, who were strongly opposed to the French government. My mother's husband was in the same mind with my uncle, and chose rather to sell his goods for a subsistence than accept an advantageous appointment. They received me coldly, and told me that one day or other I should see them laugh, while we, the Napoleonists would be weeping. This diverted me excessively, and after imploring them to change their disposition and notions, I took my leave of them, and prepared for my departure. In the morning, on entering the coach, I found so

pleasant a company of passengers, that I cannot do less than describe them. There was an advocate, rather past the middle age, going with his young wife to Foligno, to hold an appointment; a capuchin friar coming from Naples, and going to his convent in Perugia: he was a man about sixty, afflicted with three different kinds of gout, but so very facetious withal, that he made us laugh the whole way. He possessed very considerable talents, and had been a preacher and confessor to the Queen of Naples, consort of Ferdinand IV. The King having passed into Sicily, this friar was not disposed to follow the court, but preferred retiring to his convent. If I were to relate all that he said in the coach, I should certainly transgress the strict rules of decorum. I shall merely state, that the Queen was frequently disposed for confession, but would do nothing which the the confessor prescribed. The Queen delighted much in having a gallant; this the friar prohibited, saying—that if she did not alter her way of life, he would not give her absolution: the Queen came again to confession, and he told her the same thing. Then the friar said—“I cannot give you absolution—you do not amend your life, and you always tell me of the same sins.” Then the Queen, putting her hand in her purse, drew forth three or four Spanish gold coins, and said—“if thou wilt give me absolution, I will give thee this money, that thou mayest say some masses to make me be good.” The friar used to take the money, and give her absolution, promising to pray for her conversion. The friar laughed as he closed the recital by telling us he had made his fortune with the Queen, in selling her absolutions at such a price. “So we were both satisfied,” added he; “I got rich, and she amused herself with her young gallants. If I had been so obstinate as to refuse to take her money, I should have been sent away from court, and she would have found an hundred confessors who would have given her a thousand absolutions a day if she had chosen.” Hence I became more and more convinced of the truth of poor lawyer Bruner’s remark—that no faith should be placed in priestly impostures.

On my arrival at Foligno I entered upon the duties of my office. One of the first measures adopted was the suppression of all convents of men as well as women—an account being taken of their respective revenues, and of the property contained in each. Having occasion to enter into these convents, I had an opportunity of seeing how many victims were there immured through the caprice of their parents, or rather through their tyranny, it being the custom with all families to marry one child advantageously, and send the others to a convent for want of the means to secure an equally splendid match for them all. In those convents were to be seen aged females with melancholy depicted in their countenances, uneasy at being obliged to quit their abode, which to them had been a little kingdom, and where they were respected and obeyed; while the younger part of the sisterhood, who, much against their will, had been doomed to be shut up there all their days,

evinced much satisfaction, and often enquired of me in a low voice, when I was going to set them free; I could not refrain from laughing, but on the other hand, I felt that if I had been able, I should readily have done summary justice with my own hands on the parents who had exercised this tyranny over their own offspring, of which I shall shortly have occasion to mention an instance. The friars were most content, being almost all of them rich; the lay-brothers had a pension from government, and so had all the nuns. I can make no estimate of the mass of wealth which I found within the convents; in several there was sufficient to maintain whole families by dozens, while their only inhabitants were seven or eight friars, who lived like princes on all that money could procure. However severely I might criticise Napoleon in a thousand instances, I must ever avow that he did great good in suppressing all the convents, and thus rousing thousands of persons from a state of sloth, who cared for nothing but the pampering of their bodies. Such is the beauty of monastic life! Yet I must think he was too indulgent in assigning pensions to them. Had the power been mine, I should probably have acted ill in regard to political considerations; but having had ocular proof of their depraved life, and having seen, that under the hypocritical pretext of a wish to serve God, all kinds of iniquity were committed, I repeat that I would not have allowed them a shilling. The more I scrutinized the affairs of convents, the more clearly was I convinced of that which I had hitherto but implicitly believed. Several lay-brothers disclosed to us all the subterfuges of the friars, and all their secret correspondence with the first ladies of the city, not for any other object than because they were rich, and dispensed protection; and a house which was protected by one of those full-fed friars, obtained from the government all that they could desire. The nuns, or religious women, also amused themselves in their own way, but they were under restraint, being prohibited from going out; but the friars, who were at full liberty, thought of nothing but their criminal pleasures, and they tortured the poor lay-brethren (who are a sort of servants) with the utmost severity, not permitting any one of them to speak to a friar, save on his knees, and with the most submissive veneration. Having several times enquired of those heads of convents, who are called guardians, why they treated the poor laics like slaves; they replied—"We must have recourse to imposture; the laics go out and converse with the peasantry; they speak of us heads of convents as if they believed us to be saints. When these laics have served the term of thirty years, they begin to do as we do, that is, just as they please, while other young men undergo the same probation as laics; and thus the life of a friar is painful in youth, and very pleasant in old age, when they have all the comforts that the world affords." After all the affairs of the convents had been duly regulated, all their possessions were let to the best bidder; and the inhabitants of the towns seeing that this was a good speculation, all became bidders, not

reflecting that the property thus let had belonged to religious houses. Yet the people of Foligno are noted for their prejudices. Among other instances of their superstition, it is related that one year in carnival, at the time of wearing masks, devils were seen dancing on the roof of the church of St. Feliciano. The ignorant populace began to form processions, and made a vow, that every year at the time of masking there should be no diversion in Foligno during eight days, which period they called "the eight days of the *Cucugnaio*." We used every effort to explode this notion from the country, but all in vain, no one would give it up, or cease from believing that if any masking took place during the eight days, the devils would again appear on the church-roof. Seeing so many agents of every nation in Foligno, they altered their mode of thinking a little, and I am now convinced that all the good-will they showed me arose from a presentiment that it might be of service to them, because payment would be expected when the rents on the leases fell due.

I very frequently went to Rome, sometimes for amusement, sometimes on business connected with my occupations. I always travelled in a vehicle made purposely for me, and calculated to hold only one person; I had an excellent horse, and usually made a rapid trip from Foligno to Rome. I minded not travelling by night, and always alone, over the Campagna of Rome, though every one advised me not to run such a risk, as that country was much infested with vagabonds. Having traversed it so many times without any accident, I laughed at the warning they gave me. I was once going to Rome to attend the festival of Saint Napoleon, on the 15th of August, and was journeying between Nepi and Monterosi, after midnight, when I was met by eight armed men, who called out: "Ferma! ferma!" (Halt! halt!) I instantly obeyed, and asked what they wanted. They bade me alight, and lie down with my mouth to the ground. While I was getting out, I begged them not to let go the horse, or he would be off, and it would be impossible to catch him: they said, "We'll look to the horse; do as thou art bid." I lost not a moment in obeying, and prostrated myself in the dust. They then asked me who I was. I told them I was a Roman, and by occupation a merchant; (I had been advised never to describe myself as an agent of government, lest I should be killed on the spot.) They asked me whence I came; and I told them from Foligno. They then began to deliberate on what they were to do with me; one said, "I think he is deceiving us; he must be an agent;" another answered, "That's impossible; an agent would never travel alone at night;" a third said, "He surely must be a merchant, and he travels all night to save innkeepers' charges;" then one of them said, "Art thou really a merchant?" I replied, "Yes, my friends, you may depend upon it. I am not an agent; on the contrary, I detest the French government: my father has undertaken to pay them eight hundred crowns to exempt me from the conscription."

Then one of them remarked, "You see, he was even a conscript!"—"Don't be afraid," he added, addressing himself to me, "we shall do you no harm; we ourselves are refractory conscripts; we are not assassins: we have taken to the mountains because we will not serve Napoleon. If we fall in with any agents, gens-d'armes, or soldiers, we instantly kill them, for we hate the French government and all who serve it; but from simple travellers we ask only a small toll; therefore, do thou give us eight crowns, and we shall be satisfied; it will be a crown each." I put my hand in my pocket, and drawing forth a purse, which contained about fifteen Louis, I said: "Here, my lads, take this purse, and dispose of it for my sake." They all murmured, and said to me, "It would serve thee right to kill thee instantly. We are not assassins, that we should want to have thy purse. We have asked thee for eight crowns, and we won't have more." I then took back my purse and gave them eight crowns; on which they said: "Go, and God be with thee; but thou must not rise till we are two hundred paces off." Seeing that if they left my horse I should never recover him, (for he had this fault, that when no one held him he would run away, and hardly suffer himself to be retaken,) I said: "My good people, as you have behaved so handsomely to me, have the kindness to hold my horse till I get into the cabriolet; I promise you, on my honour, I will hold my head down and not look at you, as I have no wish to know you, nor have I any intention to do you harm." One of them said: "I'll hold the horse; cover your face with a handkerchief." Then I rose from the ground, and without looking at any of them, got into the carriage, and wishing them good night, left them. When I found myself at some distance from them, I pushed on, and arrived at Monterosi, a good deal frightened. There I related what had befallen me, and was told that if I had owned myself an agent they would have instantly put me to death, and that I had conducted myself very well.

After the festival of the 15th of August, I had to return to Foligno to resume my employment; but hearing that there was to be a trial (*debá*) of the famous assassin Spatolino, who had been taken four months ago, through treachery, and that witnesses had been collected from various parts to prove his enormities, I staid in Rome to see this miscreant, and hear him on his trial, for he constantly declared in prison, that he would make every body laugh upon that occasion.

This Spatolino had been an assassin for eighteen years, and had committed the most atrocious crimes. The French government finding it impossible to apprehend him, entrusted that service to one Angelo Rotoli, a very active commissary of police. This man, seeing that the assassin was not to be openly subdued, had recourse to stratagem, and sent him a message, stating that a commissary of police desired to speak with him, and bade him fix upon a place fit for the purpose, whither he would repair alone and unarmed, hoping that Spatolino,

bearing no base mind, would offer him no violence; he trusted entirely to him, and added that the conference would relate to very important affairs. Spatolino credited all that was alleged in Rotoli's message, and in his reply named a place to which the commissary was to repair by night to confer with him. Accordingly, Rotoli went thither, unarmed and alone; he found Spatolino armed, who said: "Signor Rotoli, are you come to betray me, or is it true, as you have written to me, that you have important business to communicate?" Rotoli answered: "I am no traitor; the French government wishes by means of thee to seize all thy band, and will give thee a general pardon, and thou mayest live upon the money thou hast amassed." Spatolino was indeed weary of the life he was leading, and would have been very glad of a pardon; he therefore said: "Look you, Signor Rotoli, I am an assassin, but I have a sense of honour, and I give you my word that I will enable you to apprehend a part of the men, if not the whole; but I will be assured of my personal safety." Rotoli answered, "on that point thou mayest be quite certain; I give thee my word of honour."—"Well then," said Spatolino, "this evening, at eight, come to this place again, with twenty gens-d'armes, in the garb of peasants; here you shall find me, and we will go to a house, and we will take seven or eight of them: this is all I can do. In that house there will be my wife, who must be free as well as myself." Rotoli gave him his word for it, and said, "As for yourselves, be under no concern, I will take care of you." They had much further talk, in the course of which, Spatolino promised Rotoli a present of two thousand dollars on obtaining his freedom, adding, that he had great sums of money buried in secret places. After a long conversation they parted.

Rotoli returned to Rome, and gave an exact account of his proceedings. In the evening he and the gens-d'armes went to the place appointed by Spatolino, who in a short time came; and having hailed Rotoli, said: "Come, let us be going; they are now at supper." Accordingly Rotoli went arm in arm with Spatolino, closely followed by the gens-d'armes. "Recollect," said Spatolino to Rotoli, "I trust myself to you; don't deceive me, for it really seems to me impossible that the French government can be willing to pardon me." Rotoli answered, "Don't doubt it; I am guarantee for thy life." Having by this time reached the house, Spatolino whistled; the door was instantly opened; Spatolino entered first, and then all the gens-d'armes. Spatolino's comrades believed the strangers to be other comrades, and for that reason kept their seats. The gens-d'armes, as soon as they had posted themselves conveniently, seized all at once; four of them fell on Spatolino, disarmed him, and bound him like the others. Then said Spatolino, "Signor Rotoli, you have betrayed me." Rotoli replied, not without agitation, "It is a mere matter of form; to-morrow thou wilt be set at liberty." Then Spatolino exclaimed: "Eighteen

years have I been an assassin, and never was overreached by any man; who would have thought that this was reserved for Rotoli! Well, I must have patience; I have been too honest; I thought a man's word of honour was good for something; I deserve what I have got; I wished to betray my companions; I have betrayed myself." When he saw that his wife also was bound, and must be carried to prison, he exclaimed: "My wife! she is innocent! Doubt not, my wife, I will save thee; thou shalt not die; I will be thy defender."

The gens-d'armes having now secured all the men, conducted the whole party that night to the dungeons of the Strada Giulia in Rome with all possible secrecy. The Commission instituted a process, and after a lapse of five months, having collected four hundred witnesses to prove his various assassinations, the trial of Spatolino commenced. He was brought up, with his eight companions and his wife. Rising from his seat at the bar, the first words he said were, "Signor President, I know well enough that it is all over with me; I chose to trust Signor Rotoli on his word of honour; that's enough, and there is no remedy; I have been too honest, and must endure the consequence. I will myself undertake to inform you of all my crimes, and of every particular connected with them. One favour I have to ask of you, which is, an hour's talk with my wife before I die." The President promised that he should have leave before his execution to speak with his wife as long as he pleased. Spatolino added: "This surely will not be such a promise as that of Signor Rotoli, who assured me I should be pardoned, and now takes my life away." All this he said with a very cheerful air. "Doubt not," replied the President, "I promise thee." "Well," rejoined he, "we shall see what comes of this promise!" He then added: "Signor President, we are ten of us brought to trial, but of these ten all do not deserve to die; I will enable you to tell which is innocent and which is guilty." "Be assured, Spatolino," answered the President, "we shall judge them according to their merits." The trial commenced; and as each witness was called to give testimony against the assassin, Spatolino would rise from his seat, and say: "Excuse me; you do not remember rightly: I committed that assassination in such and such a manner;" thus explaining the minutest circumstances of every successive crime, without caring whether he aggravated his guilt, his sole aim being to involve in his own fate four of his companions, while he saved the lives of his wife and of four other comrades. He represented that his wife had always acted under his authority, and had been threatened with death in case of disobedience. The four comrades last mentioned he always exculpated, and with such effect as to save their lives, constantly asserting that he had compelled them to become assassins much against their will. All who heard him were diverted; he kept the whole audience in continual mirth; and occasionally, on hearing a laugh, he would turn round and say, "Gentlemen, you laugh now; but three or four days hence you

will not laugh, when you see Spatolino with four bullets in his breast." Turning to the spectators as usual, on one of these occasions, he noticed one of the gens-d'armes, who were stationed around him as guards, and recognised him to have been formerly an assassin along with himself. After eyeing him a considerable time, to be sure that he was not mistaken, he turned to the President and said: "Signor, I could never have believed that the French government would admit such men as this among the gens-d'armes." "How! what is it you say?" asked the President. "I am quite sure that this gens-d'arme, who stands on guard behind me, served with me for four years as an assassin; we committed such and such crimes; we assassinated such and such gentlemen; and that the truth of what I say may be proved, call that witness there, for his servant was killed, and he will recognise the man." The witness pointed out by Spatolino was accordingly called; the gens-d'arme was confronted with him, and was recognised to have been the man who killed this gentleman's servant. Even without such testimony, the manifest confusion of face which the gens-d'arme showed when Spatolino had begun to view him, would have made any one suspect that he was guilty. The President ordered him to be instantly disarmed, and to be placed as a culprit on the same seat with Spatolino. "All in very good time," said the latter: "here at my side thou art at thy proper post; we have been assassins together, and we shall go to execution together, merrily enough." The gens-d'arme had not a word to say; he hung down his head, and had not even strength to walk to his dungeon. The trial lasted eight days, and I think it impossible that there should ever be such another assassin, with presence of mind to recollect thousands of crimes, and to recount them with all imaginable coolness, making his own comments, and manifesting disappointment when his remarks on any particular individual failed of their intended effect. For instance, when the post-master of Civit  Castellana was called to give evidence, Spatolino rose from his seat and said: "Signor President, thrice with my own hand have I wounded this worthy gentleman; on the last occasion I shot him in the left arm, and he lost the use of it; I shall die bitterly regretting that I did not kill him, for the postmaster of Civit  Castellana has always been the greatest enemy that I have had in life, or that I shall have in death."

After this trial of eight days, the Commission passed sentence of death on Spatolino, on four of his comrades, and on the gens-d'arme; the wife was condemned to four years' imprisonment; and of the other four assassins whom Spatolino wished to save from death, two were sentenced to ten, and two to twenty years' captivity in irons. When the trial was over, Spatolino said: "Signor President, remember the promise you made me, that I should speak with my wife." "Doubt it not, Spatolino, I have promised thee, and I shall be as good as my word." Accordingly, the wife was allowed an interview

of an hour and a half with Spatolino, in the strong room of the prison. His purpose was to tell her the amount of his treasures, and reveal to her the places where he had buried them. After this conference, he caused himself to be shut up in the strong room, saying, he wished to be molested no more by any person until the moment when he was to be removed to the Mouth of Truth, (*Bocca della Verità*, the place where assassins are shot,) to undergo his sentence. He would neither listen to nor speak with a priest; and declared that the first who transgressed his order, by coming into the strong room, should be massacred. At this every body laughed; but Spatolino was serious, for, in a few minutes, he pulled up all the bricks from the floor of the strong room, and piled them in a heap against the door, resolving that when any one ventured to transgress his prohibition, that moment should be his last. It is to be understood, that in Rome the prisoners confined in the strong room (*segreta*) are not bound; they can walk about the room as they like, so that Spatolino had scope for action. The gaolers attempting to enter, he struck one of them such a blow that they durst not venture in. They tried from without to persuade him. He said, "It is useless; I must die at ten o'clock to-morrow; come for me at nine, and I shall be ready. I will not be tormented by priests or chaplains." Some priests went to the door of the strong room to ask if he had confessed himself. "I shall confess myself," answered Spatolino, "as soon as you have brought me the postmaster of *Civita Castellana*, and Signor Rotoli, who betrayed me, that I may kill them both, and instantly go to confession."—They importuned him a good deal, but he would give no further answer to any one.

In the morning, on being informed that it was nine o'clock, he said, "Very well; I am ready." The gaolers were unwilling to enter the room; but he said, "Come in; I shall do you no harm." They accordingly bound Spatolino, and led him to execution.—On the way, some priests wished to speak with him; but he said: "Don't teaze me; let me amuse myself for the last time, by viewing the many fair ladies of Rome, who are looking at me from their windows;" and he walked gaily along, bowing to the girls at the windows, and rebuking his comrades for giving heed to the priests. On arriving at the fatal place, however, he shook hands with his fellow culprits, and said: "We have made so many people suffer, that it is only fair we should suffer in our turn; therefore, let us die contented; we have committed our share of crimes." Then turning to the people, he added, "Remember, Spatolino dies regretting that he has not been able to revenge himself on the postmaster of *Civita Castellana*, and that traitor of a commissary Angelo Rotoli, who, with all his pretended good faith, has been the death of me." Then, bidding the soldiers fire, he said, "give me, I pray you, four good bullets in my breast;" and without allowing his

eyes to be bandaged, he fell and expired. In Rome, his adventures were dramatised, and became very popular.

In the month of October of the same year, I obtained twenty days' leave of absence from my employ, and determined to go to Florence for a little change of air. I set out alone in my cabriolet. I have ever been fond of solitude, but circumstances have been such, that it has always been my fate to fall in with company, contrary to my inclination. Arriving in the evening at Perugia, I put up at the sign of the Crown. After providing for my horse, I ordered supper for myself. During the repast, I heard a post-chaise arrive, and shortly afterwards a single lady was shown into the room, extremely well dressed, and very handsome. She moved to me, and afterwards asked for an apartment, into which she made them bring her luggage, consisting of two large trunks. She then ordered supper. The waiter enquired if she would have the cloth laid in her own room, but she said she liked society, and would take supper below in the hall. She soon afterwards came down stairs, seated herself near me, and as there happened to be scarcely twelve travellers that night in the inn, we could converse without restraint. I asked her whence she came, and if I might be permitted to enquire whither she was going. The lady courteously answered, that she was a Genoese; that she was now come from Genoa, and was going into Spain; that she had landed from Genoa at Ancona. She enquired, in turn, who I was, and whither I was going, and I satisfied her curiosity, by informing her. Perceiving that she wished to place some confidence in me, I assured her that she would find me a man of honour, and that we might so arrange as to travel together as far as Florence. Alone as she was, she accepted this proposal with much satisfaction.

After supper she took me with her to her apartment, and said: "I believe that I am in the presence of a gentleman; do not impute it to an evil motive that you see me alone; it is love which has induced me to flee from home." I begged her to explain herself more clearly, assuring her that she might always depend on my secrecy. She said, "Sir, I am the daughter of one of the first merchants in Genoa: I fell in love with a captain in the French service during his residence in Genoa; he became equally enamoured of me. Orders arrived for him to proceed to Spain; he proposed an elopement; at that time I was unwilling to decide, and told him that I wished to ascertain whether he would still think of me when at a distance. He vowed eternal constancy, and with a thousand embraces we took leave of each other, both weeping like children. For a whole year since his departure, he has not failed to write to me constantly, urging me to come, adding, that if I forsook him, I should drive him mad; that he will marry me, and that he shall love me for ever. My father having found out an advantageous match for me in Genoa, I had no alternative but flight,

or marriage with a man not at all to my taste; I therefore determined on flight. I met with an old woman who found me out a ship bound for Ancona; the captain of which was induced by the offer of a large sum of money to receive me on board, though very unwillingly, because he knew that I was running away from home. I stole all my mother's jewels, and a large sum of money from my father; and filled two trunks with such things as I might require; the old woman assisting me with much promptitude and activity. My father and mother remained until a late hour at the bank, which was in the city, while our house was in the environs. There being nobody at home but an aged woman servant, I made her believe that my father had sent for those trunks. When my father and mother were returned home, and gone to bed, I quitted the house. The old woman, who was waiting for me, conducted me on board; the ship sailed immediately, and with many thanks I bade adieu to my faithful attendant. On arriving at Ancona, I enquired how I should proceed to Florence, and was advised to take the route of Perugia, as a lady travelling alone was liable to impositions."

She was pleased to open her trunks, and show me her jewels and money, which seemed to amount to a very considerable sum. I earnestly advised her not to trust any one, because honour and gentlemanly feeling too often served as a mere cloak for knavery and fraud. She thanked me for my serious counsel. Next morning her two trunks, after being sealed, were put in the diligence; I handed her into my cabriolet, and we had a very pleasant journey to Florence. The young lady was of an excellent disposition, and very docile; hence it was fortunate that the journey was short, and the sojourn at Florence not long, otherwise I should have been afraid that she might have forgot the captain, and I my employment. I met with a vetturino, who was going to Perpignan, on the frontier of Spain; I engaged him to convey the lady, wished her all manner of prosperity with her beloved, cautioned her to be on her guard against all whom she might meet with on her journey, and never to mention that she had much money with her. We separated with many expressions of regard, and not without much regret on both sides. I immediately returned to Foligno, having exceeded my leave of absence by some days.

I had been resident five years in Foligno when the French army was defeated in Russia. Joachim Murat, king of Naples, took possession of all the papal states, and I consequently remained in my situation for some time; but people every where had begun to talk of the return of the ecclesiastical government; it was thought that the Supreme Pontiff would prove a different person from what he had formerly been; and that he would come like a tender father, with open arms, to embrace his people. Fools that they were to think so! They had imbibed a notion that the Pope would diminish the taxes and abolish tithes; in short, they carried these chimerical ideas so far

as to think that the priests had changed their principles, and that they themselves should be better off than they were under the French government. The inhabitants, already forgetting how many benefits we had conferred on them, regarded us with contempt and derision; frequently after we had passed any of them, we heard them say: "It is over now; their authority is no more; now we shall see who is to give an account of their ministry." All our friends became our enemies; and we could scarcely go out of doors without experiencing this kind of treatment from the inhabitants, who used it as a means of gaining favour with the papal party, by showing that they despised the Napoleonists. In our conversation with each other, we men in office used to say: "Can there possibly be a people more fickle than this? yesterday they would have died for Napoleon; to-day, being possessed with an idea of bettering their condition, they no longer know either their friends or Napoleon! It is all over with them; and if the populace were to rise against us, our friends would be the first to murder us." This afforded me a lesson on which I frequently meditated. The Neapolitan troops came to Foligno, and made a requisition for some hundreds of horses to carry their baggage. The mayor, to gain the good will of the papal party, sent for my horse; I sent him for answer that I was an agent of government, and that he must take the horses of the householders, and men of substance in Foligno, and not that of an agent who daily expected orders to remove; in consequence of this, when I was passing across the public square, the mayor caused me to be arrested, and taken to the public prison by a party of the papal national guard. The populace on seeing me led to prison, cried out: "There goes the first; we shall soon see the others." All my friends instantly went to the mayor to remonstrate on a measure which had exposed me to the danger of being massacred. The mayor excused himself by saying, that he had given no orders for the arrest; that the captain of the post had undertaken it on his own responsibility; the mayor in person came to set me at liberty, and took me by the hand. I then said, "Mr. Mayor, you should not be so capricious as to change so suddenly according to circumstances; a little stability is requisite."

All the people busied themselves in preparing festivities to welcome the Pope. There being large manufactories of wax in Foligno, they made triumphal arches of that material; the whole road from Cesena to Rome was a continued garden; every one expended what money he could muster, expecting to reap five for one; but they were all mistaken. One morning, a monsignore, or prelate, came to take possession of the chest, and all the books, telling me that my functions had ceased. I required a receipt in form, still hoping that it might be of service to me. Seeing that the people continued to regard us with evil eyes, I determined on going to England, and I met with a friend of mine who had the same intention. I offered him a seat in my carriage, but not

having seen enough of the people, I wished to witness the arrival of the Pope, that I might have an ocular proof of their fanaticism, and of the extent to which it would carry them; I chose to sojourn for ten days longer in a country residence. We wished to be furnished with passports, and with much trouble we obtained one for Florence; a passport for England was not to be had.

At length, the day of the Pope's arrival was made known; one hundred of the first gentlemen and householders of Foligno went a mile and a half out of the town to meet his holiness. These gentlemen took the post-horses from his carriage, and drew him in it to the Vitelleschi palace appointed for his reception. They were all of them persons who, three months before, if any one had spoken ill of the Pope, would have answered by cursing his holiness; and at this moment they were so filled with enthusiasm, that they knew not what they did. The people stood in crowds under the windows of the Pope's residence from evening until midnight, exclaiming: "Holy father, your blessing!" My companion and I happening to be in the public square, deliberating on our departure, about twenty of the populace came around us, saying: "Why are not you gone? Will you not yet believe that all is over with you? If you do not depart you will be massacred!" This hint induced us to set out on the following day. We had already sent off our trunks to Florence by the diligence. On the morrow there was a grand pontifical mass, and all those impostors received the communion in the presence of the whole people, to give them a good example, and show that they had repented. The mass being over, the Pope went to the balcony of the town-hall to give the benediction. Seeing that this was the favourable moment, (for at such a time every one must stand bareheaded to receive the Pope's blessing,) we went forth under pretence of taking a walk, and set out for Perugia, scarcely able to believe that what we had just witnessed was real. In the evening we arrived at Perugia, and the festivities there surpassed all that we could have imagined. I went to visit a friend of mine, and found him in great affliction, not knowing what resolution to take, as he had a numerous family. On the night when we came to Perugia, orders arrived for the arrest of several agents. In the morning, at an early hour, we set out, with the determination of never more setting foot in the pontifical state, and I wrote from Perugia to my mother, informing her of my departure, and entreating that when things should be settled she would endeavour to get me reinstated in the situation, which for many years had belonged to me in right of my father; in case nothing particular happened, I desired her to write to me in London.

In passing the mountain of the Spelonca, we travelled slowly, that we might not overwork our horse. A man there presented himself, whom we recollected to be the hangman of Perugia, as he had been several times at Foligno on duty. He said, with a very bad grace, that

he should like to get up behind our cabriolet; I replied, that my horse having load enough already, I could not take him, and began to use the whip and push on, glad enough to be rid of such worshipful company. We had scarcely gone a mile, ere we perceived another man, whom we found to be the hangman's assistant, and who, without saying a word, made a snatch at the reins. Seeing this, I gave the horse a sharp cut with the whip, and then struck the man with it across the face. The pain obliged him to let go, and I instantly put the horse on the gallop. Seeing that all his efforts were fruitless, and that his prey had slipped through his hands, he fired a pistol after us, which fortunately missed its aim: we had no breath left for utterance. This was our first day's journey, and our misfortunes had already commenced. We traversed the mountain at full gallop, until we arrived at the inn, where we related what had befallen us, and ordered refreshments, of which our horse stood much in need, and ourselves still more.

Next day we arrived at Cortona. It was the anniversary of St. Margaret, the protectress of the city. A valet de place conducted us to the cathedral, where we saw a multitude of people on their knees, before the body of St. Margaret. This was a skeleton enveloped in the habit of a nun. Every one brought presents to this skeleton. Our attendant said: "Gentlemen, this saint works miracles every day; she has been dead some hundreds of years, and by a miracle she still remains intact. The convent, which belongs to the church," he continued, "is immensely rich, for all people bring gifts to the saint." Returning to our inn to supper, we found a young priest, who was to sup with us. With a profusion of compliments he asked us from what part of Italy we came. We said, we were Romans. We had no occasion to ask our messmate the same question, being well aware that he was a Florentine. Without any enquiry on our part, he proceeded to tell us that he was going to Rome; that he was a young man, and had gone through a whole course of study; that he had sufficient abilities, and was certain that in Rome he should be advantageously employed; that as soon as he arrived there, his purpose was to become a priest and say mass, and sure he was, that in two years he should rise to be a prelate. We went on eating, but our co-mate was too intent on his own vain glory to taste a morsel; at length I said to him: "If you have so good an opinion of yourself, I think you may come to be Pope." The young man perceiving that I spoke jocosely, looked at me and said: "Sir, you must not judge of men by appearances; Pius VI. was a small priest, and he came to be Pope; Pius VII. was a small friar, and he came to be Pope; I am a young man of talent, and may be exalted to dignities." Seeing that the youth was getting warm, I very coolly replied: "I think you are a little hot-headed; what care I if you be St. Peter in person, who is much more than Pope? If you choose to eat—eat; if not, don't tease me any more with your castle-building." My fellow-traveller had made a good

meal while laughing at our colloquy, without interposing a syllable. The priest rose from table, though he had not tasted a morsel, and both the litigants proved profitable customers to the landlord, for we had partaken sparingly of his fare.

Next morning we set out for Florence; in two days arrived there without any accident, and took up our abode at the Fountain, in the Piazza del Grano.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON A NOTE BOOK. *

Mr. Murray, with the Quarterly Review at his back, may be excused for now and then publishing a silly book: for example, the "Anecdotes of Monkeys," a publication without any apparent design, except the perpetration of two miserable puns.---A Scientific Note Book, however, proposes some useful purpose, and as a compilation of facts and memoranda, might have been made an acceptable work:---in fact, the copy before us was ordered by a country friend under that very impression; but how will he be shocked, good easy man, when he comes to glance over its thronging absurdities; the notes on the notes are especially ridiculous, and worthy only of the anecdotist of the monkeys. They are just in his trifling, nonsensical vein, and none surely but he appended the following exquisite little "Flimsy." The Slavonian Infantry, it seems, used sometimes to ambush under water, drawing their breath through a hollow cane.

Note.---This extract furnishes a valuable hint for the improvement of modern tactics, and the manœuvre might be advantageously practiced by the Life Guards (dismounted) in the Serpentine.---(P. 112.)

Why Life Guards?---Because they would require nine feet of water. Still it is "a valuable hint;" and, in the words of the preface, "a valuable hint may be thrown out by one incapable of forming a regular system."---The author hints elsewhere that the Asteroids, or little planets, are so many Emerald Islands.

Note.---Ceres is about the size of Ireland, which would make a similar appearance were it dug out of the ocean and projected into the air!---(P. 3.)

Tom Moore himself never had such a real "last glimpse"---Campbell never made such an Exile of Erin!---Admiral Young, indeed, desired in Parliament that Ireland should be laid under water---like a Slavonian---but here she is to be banished the world, and get an atmosphere (if the Asteroids have an atmosphere) of her own!---And why?---Because the world is not wide enough for us all,---or because

* Notes on the Various Sciences. Murray, London 1825.

the Green Isle is a little turbulent? No—but for her cultivation of anti-intellectual potatoes.—Man, it is affirmed, has never made any advance in civilization and refinement whilst feeding on farinaceous roots, (p. 85,) and the note says, “this is a strong argument against the cultivation of potatoes”—and of course against the potatoe-island. It seems hard to be “blown up sky-high” into an Asteroid, for a mistake in diet.—But to feed as the author wishes them, the poor Irish can look no where but to the skies.

Note.—Cheap Food.—For many reasons it is desirable that the labouring classes should not be accustomed to feed on the very cheapest or inferior sorts of food, as they do in India and in Ireland. On the contrary, it is rather to be wished that they should be accustomed to comforts and even to *superfluities*!—(P. 85.)

There is a similar wish in the play of “Town and Country,” that all beggars might be turned into gentlemen, but unfortunately almost as Utopian as the poor Irish’s *superfluities*. And it is still far from certain that Ireland would fare better by becoming an Asteroid, for some of the little planets, the moon for example, are in want of bare necessities.

There is no appearance of any water in the moon—nor of any atmosphere; if any creatures therefore live in the moon they must be very differently constituted from the occupiers of the earth.—(P. 9.)

Really the moon ought to circulate a pamphlet, like a late dry Water-Company, to account for her want of water. Of course there can be no Slavonian ambushers in the moon—sucking the no-air through their superfluous hollow canes. But we hope better, for the poor parched Lunarians—and that Captain Kater, with a very good glass, may yet discover some tiny New River, or very little conduits in the moon. It is quite possible there may be some minute ponds; our philosophers are not far-sighted enough to distinguish some very small plugs, that from our topmost observatories are still invisible. At the worst, the comets may be water-carriers, for every observation (p. 9) tends to prove that they are “masses of transparent fluid.” Whiston, or some one of the old theorists, was clearly of the same opinion—and besides, that some hydropsical comet was finally to flood us all out again, in despite of the rainbow. Comets, however, admit of what Sir T. Browne calls a wide solution—and our own private opinion is, that they are the tadpoles of young stars—the French astronomers in fact, having discovered some comets lately which had shed their tails. It has been the notion of others, notwithstanding, that they are mere masses of jelly—and lastly, that (as the scientific now suppose of the Asteroids) they are “component parts of a ruined planet.” We dissent, however, from the scientific touching the Asteroids—for if uneasy Ireland were to be “dug up,” and projected into the air, our planet ought thence to be a “ruined one”—which we beg leave to disbelieve. We are heretics too, about the Daniel Lamberts in the sun.

Note.—Great Weight of the Solar Inhabitants.—As the diameter of the Sun, eight hundred and eighty-three thousand miles, is one hundred and eleven times greater

than that of the Earth, a body at its surface would fall through four hundred and fifty feet in a second of time: so that if there be any human inhabitants residing there, each individual of moderate size must weigh at least two tons.—(P. 8.)

It would be pleasant to know, whether the ancients had stumbled on this calculation when they made Hyperion, a Titan. The probability is, as they had no dray-horses, that they never came to so stupendous an inference. Moderate individuals of two tons! We should doubt, with old Dr. Donne, whether light itself is *light* in the sun---if we did not suspect the author's inaptitude for this sort of calculation by the unhappy result of another---viz. that, from 5,000 cubic feet of fossil remains in the cave of Kuloch in Germany, at 2 cubic feet per bear, = 2,500 bears---and accumulated in 1000 years, there was a mortality of two bears *and a half* per annum! (p. 272.) The note on perfectibility is a "valuable hint" for the Utopian Leicestershire Grazier.

The present object of the Graziers, in breeding Leicestershire sheep, is to procure a breed with small heads and legs—but we must not suppose they can ever attain that degree of perfectibility as to make heads and legs evanescent quantities.—(P. 29.)

And yet we have heard of such animals, "eating their own heads off"---and perhaps by a cross breed with the Hyena, (p. 201,) which makes evanescent quantities of some of its own members by gnawing and sucking them---the sheep might get rid of their legs. The self decapitation, however, is only a figure of speech---and we shall be equally fools with Winifred Jenkins, whatever approaches to partial self-decay may have been made by the antediluvian bears, should we look for the perfectibility of "seeps heads without kerkases."

Skip we now to page 36,---where the author shows himself as great at a definition as he had been mighty at an inference. Every person knows what pain and pleasure are,---which Dr. Johnson was fond of parading in an allegory; but here they are wrapped up in still deeper mystery. They are as like to like as oxalic acid and Epsom salts---and the unwary may readily take a mortal dose of one for the other.

Pain and Pleasure.—Two names for one feeling, which our internal agony attempts to vary in the sound, although the sensation of the last escapes our most strenuous efforts to detain it.

Verily, pleasure relishes here no sweeter than Mr. Blake's saline sugar; but if pleasure be an uninviting draught, cream-tea is still worse,---and in one desperate particular, surpasses a horse-medicine:---for "with cream to our tea (p. 151) we swallow butter, cheese, suet, whey, lactic acid, and *horns*!" The cause of stomach ache is therefore no mystery; and there is a consequent mortality, of course, of two *and a half* cream drinkers per annum. There must be still more, say—two persons and three-quarters, perish annually of unnatural postures (p. 249.)

With respect to the natural position and movement of the feet, the fashion of turning them outwards is contrary to nature, as may be seen from the structure of the bones, and from the weakness consequent to that mode of standing. To this may be added, the erect position of the head, the projection of the chest, the walking with straight knees, and many such actions, which are merely the result of fashion, but what nature never warranted.—(P. 249.)

Poor old blind Mr. Milton was grievously mistaken, it appears, about the erect, god-like port of Mr. Adam. Our great original certainly lobbed his head, stooped in the shoulders, was pigeon-toed and baker-knee'd, and "bowed in the hams." In fact, he was such as we still see certain old people, with whom fashion has had its day, and sophistication is gone by, and they are returning, not to infirmity, but to the genuine positions of nature. The world will do well to ponder the "valuable hints" of the author on these matters. The living anatomy, Seurat, held down his head as prescribed, and it prospered better than any part of his body---but he kept his legs in an unnatural straight position, and they are dwindled to drumsticks. He maintained an extravagant "projection of the chest"---and his ribs show prominently as a skeleton's. The inference is altogether in favour of our author---and a man, if he will but give up the unnatural positions of Messrs. D'Egville, Wilson, and Co., and conform to those of nature, may reckon on health, and with that on all the felicity and good spirits of an oyster or periwinkle.

Good spirits.---Happiness consists in bodily health and tranquillity, firmness and alacrity of mind, to attain which no sacrifice or abstinence, mental or corporeal (for both are required) is too great. When we are in perfect health and spirits, we feel in ourselves a happiness independent of any particular outward gratification whatever, and of which we can give no account. This is an enjoyment which the Deity has annexed to existence, and probably constitutes the *apparent* felicity of infants and brutes---especially of the lower and sedentary orders of animals, such as oysters, periwinkles, and the like.---(P. 39.)

It is in favour of the shell-fish, however, that they never run in debt to each other, and therefore one more rule is necessary towards human tranquillity, viz: (p. 34) Avoid the perpetual irritation of embarrassed circumstances. Many gentlemen, and especially bankrupts, *fail* in this particular---and it is probably under such "circumstances," that it becomes an obligation to be laid in the Fleet.

Imprisonment.---Throwing people in certain circumstances into prison is doing them a favour.---(P. 38.)

We confess, notwithstanding, we should have preferred a receipt for "easy circumstances"---in fact, we accord with the author's own axiom, (p. 168) that "in politics as in common life, to know what can be done, and how to do it, is a most valuable species of information." On the same principle, we should be glad to learn how the poor Irish are to get their "*superfluities*," and in what manner a "voyage of discovery, to the depth of two or three miles" (p. 277) should be made towards "the centre of the earth?" We might ask afterwards, whether Ireland could be made an Asteroid---whether the Coldstream could ambush in the Serpentine---if half a bear could die per annum---or an astronomer vouch on oath for the drought in the moon---for of valuable species of information---

"The next is to know what cannot be done---and why we cannot do it!"

ON FASHIONS IN PHYSIC.

A WRITER in our magazine has noticed that there are fashions in physic as in all other matters; but as he is probably not acquainted with that art, we shall ourselves take up the pen which he has dropped, and attempt to illuminate our readers a little further on what would be abundantly ludicrous if it were innocent. To adopt, follow, and change fashions in physic, for no reason but that they are fashions, is as little innocent as any folly can well be; and as we do not feel in the least inclined to jest on so grave a subject, we shall not adopt our correspondent's sneering manner, but write with all becoming gravity, as becomes our character and the importance of the subject.

The history of fashions in physic would be almost the history of physic itself, which would be rather tedious; we must skim some of the most prominent points, and must also touch them lightly, lest we sink into depths where our readers of the *Salon* could not follow us. And we may also chiefly notice those which most concern the health of the present generation; since the former ones are dead and buried, and would now have been so, under whatever fashion their final arrangements with the world might have been made.

The history of small-pox is as well known to the people as to physicians, and therefore we may venture to notice it. It was the fashion to keep the patient as warm as possible; in warm rooms, warm blankets, with warm fires, and so on; fresh air was esteemed poison, cold air, death. And if this was a fashion, it was one not without its philosophy and its good reasons. The eruption was "better out than in:" it might be checked; and therefore, also, cordial and hot drinks formed part of the fashion. But times at last revolved, though old women, here and there, still hold to the old doctrines and fashions; and it is not very likely that the fashion will retrograde again.

This might be called conviction from experience, not fashion: we maintain that it is nothing more, in reality, in practice. If it were philosophy, why is it not extended to the analogous disorders, where it is still the fashion to adopt heat? A rational physician knows that cold has the same virtues in measles and scarlet fever as in small-pox; but it is still the fashion to keep the measles warm, for the same reason, or lest the eruption should be repelled; and should the reverse be attempted, all the women, and nine-tenths of the apothecaries, would be up in arms. Some more success has attended the attempts to check scarlet fever by cold, but it is far from generally received. The people hold fast by the old fashions: that, however, is nothing, unless the profession did the same.

The fashions of treating common fevers (typhus fever, to use a phrase now become popular) have revolved so often, that we shall not pretend to trace all the changes. Originally, they were to be cured by bleeding

and cathartics: that fashion held a good while, and the fevers were cured of course—except when they were not. It was then discovered that depletion was certain death, and that they were to be cured only by wine and brandy. They were equally cured by wine and brandy—except when the patient died. But this fashion revolved too: it was found that the fevers had all been murdered by the brandy and wine, and, once more, the lancet became the fashionable tool.

They die pretty much the same either way, that is tolerably clear; by putting in wine, or taking out blood. But then it is a great consolation to be killed “selon les regles, parceque vos héritiers n'ont rien a vous reprocher.” A man ought always to be in the fashion, whether he is a doctor or a patient. If he lives in the fashion, it is not less important that he should die in it. For a doctor to run counter to the fashion, would be to cut himself off from all chance of future salvation—and present fees.

But wine *versus* bleeding, and the reverse, do not include one half of the fashions under which fevers have been regulated. At one time, antimony was the sovereign and leading mode. No fever could resist antimony, and least of all James's powders: which proved a very good fashion for Dr. James and his descendants, and Mr. Newbery, of St. Paul's Church-yard. At another time, calomel was the panacea, to the great comfort of the teeth and constitutions of those who survived. The others we may pass over, lest we should write the history of fevers.

What will be the fashion next? That we cannot tell. Wine and brandy again, it is probable. Or, perhaps, a new James will spring up; unless Mr. Whitelaw should bring home some new fashion from South America—some other bark. By the bye, we should not have forgotten the bark in our enumeration.

Writing for our ordinary readers, we must not notice some other fashions, which would not be understood but by medical men; but they who will take the trouble to think over their knowledge, will know what we mean, and be able to add much more, where, for many reasons, we think proper to omit.

The time is well remembered, when all the disorders which have no name (that endless tribe of troubles which besets the higher orders of society very conspicuously, the female part of it more conspicuously still) occupied a thinking man not a little, but yet all these, not exclusively, were called nervous—when something or other had fallen on the nerves—when the nerves were unstrung, strung, relaxed, and so on.

And when nerves were the fashion, every body had the nerves and nervous disorders; and took nervous medicines; and physicians wrote books on nervous complaints; and all the people swallowed castor, camphor, asafœtida, galbanum, musk, valerian, opium, æther, julaps, and heaven knows what more. These were the fashionable remedies: every one was in the fashion, in the remedies as in the diseases.

Lo, and behold, the nerves have vanished! The whole army of

nervous disorders is out of fashion and date: so are valerian, musk, asafoetida, and the rest of these stinking drugs. Times are changed; opinions are altered; calomel has superseded camphor; nobody reads Whytt; nobody complains of nerves; nobody cares for nerves.

And this is a solid revolution in fashion; the patients themselves have revolved: *bonâ fide*, as well as the opinions, and the theories, and the doctors, and the books, and the physic. The lady who wants a carriage can no longer gain her end by hysteric fits. Hysterics have ceased to be genteel—they have ceased to be fashionable: they are sent downwards to Doll, and Cicely, and to the shoemaker's wife. Miss F. H. Kelly, indeed, was near bringing them into fashion once more, but the mode did not take; it expired in a few screams, and evaporated with the smelling salts. A fashion may be of use; we do not entirely object to fashions in physic.

But fashions do not vanish and expire, they only change their colours and forms. The bonnet which was of straw or leghorn, becomes silk; and so does the printed cotton. Breeches are prolonged into pantaloons.

Thus was it the mode to substitute the hard word dyspepsia for nerves, dyspeptic symptoms, indigestion, *primæ viæ*, and so on, became the fashionable phraseology. Every person was taught that he had a stomach, that he ought not to eat pie-crust, drink beer, frequent hot rooms, and that he ought to rise with an appetite, take bitters or steel; and so bitters and steel became fashionable, and malt liquor and pie-crust went out of fashion.

The stomach had its day, like the nerves; when, on a sudden, all Bengal broke loose on us; an army of yellow nabobs, burnt up with currie and calomel, arrived to explode the stomach by the introduction of their own livers and Dr. Dick. The liver now became the fashion; liver complaints, bilious, bile, became the fashionable phraseology; the nerves had been forgotten in favour of the stomach, and now the stomach was no more heard of than if it had been a mere hand-maid to the liver. Dyspepsia was no more; bile was all. The pie-crust and the malt liquor continued, however, in the same disgrace; but calomel and salts were substituted for steel and bitters, as those had turned out valerian and asafoetida before.

No sooner had calomel and Bengal taken the lead in fashion, than every man, man and woman, began to apply their fingers to the "hypochondres," their tongues to the looking-glass, to examine the morning complexion, to scout false delicacy in language, to "call a spade a spade;" blooming seventeen scrupled not to tell her lover that she was "bilious this morning;" they began to ride jackasses to joggle the liver; and, from a paltry village, Cheltenham became a city of circulating libraries, and raffles, and parades, and pump-rooms, and cockneys, and idleness: it became the great resort, not only of the East and West Indies, but of Candlewick Ward and of Grosvenor-square.

Thus, Dr. Scott also became the fashion, and Mr. Abernethy; the one operating through the legs, the other through a mercurial pill. The liver also became the apology for ill humour: a justifiable cause, in man, for being sulky and selfish; in woman, for quarrelling with her husband, thrusting her children into garrets, and scolding her servants.

Unluckily, it is the fashion still; and an expensive one it has proved. It has beaten the nerves hollow in this matter; and the stomach more hollow still. Nerves rarely succeeded in effecting a coach and six, or any coach at all, even though backed by a regiment of hysterics and a battalion of tears. It required longer perseverance, if not more ingenuity than the sex generally possessed, to extract even a diamond necklace by faintings and loss of appetite. Besides, the fashion had become tottering, the devices were stale, the tricks suspected.

Bile stepped in at a favourable moment: and it was a more tangible, intelligible kind of substance. The existence of the nerves was somewhat obscure, rather metaphysical: they might be doubted—they and their effects. The imagination was accused: the term fanciful had become dangerous to their reign; but the liver was a real, sensible organ, as any one might see in a *paté de perigueaux*, or under the left wing of a roasted chicken. It was an indisputable fact and equally certain was it, that, when the ball was over and the rouge wiped off, there was a yellow tinge in the complexion, which could be nothing but bile.

Then did the apothecary learn to put the private question: "To Bath or Cheltenham?" The excellent house in the square becomes deserted for a dirty lodging at Leamington, or Brighton, or Ramsgate, or Cheltenham, or Bognor, or Margate, or Southend, or any where else that is the fashion, and at a price greater than the house in the square itself; the children are sent to a preparatory school, or to a cobbler's wife to nurse; the husband must console himself at home with upholsterer's rubbish and naked floors, and a woman to look after the house; and, abroad, with his office at the Treasury. The money that is not spent in lodgings goes in jackasses, and raffles, and apothecaries; habits of incurable idleness, and folly, and dissipation are produced; and at length it terminates in a country-house at Brighton, or elsewhere. The nerves would not have cost half the money, even if the hysteric fits had added another pair of horses to the carriage.

What is become of the spleen all this time? it seems to have been utterly forgotten. In Pope's day, it did all which the liver does now, but it was not so expensive. We do not despair of seeing it revived again, and of seeing it also carry the victory against its later rival. We must have novelty. Bile has had a long reign. Mr. Abernethy cannot expect to command for ever. We much wonder at the ill usage of the spleen. It would do quite as well as the liver; rather better, as being more mysterious, and affording a greater scope to quackery and imagi-

nation, one and both. Were we ambitious of making our fortunes, we should re-discover the spleen, and turn spleen-doctors. We will do it in a twelvemonth, for a bet of a thousand pounds; and the Jockey Club shall decide it. We cannot sell our consciences on lower terms.

What is become of the fashion of longing? That was a delicious invention. It was almost as effectual as nerves in "raising the wind," according to the particular objects in view. The ladies are much to blame that they have lost sight of this notable discovery and excellent fashion. They will not now long, even for a pine-apple. The more fools for their pains. Nobody could possibly doubt the fact and the philosophy both;—when it was the fashion. It is not the fashion now, and every body doubts it. We do not, however, despair of seeing it revived once more, when it will become as true as ever; and, with a little more caution, as efficacious. It must be cautious not to specify. It must learn to deal in generalities. It may long for an apple, like the Arab lady, and be as sick as it pleases, and demand Bath or Brighton; but it must not demand coaches and six, lest the child should be marked with one. This was a dangerous speciality: the events would not conform; and thus, we apprehend, did it become unfashionable. With this hint from us, which we offer from the extremity of our kindness and regard to the fair, we recommend the whole to their serious attention. We must turn to graver matters and fashions more serious.

In days past, from the day of Thucydides, for example, to that of Sir Hildebrand Oakes, it was the fashion for the plague to be contagious. It was the fashion to catch the plague, and to die of it, at Marseilles, in London, in Egypt, in Turkey, in Morocco, at Malta, in Italy, in Spain, and elsewhere, just as it had been the fashion at Athens in days long before. It was the fashion to take the disease by touching the patient, by wearing his cast clothes; and it was the fashion not to take it, by avoiding such contact, burning such clothes, washing them or fumigating them. It was the fashion for those in the upper story of a house to fancy that they escaped, while those in the lower one died; merely by avoiding contact. It was the fashion to suppose the disease quelled altogether, by separation and care—continued, by neglect of these simple precautions. Such were the fashions of the plague.

But these were not all. It was the fashion to import the plague in bales of cotton, and to let it loose among the people, where it thrived surprisingly. And then it became the fashion to superintend these importations; to fumigate the said cotton, to intercept communication, and so on. In short, what is called quarantine became the fashion; and then the cotton was imported, and the plague was not.

But mark how fashions revolve again. It is discovered that the fashion was a bad fashion—that the plague was not contagious—that it could not be imported—that it would not spread—that it ought not to spread—that it must not spread—that quarantine is nonsense, and

tyranny, and oppression—a project of governments and custom-house officers, to check trade and put money into their pockets.

Now we hold this to be one of the good and useful revolutions of fashion in physic. At any rate it is plain that the half of mankind has nothing to do, or not enough: that steam engines in England do the work of two millions of people, and, consequently, that there is all that number of people too many. Every body knows that “population presses on the limits of the subsistence;” that the people are likely to eat each other up for want of beef; that the Irish labourers are likely to eat their children; in short, that we are labouring under the disease of too much people, too many mouths, too many hands. The plague is a sovereign and expeditious cure, and therefore contagion should at least have a chance.

It was equally the fashion in former days for people to catch a fever, much as we catch a tartar; that is to say, it was carried about in hackney coaches, in the clothes of apothecaries, and in other similar and analogous modes. Physicians, and especially students, caught it from patients in hospitals, and elsewhere; the judges and the lawyers at the black Assize of Oxford caught it from the prisoners; negroes brought it out of their prison-ships into the West India Islands. Then also some vagabond, enlisted from the hulks, carried it on board of a transport, or a receiving-ship, or a man-of-war; the rest of the crew were infected—the fever spread, as it is called—the people died—new crews came in, they died also; at last the surgeons began to die, and the officers, because it was then the fashion for a fever to be contagious.

Because also this was then the fashion, when a transport, having cleared of crews and fever together, returned to port for a new cargo of human life, the new cargo took the fever also, and then they died, and so on, toties quoties. And when it became the fashion to fumigate the transports, then the people, they said, did not die, and the fever disappeared; and all because it was the fashion for fevers to be contagious. Typhus fever, be it remarked, not remittent fever or yellow fever.

But it is going to be the fashion for fever not to be contagious, and people are not to catch a fever any more; and fumigation is to become nonsense, and nothing is to be contagious but what the fashion ordains and settles; and the students will not take it any longer, nor the prisoners in the hulks, and we may go and sleep with a putrid fever with impunity, and all that. To be sure, the fashion is not quite established yet; and perhaps it may not be, which will be very unfortunate.

If there are useful revolutions of fashion, there are others also which have their uses, though in a different way. A new theory for example, a new disease, becomes a new discovery, as well as a new fashion. He alone who discovered the disease can know how to cure it. That is natural, just, proper, and necessary. Hence the fashion, and the disease, and the discoverer become inseparables; the doctor becomes the fashion for the disease; they hunt in couples.

And they hunt in different ways, recte et retro. Sometimes the disease comes first, sometimes the doctor. If the disease comes first, we must send for the doctor, who is coupled with it in the fashion: if the doctor comes first he brings his partner with him. It would be very ungrateful if he did not. Each makes each's fame and fortune; that is, the doctor makes the fame for the disease, and the disease makes the fortune for the doctor. Between them they make the money; but the doctor, as is proper, pockets this, and leaves to his friend the empty honours.

It is no small ingenuity, therefore, to invent a new disease; and it is a greater proof of talent to render it fashionable. If, indeed, it should be difficult to discover one absolutely new, considering that there are about seven hundred already, a new name for an old ailment will do as well. Or the old disorder may be contemptible, from the want of a name of sufficient weight and mystery. Re-christen it; if it was English, make it Greek: expose its dangerous and insidious consequences—make it the fashion in any way. Frighten the people—tell them they are on the brink of a precipice—that they are going to have apoplexy, dropsy, gout, what not. Frighten them, as the methodists do. “Preach loud, long, and damnation,” as Selden says, and to whom then can they flock but to him who knows the state of their carcasses, as the preacher does of their souls, which they do not know themselves? To him who frightens them they will come to be cured, body and soul, soul and body. The physician of the soul, and the physician of the body, equally understand their trades.

People are apt to sneeze, in hot weather for example; and people do not die of sneezing now-a-days, as they did in days that no one knows any thing about. We cannot give six draughts a-day, at one and nine-pence each, for sneezing: call it the hay-fever. What a wonderful man! what a clever man! he understands the hay-fever: call him in. Thus is the hay-fever among the last in the list of fashionables.

Monsieur Broussais manages the matter in another way. We have shown that there are fashionable diseases, fashionable practices, fashionable theories of some kinds. A new-fashioned proximate cause partakes of the latter. It is a new fashion—that is something; it affords opportunities for writing a big book, and stultifying all the rest of the world—that is something more; it brings practice, and practice brings money—that is still more and still better.

All diseases arise from inflammation of the villous covering of the stomach and intestines. That sounds formidable and terrific—inflammation is a fearful word. Ague, apoplexy, dropsy, nerves, bile, sneezing, small-pox, water in the head, all the nosology arise from gastro-colite, gastro-enterite, gastro-duodenite, simple gastrite. The matter is demonstrated. Gastro-enterite becomes the fashion. No one can cure it properly but Monsieur Broussais; except those who have wit enough to follow Monsieur Broussais and the fashion.

Thus have other diseases, other theories, other proximate causes, been invented. And when they become the fashion, they succeed. Our medical readers know what that quack Tissot, a fit specimen of that most learned, most sublime, most free, most wonderful republic, Geneva, invented; and the fashion has thriven wonderfully in the hands of Messrs. Cooper and Co., and others.

There is fashion without terror and fashion with terror. The fashion with terror is the best, because it is the most profitable. No people understand this latter trade better than the dentists. They have a delicious hold on human vanity—particularly on the vanity of the fair: come to me and be scrubbed, and filed, and plugged, and polished once a month—pay me a guinea, or five guineas, once a month, or once a week, (just as the patient bleeds,) or you will shortly not have a tooth in your head. Your teeth will become black—they will fall out; your children's teeth will grow awry, you are ruined in beauty and reputation, your progeny is ruined for ever—give me ten guineas, give me twenty, you shall have teeth like a walrus—the chimney sweepers shall envy you.

This is fashion too. Dentism, dentists, filing, and scrubbing, and spoiling, all are fashion. And thus the dentist becomes the fashionable of fashionables. He has been a footman, a watchmaker, a barber; no matter—he is Lady Caroline's dentist, Lady Betty's—none but he can save your teeth, can save you; you are a lost sinner to all eternity, if you do not go to Waite or Cartwright, just as ye may be, or not, as it happens, unless you follow Irving or Dr. Collyer.

If there is a fashionable man for the hay-fever or the liver, and if a man finds it convenient and profitable to set up a new fashion, in opinion, practice, diseases, or aught else; so, as soon as the fashionable man is established, and his disease in vogue, all the rivals and collaterals go out of fashion. No one can prescribe mercurial pills as effectually and scientifically as Mr. Abernethy; unless it should be Dr. Eady. But this is not all.

An oculist, or a man calling himself an oculist, be it Mr. Williams, or Mr. —, or Mr. —, or any one else becomes an oculist, and immediately all the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries lose their senses, their knowledge, their dexterity, and, what is more important, their practice. All which they knew about the eyes, about their anatomy, diseases, treatment, every thing vanishes on a sudden, dimmed in the blaze of the new light which has broken forth in the person of this Mister and the other knight.

Thus the oculist becomes the fashion, as does the dentist, and as does the aurist—the aurist, the last and basest of the divisions of the art, science, trade, and profession, of what is called physic.

And the public pays for the fashion—which is just and right. The people are not half deaf enough, or half the people are not deaf enough—which is the same thing. It is the business of the aurist to persuade them that they are deaf, or have been deaf, or will be deaf—or how

could he exist? If they are not quite deaf enough, he makes them deafer—he persuades others that they are deaf, or will be deaf, or ought to be deaf—which answers equally well. It becomes the fashion to be an aurist—it becomes the fashion to have an aurist. Aurist sets up against aurist, their rival merits are discussed; and, in time, it is probable, no man will be able to hear without an aurist, as no man can now eat without a dentist. The probability is, that when aurists become as abundant as chimney-sweepers, no man will be able to hear at all—which will be a great gain, because they will not be able to hear the objurgations of their wives. It was lucky for the Duke of Wellington that his business was to give orders, not to receive them. One ear may serve his purpose. It is lucky it was not the Chancellor—since justice hears awkwardly when it hears only on one side.

Why did we say that the aurist was the lowest and basest of the labourers that hang on the outskirts of physic? We must beg pardon of Mr. Wolf, and Mr. Durlacher, and Mr. Cowdery. We must beg pardon of the Chiropodists—the hand-and-foot men, if we have not forgotten our Greek. The hand-and-foot men have discovered that people cannot have their own nails; and so they too, heaven save us! are a fashion of their own; but whether Mr. Cowdery or Mr. Wolf is the most fashionable—marry! we cannot pronounce.

It thus appears that fashion in physic partakes in that most profound, most valuable, most scientific, most economical quality which Dr. Adam Smith terms the division of labour. He who understands gastro-enteritis cannot possibly understand the ears: he who knows the eyes is ignorant of the teeth. By and bye we shall have a doctor for consumptions, a doctor for bile, a doctor for dropsy, a doctor for water in the head, and a doctor for scrofula. Nay, in time, the gentleman who relieves the foot of superfluous corns, will split from him that relieves the hand of hang-nails, that the division of labour may be perfect, and that fashion may be all in all.

As if we did not possess all these distinctions already, Mr. such a one is “so clever” with children; Dr. Stewart is the only man who can cure consumptions, Dr. Solomon is, or was if he be dead, the man of men for nervous diseases; nobody can cure the liver but Mr. Abernethy, nobody the bile but Dr. Scott—when he was alive; nobody can champoo but Mahomet, or scrub but Dr. Grosvenor, or make steel collars but a man who lives at Warwick, or treat with the gout but Dr. Scudamore, or the dropsy but Martin Bree; while Messrs. Goss and Co., and other worthies, appropriate to themselves fame as sweeping and imperishable in other lines. Some employ duchesses as aid-de-camps, some rest on bullying, some on wheedling, some on a new medicine, others on apothecarizing the Cabinet Ministers, and others on writing books, and others again on chalking a wall. In those several ways do they become the fashion.

Of these several modes, next to chalking all the walls for a circumference of ten miles, the most scientific, and commonly one of the most

successful, is writing a book. It is of no consequence that there are already two hundred treatises on the gout—a medical book is nothing when it is more than three years old; besides which, the public never heard of any such treatises—does not believe in their existence—discovers that it must be a great man who has written so thick an octavo on the gout—who has been the first to understand the subject—is the only one that understands it—and therefore makes him the fashion, flocks to him with all their gout, and are consoled with reflecting, that though they are not cured, they have “had” Dr. this or Dr. t’other.

To have a puffing dowager, is not a bad mode of acquiring fashion. One sometimes succeeds, but two or three operate in the duplicate or triplicate ratio in this matter. “My dear duchess, you must allow me to send my apothecary to you—he is the only man who understands the whooping cough,” or the rheumatism, as it may happen. “Dear me, have not you called in Dr. H? I assure you Dr. Baillie always recommends him—he is a charming man,” and so on. “Depend upon it he is the only doctor for your complaint—he attends Lord Liverpool—he made a wonderful cure of Lord Castlereagh.”

If there are fashionable theories, fashionable diseases, fashionable practices, fashionable doctors, and if all these revolve and change, like our dresses, our opinions, or other fashionable matter; so there are fashionable drugs, fashionable remedies, shifting with the seasons; omnipotent when in the fashion, worthless when out of it. And, as we just hinted, the remedy which thus gains temporary rank, renders fashionable the doctor who introduced it. A fashionable physician needs not introduce a new drug—it is the drug’s business to introduce the unknown doctor.

We have seen many new and sovereign remedies come in, in our own day, and we have also lived to see them go out—to give way to others equally new and sovereign. They did not benefit the patients it is true; but they benefit the doctor, so that they are not useless.

Nitrous acid baths, vinegar and water, rubbing, pinching, pummelling, rhatany root, prussic acid, oil of croton, oil of cajeput—the list is endless, the object the same, the success similar. Not quite the same always. Some blundering correspondent sends to London, by mistake, the root of some unknown plant, instead of ginseng, or gentian, or colomba, or something else. There is no sale. Write a book, give it a name, call it rhatany root, make it a sovereign cure for all diseases, put a high price upon it, and the business is done.

Some have mounted by prussic acid, as effectually as Dr. Solomon did by rum-shrub; and all the diseases are cured by each with equal certainty, as long as each is the fashion. Every one was equally cured by metallic tractors as long as they were the fashion; by electricity, when that toy was in vogue; by galvanism now it is superseded; by animal magnetism when Dr. Mayersback was alive; and by anodyne necklaces at this very day.

Certainly, fashion cannot always be a bad thing; and we begin to

repent of our doubts. If a man can be cured by a fashion, it is an article added to the pharmacopeia. If he is killed by one, indeed—aye, there's the rub. Let us try.

In former days the barber used to shave beards, brandish equally the lancet and the razor, set legs and arms, and apply the cupping glasses. Up rose the surgeon, overset the suds, seized on the lancet, and cheated him out of the better part of his trade. The lancet answered his purpose well, but the cupping glass was less successful. It occupied too much time, the blood would not flow, in short, it went out of date.

A new division of labour was required, or a new opening appeared, and up sprung the cupper. A man who can get no business, must make it: he must get into fashion, he must bring his trade into fashion, he must bring into fashion the diseases which his trade cures, or is supposed to cure.

These flourished, and then flourishes the cupper. If he does not find the disease, he makes it; if he finds a disease he makes it worse; more cupping is required, the glasses are applied, they are applied again, and “many more shall this one (or two) ensue.” The people became nervous, hysterical, epileptic, paralytic, apoplectic, they have not been cupped enough. Cup them again, and again—and then they die—for lack of cupping.

Cupping could not thrive, unless there was a “flow of blood to the head.” The blood begins immediately to flow into the heads of all the kingdom; having formerly flowed towards the tail, we suppose. The pale-faced or green-visaged Miss, whose blood has been flowing a whole winter at Almack's, the opera, balls, assemblies, till six o'clock every morning, heaven knows in what direction, discovers that it is all accumulated in her head; the cupper restores the equilibrium, she turns green and greener, must be cupped again, becomes nervous, cross, giddy, hysterical, and when when she displays her scapulæ and her nape next winter, displays with them twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, or thirty-six white ornaments marshalled in the most beautiful quincunx order imaginable. Man becomes disgusted, her lover flies: what matters it?—cupping is the fashion.

Some poor devil of a student, labouring day and night at drawing pleas, drawing triangles and parabolas, or drawing out prose into verses, becomes similarly uneasy and languid—wonders what is the matter with him—feels his head confused, not with night watching, abstinence and labour, but with a flow of blood to the head. The cupper comes—he comes again—he becomes worse—he has not been cupped enough—he is sent to Italy—his pursuits in life are broken up: he becomes nervous, or crazy, or gets into Bedlam, or is a valetudinarian for life.

An alderman has made himself giddy and bloated with excess of turtle and champagne. Instead of abstracting the turtle and cham-

pagne from the stomach, the cupper extracts the blood from the neck. More turtle goes in, more blood comes out—the head becomes giddier every day—he falls down at the next feast with the calipash in his mouth, the cupper is sent for, but the undertaker comes—his cup is run out.

The nerves lose their office from exposure to cold, from ague, from poisons, perhaps, from heaven knows what—original constitution; the unhappy wretch's arm becomes paralytic, she must be cupped—the leg becomes paralytic, she must be cupped again—she becomes paralytic all over, more cupping—she becomes silly, idiotical, is cupped every week, month, or three months—and, shortly, there is a hatchment over the door, with the sinister side black. If the husband has been cupped, the dexter side is black instead of the sinister; that is all the difference.

If fulness and flow of blood to the head is one of the most serious fashions that was ever introduced into physic, much more serious is the whole doctrine, including inflammation in all its imagined modes; and on the other hand, including, as the remedy, starvation and bleeding.

At present, all diseases depend on plethora, and fulness, and inflammation; fevers, plagues, consumption, dropsy, it is no matter. We must not frighten our unprofessional readers with too much of the nosology and pharmacopeia, though we need not much care, in an age when every one understands the pharmacopeia and the nosology. Starvation and abstinence are the preventives; the lancet, leeches, cupping, calomel, salts, are the cures.

Of all the unlucky fashions, the lancet is the most unlucky; for the patients, at least, because it is always at hand, and is easily applied. It has also the merit of producing temporary relief, invariably, be its effects ultimately ever so pernicious. Medical men at least should know the reason why. It acts by diminishing sensibility. It produces temporary torpor and faintness, therefore ease; and thus relieves those pains and symptoms, the causes of which it confirms, and which ultimately it aggravates. Hence the great system of deception as to the utility and effects of bleeding.

On this system, it is the fashion to say that all mankind eats too much, that wine is poison, and so on. We are tormented and harassed with fears and anxieties, and many, very many, are made ill by the very projects of prevention and cure. But one of our writers has forestalled us in this matter; telling truths that we need not therefore repeat, though we should place them in a less ludicrous light.

Thus, to pass from preventive to cure, it is no matter what pain is felt, it is inflammation—and requires blood letting. If it is rheumatism of the intercostal muscles, it must be pleurisy of course; no matter what is the reason, the constitution, the age—the patient must be bled; the pains remain or increase—how should it be otherwise?—he

cannot draw his breath freely: he must be bled again, and again. If he abounds in wealth, folly, fashion, or confidence, it is repeated; months may pass in this way; the inflammation has relapsed; he is threatened with a consumption, he must be bled again; if he does not become consumptive, he is lucky; he becomes helplessly debilitated, perhaps, or possibly requires years to repair these injuries. Perhaps he is sent to Italy; the lancet ceases to do its pernicious office, he recovers, more or less, and the climate gains the applause. There would be no end to these illustrations, and as we are describing facts, daily facts, we could swell them and their varieties into a volume, which we must not.

To pass to another modification. An attack of ague, the long exposure to cold, the natural debility of age, aggravated perhaps by excess of eating or drinking, producing exhaustion, causes torpor, numbness, the appearance of apoplexy, perhaps of palsy. The lancet is called in, then the cupper, then leeches; real palsy ensues, the use of one, or other, or all, becomes frequent or periodical; the disease is confirmed and extended, the patient becomes fatuous and at last he dies.

Inflammation of the eyes, it is the same thing—in practice, that is.—And here we may partly thank the oculists, who, like other mechanics, have but one receipt. These inflammations differ in their causes, and natures, and in their cures also, as night from day. An ounce of bark, a few bottles of wine, might have cured one. The patient is starved, leeches, and bled—the disease increases—the eye becomes opaque, and the patient is blind for life. We cannot enter deeper into this subject; but this will serve as a specimen.

We might not end at all on this revival of the Sangrado practice. It is the revival of that practice; neither more nor less. Whether the fashion originated in Paris or London is doubtful; they rival each other admirably in it, at any rate. Paris is now a daily scene of Sangrado murders, as London is fast becoming. A hysterical vomiting occurs in a nervous woman: two hundred and thirty leeches are applied; the patient dies as she ought: because, we suppose, she had Monsieur Broussais, gastro-enterite.

A patient, perhaps a delicate girl, is seized by that catarrh of epidemy and debility called influenza. She is bled, and bled again—becomes worse after each, dies, or falls into an incurable consumption. Have we not seen it with our own eyes?—have we not seen her faint under the lancet, and never speak again? Have we also not seen forty ounces of blood abstracted from a wretched, debilitated, dyspeptic patient, because his head was confused?—has his head not become more confused—has not more blood been taken—has he not become delirious—and was not his head shaved, blistered, iced, and leeches—and did he not die in forty-eight hours?

But we shall become too serious, and too frightful. Yet then have we seen partial or temporary insanity also mistaken for inflammation of

the brain; and we have seen the patients—more than one patient—die under the lancet, expire before the blood had done flowing.

This and more, far more. It is all the consequence of a fashion, and of nothing else. Physicians seem to have forgotten that there is a nervous system, as well as a sanguiferous one—that pain may exist without inflammation—that giddiness may result from debility. Have they really forgotten that a man's head becomes giddy before he faints—that they can themselves make him giddy, confused, delirious, by their own lancets—that debilitating poisons will produce giddiness, apoplexy, palsy. Do they not know that a nerve is the seat of pain, and that nerves so affected—affected, we know not yet how—may excite as much pain as the most violent inflammation, while the sanguiferous system remains undisturbed, or even when it is exhausted.

Is it possible to believe that the abstraction of blood can be innocent even where it is not injurious? It is not innocent, even in health; though, in a strong man, the effects may be little marked, and soon recovered—misapplied in diseases, it is injurious or fatal.

We believe that we ought to end on this subject, lest we say too much. But we may ask what is the cause of all this—this fashion? What is the cause—not of a fashion, or of all fashions, but of the persistence in, and the universality of—every fashionable mode of practice? Simply, because it is easier to follow and copy than to think. There is a rule; a general rule laid down; it is easily adopted, with no thought, no investigation, no reasoning. It suits the majority, who are mere mechanics, who never reason, or are incapable of reasoning. They do what others are doing, say what others think, follow the easy routine, and are satisfied.

Thus physic is reduced to a nostrum and a mechanical art. It is indifferent whether the nostrum be bark, mercury, or bleeding. Whichever has the vogue of the day, all can immediately become physicians; and it is indifferent what the success is—they cannot be wrong, since they have followed the approved practice. Should chance revolve it, should Sangrado give way to bark and wine, it is equally easy to revolve with the new system. Hence, and of these causes, are the sweeping fashions of physic.

And, whichever may prevail, there is always some one who can show cause, like *Monsieur Broussais* on one day, and *John Hunter* or *Dr. Gregory* on another. And in this case also, there arise men, more bold, more confident, and consequently more dangerous. If the timid or doubting practitioner bleeds for twelve ounces, or a pound—the physician of this stamp bleeds into a wash-hand basin or a bucket, as we have also seen. This is called vigorous and decisive practice: it is decisive indeed.

But we leave this field to be further ploughed by medical writers for medical readers. More, would suit neither you, good reader, nor us.

Others too may enquire whether acupuncture is not as effectual

as metallic tractors, and for the same reason ; whether calomel, salts, and Cheltenham, are not also a fashion, like any thing else ; and whether they are not the poisons of the present age. We must end for the present ; and particularly as we have something more to say on medical practice.

If we are not ourselves bled or Cheltenhamed to death, or poisoned by some indignant member of the fraternity, before next Christmas, we propose to enquire into the private practice of England ; to discuss the learning, talents, and utility, of the Lady Bountifuls, which swarm in every village ; and the abilities and discernment of those practitioners whose chief practice is exerted on their own persons.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

NO. I.—THE NETHERLANDS.

[ON learning the intention of the author of the following letter, to spend the next six months in observing the manners and general exterior of our Continental neighbours ; it immediately occurred to the EDITOR, that if the correspondence of any one on these subjects could be valuable, it must be that of such a man—of a man alike remarkable for his wit, for his scholastic acquirements, and for the originality and acuteness of his remarks on men and things.—It appears from the following letter, the avant courier of others, that though the writer had no previous intention of putting any thing on paper, the Editor succeeded in the application he made to him, to favour the readers of the London Magazine with such thoughts as might occur to him.]

Ghent, August, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel some difficulty in complying with your request to send you my remarks on such matters as may strike me during a tour of six months, on the Continent, because the exoterical and external reflections on buildings, and streets, and the face of the country, which every man will make in travelling, may already be found in guides and manuals for travellers, where they remain quietly unread ; and esoterical and inward thoughts, respecting men and manners, generally involve personal observations on the character and conduct of individuals, which have been obtained in the confidence of society, and which cannot be made public without a gross breach of

violation of that confidence. I cannot consent to transcribe the height and length of each cathedral, and the number of its pillars and windows; still less can I consent, Judas like, and like many persons of the present age, who, notwithstanding, do not usually carry the purse, to expose whatever secrets have been rashly entrusted to unworthy depositories. But this, I am sure, you do not ask. I will not, therefore, tell you the worst things, because they are not worth telling, nor the best, because they are too valuable to be told; if, however, I can find any intermediate matters, which are not too vague to be tolerated, and yet sufficiently vague not to apply to any individual, it will give me much pleasure to furnish you with them.

In the capital of the most intolerant country in the world, (which is, nevertheless, the least intolerant place in that country,) he who would do any thing, whether great or small, in any respect differently from the rest of the inhabitants, is considered as excommunicate, and is put out of the pale of society. He who would breakfast before eight o'clock, must have old bread and old milk, or no bread and no milk, and be he contented or discontented therewith, he will be esteemed a monster, who had rather eat at an uncanonical hour, than starve.

One fine morning at the beginning of this month, the trepidation of packing, the melancholy of parting, and an anxiety to arrive in good time, had placed me above, or below, all care for my breakfast; I had, however, performed some of the accustomed rites, such as making tea, allowing it to stand the usual time and pouring it out, when, at seven o'clock I was disturbed in my meditation by a kind friend, who came to speak a few good words at parting. At half-past seven I committed myself in a boat to the calm and misty Thames, and wondered, with a certain feeling of distrust, which days and years strengthen, how blind fortune would treat the various objects of interest which I left behind: I estimated the average mischief of six months, and said to myself: "If it is not worse than that, or that, or even that, I shall get off easily." Thus, in barbarous ages, have men been led to make vows and sacrifices, and to drive a bargain with malicious destiny—in such an age I might perhaps have said, "I am going away for half-a-year, if, O fate! you will let every thing else alone, and more especially will spare that, I promise, when I return, to shoot my horse and dogs, to throw my gun and watch into the river, to burn my clothes, and even, if you will have it so, my books: all which things will put me to great inconvenience, and will therefore be a high gratification to you." With these thoughts I was fast approaching London Bridge; a little fact can always banish a great speculation. The waterman proposed to me to get into a larger boat; to accommodate him, I complied with his proposal, and paid him his fare; he complained thereupon that he was not paid enough, because, if he had gone below the bridge, he would have been obliged to wait a long time. I was so much amused by the demand of this

comical fellow to be paid for waiting, because he had not waited, that I could think of nothing but this new kind of obligation. If you had lived in my house for one year, 100*l.* would be a reasonable rent; but you have never entered it, therefore pay me 100*l.* To reasoning so strictly logical, nothing but pathos was wanting to make the eloquence perfect, and as my smile induced passion in the man of oars—I was indulged with a burst, which made my thoughts as merry as they had hitherto been sad. I had been warned against a steam-packet called the *Talbot*, but as I was desirous to go to Ostend, I determined to take my chance; I was, however, glad to find that the Earl of Liverpool had been substituted for that vessel, which judges of these matters praised, as much as they had censured the other.

I got on board the packet at eight o'clock, and amused myself for half an hour before we sailed, in observing my fellow-passengers, and the attendant friends who came to see them on board. I was entertained by one group, consisting of an anxious father, his sons, and a tutor; the tutor was quite a different creature, the father being present and the father being absent. The anxiety of the father urged him to be perpetually instructing the instructor of his sons—to do this, not that; to omit this, not to omit that. Whilst the father remained, he was bowed down, like a donkey by enormous sacks of coals on his back; when the father had gone on shore, he was like the same animal relieved of his burden. At an early hour the people crowded down into the cabin to dinner; I dined, as men dine in ships, on the deck, with an honest German, who eat huge masses of meat, and gave vent to his joy in clumsy jokes, after the German style, such as—"it is a pity that man is so much the slave of his senses—but we must eat," &c. It was delightful in a vessel, where usually all is discomfort, to find such real mirth, and such real appetite. I was not a little entertained by observing a person entirely occupied with one idea; he was an old man, and having watched a long time for a place next to a female, as soon as it was vacant, running with awkward gallantry to take it, he pitched the contents of his glass into her lap, and sat down upon her plate, which was by her side: in this case the possession of the object of desire did not produce the expected happiness, for the lady almost immediately got up, and went away. We ran swiftly down the Thames, passing every thing, whether impelled by wind, or by vapour, ordinary and extraordinary: among the latter may be placed the steam-packet, which had sailed the day before for Calcutta. On the deck I observed several persons, whom I looked at with sincere compassion: even if they have a safe and favourable voyage, which I heartily wish, they are objects of pity. In my case, the packet was a good sailer, the accommodation good, the people civil, the passage remarkably short, the day fine, the wind fair, the sea, although not calm, by no means rough, and I was not sick: yet, under all these favourable circumstances, it was most disagreeable. At sea the motion is annoying, in

the river unpleasant; besides the heat and noise, the constant trembling, such as one feels in a mill, is harrassing: it is like being on board a great cockchafer, which buzzes and spins continually: to a nervous person it must be most distressing. Yet the certainty of result is an immense advantage; and to know at the appointed hour you will jump from the infirm plank to the firm pier, with nearly the same accuracy as you predict the time of descending from the box of a stage-coach, is consolatory, even to the sea-sick.

At half-past eight in the evening we lost sight of the North Foreland, and of England. The wind, aiding our paddles, blew us over so soon, that we waited for nearly an hour, until the shallow harbour was sufficiently filled with water to receive us. It was dark and rainy, and we were glad to see the light, which announced that our discomfort was at an end: we presently ran alongside the pier, and landed amongst many Custom-house officers. The smell was the smell of fish, and the appearance and sounds were as though we had arrived in some sea-port in Wales: the uncouth noise which the people made was like the antediluvian tongue, and the aspect of the men who received us was Cambrian: perhaps a barbarous dialect, and the inordinate use of beer, give men the same appearance in all countries. One set of men took possession of our passports, another of our baggage: we were then permitted to retire to a quiet old inn, half foreign, half English, where plenty of tea and of civility, at about two o'clock in the morning, restored the balance of animal and mental power.

Ostend, like other easily accessible ports, is infested by bands of English, who are by no means calculated to give strangers a favourable opinion of the English character: a band of these barbarians invaded the room whilst we were at tea, and kept up a conversation in a tone that made me blush for my countrymen. Where do such persons hide themselves in England? I have only met with them in foreign countries. A man of common feeling is often tempted to say to his foreign friend: "I cannot ask of you to judge of us from the best specimens, but pray do not judge from the worst." In this instance I eat my soul and drank my tea in silence, and resolved that to-morrow's, or rather that day's sun should not set, me being in Ostend. I was glad to ascend a good bed, in a room of which the floor afforded a sample of the mixed nature of the inn: upon one of the rosy-fingered floors of France was spread an English carpet, of the same pattern as that in the apartment of a cherished person. There is more individuality in patterns, whether of carpets, of china, of gowns, of furniture, or of any other domestic matter, than of any thing else. Nothing recalls in such a vivid manner to the memory, a person, or an event, as the sameness of pattern. It is easy to talk of great minds, and of little minds, and of gigantic minds; but it would be difficult to persuade us, that Locke, or Newton, or any other much vaunted person, would have seen a gown of the same

pattern as that in which his grandmother first whipped him, without thinking of rods and of tears.

Next morning, having obtained my passport and baggage, I paid the several officers, for the same reason that all governors are paid—because they have already given some trouble, and that they may not give more. We visited a church which was large and handsome; it pleased some young Englishmen, who had not seen before one of the decorated temples of the Church of Rome. After admiring it some time, they remembered to say, that they thought a plain church was much better than an ornamental church; to which I acceded, and felt grateful for such a new and original remark. There were many women at their devotions; they all wore the ancient black cloak, which, with a white cap and a deep lace, is universal in this country, and not unbecoming. We met a priest in a strange grotesque gown, which amused the boys: I do not recollect that they made any objection to him. The old costumes are of no use, but they are amusing; to the children they must be delightful: as one must be somewhere, it is as well to be in a pleasant place; as one must see something, it is as well to see what amuses. People say, it is of no use; but what is use? what is of use? In some senses, perhaps, nothing is really of use, except baptism and repentance.

The aspect and the smell of Ostend, although the latter is by no means bad for a fishing-town, and the former (the streets and squares being straight and wide, the houses good, well-built, cheerful and well-windowed) is not unpleasant, made me nevertheless rejoice, rather than regret, that most likely I should never enter its walls or sand-banks again. The houses were closely shut: it would have been pleasant to have seen the inside of one: the windows were defended against prying eyes by muslin curtains and by holland blinds. To live in a great house, if unblessed by taxes, assessments, and rates, is not expensive; if it was originally well-built, the expense of repairs is not great; but to furnish well, and to keep well furnished a large house, is expensive: it was to see how this was effected that I wished to enter. One of the largest houses was inscribed with a name, and the addition of notary and land-surveyor; as the owner, it may be presumed, in the former capacity most probably resembles an attorney, it must be a comfort to all good men to reflect, that the trade flourishes, even here—and no wise man can suppose that the notary has any the least difficulty in furnishing his own house, or in feathering his nest, however it may be with his neighbours. The churches contain the usual wax-work figures in the costume of the present days—I speak of Flanders; and the blessed Virgin is represented at the door of a church, in a glass case, attired in a modern dress—I say modern also in the sense of the Netherlands; and it is strictly so, as the style is not older than the period of our great grandmothers in England. The very Englishman who visits Flanders, must unlearn that reverence for ancestors which is accounted so great a part of wisdom; for here he will find in daily use, strange

articles of furniture of former days. When in our boyhood we saw a spoon, of which the carved handle was no handle, but an apostle—a glass of uncouth form, or some other preposterous vessel, we felt unbounded reverence for the ancestor who took his broth with such spoon apostolical out of such preposterous vessel; we felt awe-struck at the thoughts of him and of his wisdom, which we esteemed as vastly greater than our own; but when we travel in the Netherlands, and perceive that the inhabitants hourly handle, with familiarity, such utensils as our forefathers left in the inmost recesses of our cupboards, the hallowed memorials of themselves, and that the Flemings are not wiser than we are, the reverence fades away, and the truth is forced upon our minds, that it is possible to be quaint, or even uncouth, perhaps preposterous, without being wise.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, I embarked in the barge for Bruges; it was large and commodious, and was drawn by three horses, at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. A wag observed justly, and much to his own satisfaction, that the team-boat was pleasanter than the steam-boat. The country is perfectly flat on all sides, apparently lower than the level of the canal. There are no trees near Ostend, but they gradually show themselves, and at last the country becomes almost woody, with plenty of pollard-willows, oak, elm, and ash, but all of a small size. The land was mostly arable—the corn was ripe, and they were beginning to cut it, but very leisurely, at the rate of two women to a field of twenty acres. The farm-houses, stacks, and villages, continually reminded the eye of Cuyp's pictures, and of the etchings of similar scenery. Some flax in various places, either steeping, or spread out to dry, tainted the air. We sat under a sort of canopy on the deck: a young English lady talked to me of Sir Walter Scott's novels, if he be indeed the author of those works, and the person who has so long been ashamed of being so grievously overpaid for such productions. She spoke of the Crusaders, and how she had read that work—that she liked the *Talisman*, that it was about Richard III. and Saladin—that it was better than the rest, because there was less swearing in it, a habit into which the author had unhappily gotten—but that it was a dangerous kind of reading, at best; tending to Frenchify the nation, and to introduce a French frivolity. Happy England! she need not fear frivolity, so long as her daughters can make such remarks as these. It had been showery all day, and it had rained almost all the way. We arrived at Bruges, and landed amongst clamorous porters.

We walked a long way through streets of splendid houses: the aspect of the Flemish cities is gloomy, the rain and the cloudy sky, joined with my own regrets for the absence of friends, made me melancholy. We just crept out of the inn to the great square: the Hotel de Ville, with its fine tower, is a noble edifice. We supped well at the table d'hôte, and having slept away my fatigue in a dull little room on the

ground-floor, I breakfasted also in the public room. It is a great luxury to the imagination to have breakfast served in French china—it has the appearance of cleanness: the skin is so white and smooth, that it is like being waited upon by ladies, and not by ordinary maid-servants; which, supposing it were no crime to be waited upon by ladies, and supposing also, whatever is necessary to be supposed, would likewise be a great luxury. After breakfast I reported my proceedings to my friends in England, by means of ink contained in a gallipot, where currant jelly or raspberry jam had formerly dwelt. At a sea-port in the North of England, I once saw a girl making a pork-pie in a vessel, that loves seclusion; it was standing in the open kitchen, in the full light, and seemed to blush for its ungrateful mistress, in whose service it had lost a handle, and at being thus drawn from its natural retirement.

At hotels people are required to pay for a private room; it would be more just to make them pay for liberty to sit in a public room—besides being better served, and the advantages of society, in public a single man can less reproach himself; and the conscience of a married man, that is to say, his wife—for the wife is the conscience of the husband, however unconscionable she may be—is less able to upbraid him in public. “A good conscience is the greatest of all blessings, so is a good wife—as all who have found such an one will testify.” I made this remark to a person, who answered: “Yes, that is most admirable by day—but by night—but by night—why is there not a public room for the night? I once saw a monastery,” he added, “where was a dormitory with forty beds for the monks, but they were all single men—why have they no dormitories for married men, to save their souls from nightly fears? My wife is anxious to appear amiable to all persons, exactly in proportion as it does not concern them that she should really be so; if there were thirty-nine beds in our room filled with strangers, I should have such charming nights; there would be none of those curtain lectures. But I doubt about a wife being properly called a conscience, (he continued,) we have a good conscience and a bad conscience, a good wife and a bad wife; but, whoever had an applauding conscience, an approving conscience—I mean an approving wife?” A lady, to whose judgment I submitted this matter, said—“Oh! it is because no man behaves to his wife as he ought; what husband ever acts so that his wife can approve of him? Why did you not tell the fellow this—I would have soon told him so.” I could only answer, with indescribable confusion, “that I certainly thought something of the kind, but I wanted her power of expressing it.”

After breakfast I walked quietly about the quiet, large, and handsome city. The smell of the canals at this season is most distressing, odious, overwhelming, and oppressive; persons residing here must either pine away and vanish, or become used to it, so as not to perceive it. As a Christian, I am bound to be tolerant towards my erring

brethren, who may not have the same lights that I have, therefore I would forgive the Church of Rome one half of her errors, great as our divines say they are, if her children would give up the use of salt fish, with the poisonous odour of which all living and all dead things are defiled. I sat down on one of the drawbridges over one of the canals in the city of Bruges (for being a stranger I was not bound not to be unusual) to write down this, and some other thoughts that struck me: this act attracted the notice of the Flemings; men, and chiefly women, crowded to the windows to see what I was doing; they looked curious, but not intolerant, nor as if they thought that, because I did not as they did, I ought to be thrown into the canal.

In the course of my walk I went into some churches: they were full of pictures and figures of the Virgin. In one church I saw, upon an iron circle like that used for roasting larks, many little waxen figures hanging—they were like legs and wings; other little waxen things were like livers and gizzards: to the eye of a cold calculating person they were ridiculous; to the eye of faith, no doubt, most edifying. We had a handsome young Flemish lady at dinner, but with such a strange fixedness of countenance, that after looking at her fifty times, it became painful to look any longer; and the thought of always looking at such a face, intolerable. I also observed some handsome women in the streets, but with a very peculiar expression in the eyes and mouth, and a certain projection of the upper lip, which, to those who are used to it, may be agreeable. I was told by persons who professed to speak not merely from hearsay, that the ladies of this city are not cruel; but on this subject it is equally difficult to believe and not to believe.

An English gentleman told me that he lodged and boarded with a man of family in Bruges, (I think he called him a baron,) in a comfortable style, for twenty francs a month. I was also informed, that another Englishman had married a Flemish lady; first before a magistrate only, which is good in law, but is not considered respectable: that a second marriage in the church being deemed expedient, in order to celebrate the second marriage, in the case of a foreigner, a dispensation from the Pope is necessary. That he told the Curé he would not pay any expenses: the Curé wrote to Rome and obtained permission to marry on payment of postage, amounting to thirty francs, which was accordingly paid, and the second marriage solemnized. The postage and a certain familiarity with the pope seem apocryphal; but the story, if it be mere gossip, is instructive, as showing the tone of public feeling on these subjects. I was also informed at Ghent, that the clergy had obtained from the government, that their permission should be procured previously to a marriage before a civil magistrate; and that permission might be refused; but, as I understood, not without cause—such as the parties being within the prohibited degrees; but this is a considerable step. These holy men, who do not marry themselves, wish still to preside over the marriages of others; they are not content

with being priests of the true God, but desire also to be the priests of the pagan deities, Hymen and Juno pronuba.

I visited, immediately after dinner, the church of St. Salvador, which is a handsome building, in the company of a fine, full-grown, full-fed English parson. I was surprised at his ignorance of the subjects of most of the pictures, but I suppose he did not choose to blot the fine hot-pressed paper of his mind with superfluous knowledge. Not being much read in the Breviary myself, I was yet able to explain some of them to him; in each instance, after a most appalling grunt, he exclaimed, that's not scripture! At last we came to a painting of the baptism in the river Jordan: I remarked, that for that, at least, there was some little authority of scripture. He stared at it, and with the slow pace of an elephant, the sagacious animal marched off. The Flemish painters affect principally a strong relief, and try to make the picture stand out of the frame: the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Virgin, in the church of St. Salvador, is very remarkable on this account; some steps are painted at the bottom of the picture, on which an open book is lying; the relief is most powerful. It is said that Napoleon sent this work to Paris, but that it had been restored. I visited the academy and exhibition of a small number of pictures, perhaps thirty; there was nothing of any great merit. I observed the same attempts to give a strong relief in the productions of the last year, as in the older works. I also visited the English convent, consisting of thirty-six nuns, many of whom are said to be young and beautiful: the chapel is neat and pretty; the altar, which is formed of small pieces of marble of various colours, skilfully joined, is extremely handsome. We likewise examined the Jerusalem, which is a copy of the church of the holy sepulchre in that city; it is most probably very exact, for it is a dark ugly hole. The most manifest falsehoods in support of the faith are openly asserted with solemn gravity; a painting, which represents a father giving his daughter to a butcher to be killed like a calf, because she would not become a convert to protestantism, exhibits an event, which, they told us happened eight hundred years ago. They said, likewise, that the church, called Jerusalem, had been built four hundred years, in the presence of the monument of the founder, one Adurnus, which testified that he was buried in 1600. I apprehend that the sign of the wheat-flower, or wheat-blossom is peculiar to this city: *l'Hotel de la Fleur de Blè, semel occurrit*; the Crown, the Red Lion, &c. *passim*.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, I embarked for Ghent, in a barge much larger than the last boat, and drawn by six horses. They were not all tied to one rope, as is usual with the barges on the Thames; but there were three ropes diverging from the top of the mast, and two horses fastened to each rope. I placed myself near a priest, who was seated on the deck, and was mumbling over his Breviary. After he had pocketed the sacred volume, and had taken some snuff, we

conversed together. What would not the Catholic clergy be, but for the use of snuff, which they scatter copiously over themselves, as we powder stuffed birds with pepper and alum, to hinder them from dropping to pieces. He was a strange, sullen, heavy, dull, unwashed, uncombed, unshaved, tallow-faced being; of ill look and of worse omen: his broad visage was an exaggeration and caricature of that of the sourest quaker; and long flaxen locks hung around it in disorder, like rays; so that the whole resembled the sign of the sun, or of the full moon, as I have seen it daubed in white upon a black board, for the sign of an inn, where no one seemed to enter; for his innate sense of astrology would deter every man from tempting such a solar or lunar aspect, if he had not lost all reverence for bad fare, damp beds, and uncivil treatment. On this occasion I felt grateful to fortune for having given me an opportunity of conversing with such a personage. Having contemplated him fully, and taken his bearings, whilst he was reading to himself the service of the day, some time after the leaden eyes had followed the filthy thumb to the end of the morning's task, I ventured to ask him a few questions. He told me that he was a native of Bruges, but resided at Ghent, and said, with an air of the tenderest melancholy, that there are no tithes now in Flanders; but that the clergy are paid by the government, that five hundred francs a year was the lowest sum, two thousand the highest, besides what they got by mass, marriages, &c. I could not learn how much this might be. There are only three bishopricks; the rest of the country is governed by vicars-general, who, in case any scandal shall occur amongst the clergy, which we both agreed is impossible, have power to punish it. He heard with pleasure that there were still tithes in England, and listened with surprise and delight to my account of the revenues and patronage of the protestant bishop of Durham, and of the arduous and laborious duties by which they are earned; and he remarked that in all countries the protestant clergy are well paid, and it was fit they should be, as they are required to marry and to enjoy life; that in Flanders people are strictly enjoined to fast on Friday and Saturday, but could not be punished for neglecting this duty; that there was plenty of good fish to be had. He anxiously enquired whether the use of butter in Lent was not forbidden amongst the English catholics? I am sorry that my knowledge of divine things was not sufficiently extensive to enable me to give him an answer. I told him that the English clergy generally wear round hats; at this he seemed much scandalized and shocked: he mounted a first rate shovel, with all its tackle, apparel, and rigging. Soon afterwards, in turning the corner of the canal, the wind suddenly caught his hat and blew it off his head: some women, who were sitting behind, were much amused; they laughed aloud, and caught the hat, which, but for their timely interference, would have gone into the water. When he had regained the majestic felt, and felt what he had regained; and after

he had gravely superimposed it upon his awful head, I ventured to observe, "that though it might be less consistent with Christian perfection, yet, in stormy times, the round hat of the Protestant minister was the most secure." He smiled quietly at this sacrilegious jest, and said, "that, for ease, the protestant ministry was certainly the best." I saw many goats tethered on the banks of the canal; and indeed, wherever there is a green spot as large as a sheet of paper, a goat is at anchor near it: all ranks use the milk, but the flesh of the kids is eaten by the common people only. The priest said he had never eaten it; it cannot, therefore, be desirable food. There were many trees by the side of the canal, but all of a small size. We dined most comfortably in the cabin, in a party of twelve: the dinner consisted chiefly of fish, but not entirely, although it was Friday, and there was a priest at table; there was not literally any flesh, but there were fowls and pigeons. Some foriegners, who had lately been in England, made bitter complaints of the gloom of our Sundays: the fanatic English would suffer no amusement, except, perhaps, a walk in the Park; no diversion—nothing but psalm singing; even all the public-houses were shut up, as if thirst were essential to true piety, and beer and devotion incongruous. They had been much strack also, and not a little amused, by the ridiculous dress of the footmen in London. Immediately after dinner the priest relapsed into his Bre-viary: at half past three o'clock our voyage ended, and we arrived at Ghent.

Our first visit was to the Botanical Garden: but as we had been delayed in making calls, it was somewhat dark; I could, however, see that it was good, especially the *arboretum*. There was also a large collection of greenhouse and stove-plants, and many busts and statues of Flemish botanists. As the institution had only subsisted a few years, the gardener had not had sufficient time to suffer all the plants to die off, except perhaps a few hollyhocks and marygolds, which, with some pertinacious wall-flowers, are usually the surviving tenants of a botanical garden. It is a public promenade, and if it is less extensive than the garden at Kew, it has the great advantage of being open at all times, to all persons, men, women, and children. It is only in England that such places are permitted to be locked up, to flatter the indolence or the cupidity of some pompous curator. In England, because our government is monarchical, an institution is called Royal, that is to say, public; it is soon, however, said to be the private property of his Majesty; but I apprehend that the private property of a king of England, in England, is, both in nature and value, much like the private property which every man brings into the world with him, and takes away with him when he quits it. We visited the Literary Society: the rooms are handsome; they consist of the ground-floor of one of the noble houses in the *Place d'Armes*. We did

not see the library: the collection of newspapers was meagre; the only English paper was the St. James's Chronicle.

The next morning we passed some hours in a private collection of books; they were partly arranged in a fine room, one hundred feet in length, with a painted ceiling, which had formed part of a monastery of Augustines, and partly scattered about on the marble floor. It is an immense collection for a private person, and contains, besides many useful books, a large proportion of tall copies and uncut copies, and first editions, and uniques; and of all the various instances of that contemptible and mischievous spirit of quackery, which would put buying books into the place of reading them; and would make the margin, the binding, and the type, and even the colour of the ink, of more importance than the text, contents, and the matter. This is a powerful diversion in favour of ignorance, and therefore cannot be too highly censured. We then proceeded to the Museum, which contains a good collection of plaster casts, to a school of drawing and of architecture, and to a gallery of old Flemish pictures. One by Rubens represents St. Francis receiving the stigmata; they are all five bleeding most violently. The Flemish painters are too prodigal of blood; they imagine that it is pathetic—it is only filthy: one little look of patient suffering is more affecting than an ocean of gore.

We dined at the table d'hôte at one, the usual dinner hour in this country. One of the company, a stout jolly fellow, was an *avocat*; he carved the meat, and seemed to think himself, and to be thought by others, the chief person at table. The conversation took a legal turn, about a majority of seven to five in the jury, and about the game-laws; they proceeded to argue in the usual way by citing some cases, and by supposing others; and, as usual, all seemed to be more willing to talk than to listen. After the desire of food, of wine, and of law, had been taken away from our minds, we sallied forth to see the city and the churches.

The city is a medium between Bruges and Antwerp—less neat than the former, less rough and Spanish than the latter; it is a very large place: the population is said to be sixty-seven thousand. The priest in the barge yesterday told me that it was five thousand; such is the ignorance of a fellow who reads nothing but his breviary! In a church that I had entered before dinner, filled with people, with pictures, marbles, and orange-trees, they were in the middle of the service. I stood for a moment near an Irishman, of a low class, and read in his wild eye and aspect, the same ferocity that we observe in the Irish labourers slinking about the dirty chapels in London. I then went near the altar; a fine girl, well dressed, was kneeling upon a chair, with a most devout appearance; I crept quietly up to her, and peeping over her shoulder into her book, found that she was reading, near the end, something entitled "*Des natures diverses de l'Amour*,"

as a young protestant girl might be reading the marriage ceremony in our prayer book; when she perceived that I was looking over her, she slyly and quietly changed the place, by means of her left thumb, to the *Credo*, which was then going on. After dinner we visited several other churches; they were performing the evening service in all of them, in a remarkably loud, strong voice, and making, in fact, a most hideous noise; both priests and choristers appeared careless and inattentive; their eyes continually wandering about, and their hands engaged in some occupation; one was winding up his watch, another buttoning his waistcoat, another searching for something in his pockets. The small tonsure on their dirty heads is exactly like the knee of a pious horse, that, through frequent genuflections, has rubbed all the hair off, but without breaking the skin. In the church of St. Bavan, which is also the cathedral, we saw the first oil painting; the discovery of the last, like most others, is said to have been made by accident by the painter Van Eyk. The subject is the adoration of the Lamb in the Apocalypse; it exhibits a number of persons in the midst of a very green meadow adoring the Lamb, and is certainly extremely curious. There are plenty of marbles, altars, and pictures; and a good Rubens, which represents the reception of St. Bavan, the tutelary saint of the cathedral and of the city, into a convent: he is distributing his goods to the poor, and is leaving his wife, a fine, fat, buxom dame, to go to the devil in her own way. A priest, who was in the chapel, in which the picture hangs, politely explained it to us; but with a certain air of unction, as if he hoped that such an example might be not wholly without edification: especially when he said, "and he leaves his wife," and pointed to the plump, comely lady at the bottom of the picture. His manner seemed to add: "and thus he gets rid of that carnal mischief, which is the chiefest of Satan's snares." The air of the lady in the painting, who turns quietly away, appears, however, as if she thought, "what a fool have I got for a husband; but as hitherto I have often done well without him, so, from henceforth, I trust that I always shall." We saw also the church of St. Peter, which is of a strange style of architecture without, but handsome within: we agreed that it would make an admirable library. In our ramble through the town, we met with many interesting houses, many curious streets, a most picturesque market-place, and an immense cannon or mortar, that had been used by some Duke of Burgundy to throw stones from; it was formed within of bars or staves of iron welded together; and of hoops of iron on the outside, joined together in the same manner. The streets resounded almost all the night of this Sunday with noisy rejoicings.

It is said to be the intention of government to found a *Collegium Philosophicum*, which is a strange name for the kind of thing that it is meant to be, viz. a university for candidates for the priesthood: but governors are attempting in many places to obtain credit for philo-

sophy, and to make it serve for a cheat and a false pretence, under which to pass their forged and counterfeit wares. The government is also said to be desirous to get a monopoly of education, under the pretence that they wish (for every thing must be done under some pretence) to keep it out of the hands of the Jesuits; but that the clergy are somewhat difficult.

We went to see the public library, which contains a fine collection of books, formed from the libraries of the various monasteries which were suppressed or destroyed: it is open almost all the day to all persons without difficulty or restraint. We afterwards went to the university to hear a young man keep his act in medicine: the subject was the chronic dropsy, on which he had written and printed a Latin dissertation, containing his notions respecting that disorder. He maintained them for about an hour, as well as several miscellaneous medical theses, against all objections, tolerably well, in some barbarous Batavian Latin. The young man must have been sufficiently well informed, unless the thing had been previously got up and arranged, which I, being of a suspicious disposition, suspected, and ventured to suggest to several of the professors, who assured me that the scene was *ex improviso*. The museum and cabinets of natural history are handsome rooms and galleries; they contain many shells, minerals, and fossils, and many skeletons of various animals, extremely well prepared by a person connected with the establishment. The university was formerly a Jesuit's college; it has been much enlarged and improved, and when finished will be a noble edifice. I greatly coveted it for the new London University, to which all men, who have not an interest in the ignorance of their fellows, must heartily wish success. I saw the theses proposed for disputation by the university of Louvaine fixed against the wall in the usual manner; they were such as might have suited any other Royal University in the world. A prize had been given that day for the best essay on a subject, the nature of which teaches admirably how useful and important is the kind of instruction that may be expected in such places; it was, "What part did Flanders take in the Crusades?" This was called teaching the students the history of their own country, and encouraging patriotism; that is, a notion that, in all ages, the government of the country has been perfectly wise and perfectly good, even in the matter of the Crusades, which were dictated and directed by perfect wisdom and goodness. Some of the professors were knights of the order of the Belgic Lion; the consequences to the knight are, that he is permitted to wear a thread tied to one of his button-holes, which looks as if it had been torn from a sailor's check shirt or from a ticking mattress, and that the sentinels present arms to him; to the government it must have the pleasant effect of keeping the rest of the professors smooth, in the hope of obtaining this enviable distinction. I heard complaints that the philosophical class was small, and that the Flemish head was not well

suited for the ready reception of philosophy, which I easily believed. I was shown a book on general law, written by Haus, the professor of law, which is said to be good. I was asked if much was written in England on general law, to which I gave a general answer. I doubted whether they would have continued to admire our law as much as before, if I had told them how we make it, like good housewives, a little at a time, as we want it; that we darn the old as long as it will hold together, and only make new law when forced by absolute necessity, or to serve a turn. I was told that it was not easy to have a general notion of law, *e. g.* to have a general notion of marriage; to say what it is in itself. This kind of metaphysics may be very useful, but the *how* is not evident. The under-church, or subterranean church, under the cathedral, of which they make a great wonder, is nothing but an ordinary crypt. There is a fine panorama from the tower of the cathedral; the country is well wooded and well cultivated. Bruges may be seen plainly, but neither Brussels nor Antwerp, because higher ground intervenes. The public walks by the side of the canal are pleasant enough. The trees are but small.

The Flemings speak most detestable French, which it is not easy to understand, because they do not articulate; the Flemish language is said to be difficult to learn, and almost impossible; which foolish persons mention as something wonderful, and as showing a peculiar kind of merit or delicacy in the language. I have heard the same notion respecting the Irish and Welsh, and I suppose it is the case with every other barbarous and vulgar jargon; what is imperfectly uttered cannot be perfectly heard or remembered, or imitated; and a language which is not generally written is not fixed. Of persons who cannot spell, no two are exactly agreed as to any single word; it is a certain noise resembling a certain common sound, but it is not exactly defined, and is always fluctuating between two extremes. They seem to think much more of the price of a picture than of its beauty; and concerning a book, they say that it was bought so cheap or so dear, and might be sold for so much: but not a single word about the contents. It seems to be the custom at table to help the priest, and afterwards the ladies; I fear that an Englishman would live a long time in Flanders before he would learn to comply with this custom; nothing but the restoration of the inquisition and some actual burnings would reconcile him to this Romish error. One meets many women in Flanders with good figures, who, without being positively graceful, hold themselves well, and show fine, straight, flat backs, &c. These occurrences would make it difficult to give a decided preference to the gaunt and grim priests, who stalk about the streets with an air of shy impudence.

After breakfast the next day, we went to the house of the civil governor, to procure a ticket to see the celebrated prison or house of correction, called the *Maison de Force*. It was granted immediately, and we proceeded thither. It is a large building; five courts have been completed for some years, and they are now adding three others.

There are many prisoners, both male and female; the building is good, the courts large and airy, and the whole arrangement appears to be excellent. The prisoners are employed in weaving coarse linen cloth, or rather in manufacturing it, as they perform all the previous operations. The cloth is used for the shirts, drawers, pantaloons and gaiters of the army; it is said that the institution thus maintains itself. The prisoners are allowed to receive one half of their earnings, which they may spend in prison; the other half is given to them when they are discharged. In a list of the articles that may be bought in prison, with the prices annexed, which was hung up in the court, I observed that brandy, hollands, and wine were included. They are supplied with bread in the morning, meat-soup at noon, and mashed potatoes at night. I saw the soup; it was composed chiefly of Dutch peas: I did not admire it, but as I am unacquainted with the diet of the common people here, I cannot pretend to judge of it. In like manner the cells seemed less clean than we would have them in England, but I had not the means of comparing them with the habitations of the poorer classes in this country. The prisoners sleep two in a cell, like Jesuits; perhaps more or less than two would be better for felons: for Jesuits it matters not. The principal part of the prisoners had been convicted of theft. Persons before trial are confined in a separate place, and are not required to work. There is also a yard for boys; there were only two there; one was fourteen years of age, and was committed for a month for cutting down a tree. Where fuel is scarce, it may be necessary to punish severely an offence which is easily committed, and to which the temptation is great. The turnkeys are all soldiers, the governor a major or colonel, which startled us. In like manner our guide told us that the people here would not endure the introduction of the tread-mill, against which great prejudice existed; but that the bodies of all persons executed are given to the surgeons for dissection, as well as all who die in the hospitals and are not claimed by their friends; that the hospitals are nevertheless filled with sick, and that anatomical subjects are cheap and plentiful. There were no persons under sentence of death at that time.

I paid a hasty visit to a noble collection of pictures belonging to Mr. Skamp; there are three fine pictures by Rubens, of himself and his two wives, and several others by that master, by Vandyke, Wouvermans, Berghem, &c. I regretted that I could not spare more than twenty minutes to cast a hasty glance over so valuable a collection, but I had remained much longer than I had intended at Ghent; partly because I felt at my ease, partly because I met with so many interesting objects; but chiefly because I found myself in agreeable society. I had at last, however, taken my place for Brussels, and I was obliged to hurry away to pack up my few indispensables and to dine; for without his dinner, as the greater Ajax wisely says, the courage of the most courageous man will flag.

H. T. S.

CIVILIZATION.

We hear not a little of civilized nations, of the progress of civilization, of savage nations, of barbarous ones, of refinement, and of morals, institutions, improvement, retrogradation, and much more. All this appears abundantly plain and easy. It has found food for dancing-masters, and politicians, and moralists, and play-wrights; it has found occupation for the pens of poets and historians; it is matter for every day remark, and every day conversation; and yet, what is civilization?—where is it—what does it consist in—by what is it excluded—where does it commence—where does it end—by what sign is it known—how is it defined—in short, what does it mean?

Every one knows what he means by it—till he is asked; every one knows what it means—till he compares opinions with his neighbour; all nations know what it means—till they compare with neighbour nations: nobody agrees, nobody knows what it is. At least we do not—that is certain.

There is civilization in arts, civilization in laws and government, civilization in dress, civilization in war, civilization in courtship, civilization in marriage, civilization in eating and drinking, civilization in music, and so on; but the fighting, and the marrying, and the legislating, and the courting, and the drinking, differ between pole and pole, just as much as the latitudes do; and if some people think other people uncivilized, in these and other matters—in return, other people are of opinion, that they are the sole possessors of civilization, and that all the some people are barbarians. It is really a very difficult problem. Who shall decide?

The Persians have been a civilized people since the time of—Rustam perhaps—certainly before Cyrus. Ahasuerus was a highly civilized personage. Every one knows that there is no stronger proof of civilization than to possess a gallows: we need not quote the well known story in confirmation. Now the gallows of Haman was fifty feet high. Besides, he was a very chivalrous personage: he gave his lady-love, not only the lives of all her friends, but those of all her enemies. But why talk of the civilization of ancient Persia, or of modern Persia? They are dandies in dress and in horses: they evince their civilization, as Solomon did, by the abundance of their wives—by their sects in religion—by their poetry—by their ministerial intrigues—by their attachment and submission to monarchy, that most genteel and civilized of all the modes of government.

And what do these Some people think of Other people? They handle their meat with their fingers, and Other people prick their mouths with horrid forks; they delight in sitting still, as becomes gentility and nothing-to-doishness; Other people are always vulgarly busy and walking about—always in a fuss. They use

language for the very purposes for which it was intended—to conceal their sentiments; Other people do the same. But when it is discovered that Other people do so, by the other Others, the gentleman must submit to be shot that he may prove his—what? his falsehood or his veracity: and the shooter is allowed to commit a second injury, that he may prove he has not committed the first. Persia thinks this barbarism—England, civilization. Thus opinions differ.

In Arabia, he who has eaten of his friend's dinner is sacred, though he were an enemy. In Europe, the safest and best way of cheating your friend is to dine him well. Dine him as much as you may, you may cheat him at dinner, cheat him before dinner, cheat him after dinner. Abuse him after he is gone—vote him a bore—ask him for the sole purpose of blinding his eyes. Stab him at dinner, as the civilized and chivalrous Highlanders did. Poison his drink, as they did in civilized Venice. Seduce and abuse his wife, as they do every where. That is civilization in Arabia: this is civilization in Europe. So do civilizations differ.

In Negroland, Mumbo Jumbo keeps all the bad wives in order: the people are too civilized to penetrate the mystery which they know. In England, the Chancellor, and the House of Lords, and Doctors' Commons, and the Sheriffs' Court, and juries special and non-special, labour at the same trade; and the wives will not keep order, and every body pries into the mystery, and the "murder is out," and one murder makes many more, and—so civilizations differ.

In France, if frail woman errs, all the sex strive to conceal the error in which all the sex must reflectively participate. Civilization argues that no good can arise from persecution and disclosure; that nothing but evil can follow if it be untrue, and that no good can accrue if well founded. Civilization, in England, raises up in arms the whole sex, to denounce the lapse from virtue. *Acharnement* pursues the reality, and slander and scandal the suspicion. Thus do civilizations differ, by the short interval of "La Manche Britannique."

In the matter of wives again: in Turkey, the man permits her no liberties; but now and then he sews her up in a sack, and throws her into the Bosphorus or the Black Sea. In England she is permitted all liberties; and when she has taken one too many, the matter is arranged by means of a woolsack, in a somewhat more operose manner. Each is esteemed, in each land, the essence of civilization.

In Germany, she may do whatever she pleases, and nobody cares. That argues civilization perfected. In China, she does it by stealth. Otaheite manages it in the German fashion. Italy and Spain by means of a cavaliere servente. At Ashantee and Dahomy, the woman draws a curtain—a curtain as irretractible as the veil of the temple: elsewhere, he leaves his slippers outside, to prove he is not there. All, each and all, are modes of civilization. They are all chivalry—and thus do chivalries differ.

Thus also do civilizations differ in other matters; greater and less, less and greater. In Arabia Felix, a bag of sand goes for as much money as any one chooses to say that it contains; in England, it sells for a halfpenny. A man's word is taken in that civilized country for any thing; in civilized Europe, no man will take another's word for a halfpenny, much less for a thousand pounds. The lawyer must be called in to guarantee it, and the law and the stamp-office; and who ever took the word of law, or lawyer, or office? One rogue is set up to check another, one system to check another system, one piece of paper to check another piece of paper. That is Arab civilization; this is European civilization.

What then is civilization? "Pass—we cannot tell." Civilization, in Europe, is to be the most profligate part of society—to cheat your friend at cards or dice—to corrupt his wife and seduce his daughter—to drink a man's self to the state of a beast—to make and maintain a system of laws for the purpose of evading and preventing justice—to cut your antagonist's throat, or blow his brains out, when you have offended him—in particular, if you have seduced or corrupted his wife or sister, to justify your honour and virtue by murdering him—to lie all day long, or whenever it suits convenience, and to prove your truth by killing the man who reminds you of it; and to be justified in the eyes of the world by this satisfactory and convincing method of exculpation.

Civilization, in Hindostan and Turkey, is proved by tenderness and consideration for the inferior animals—for the dumb creation, as we affectedly call it. In England, very particularly, it is proved by baiting bulls, fighting cocks, throwing sticks at them at shrove-tide, turning curs loose upon tame lions, hunting hares and foxes, baiting badgers, and putting pins through the tails of cockchafers. In France, a postilion proves his civilization by kindness to his horses—in England, he shows it by flogging him once a minute.

Yet there are variations too in all these matters. The French people, in their highest state of civilization, ate up the Marechal D'Ancre, and as much of Madame de Lamballe as they could get at, and every bit of poor Monsieur Patris, because his flesh was so white "a cause qu'il avoit tant mangé de poulets." The New Zealanders hold it high civilization to eat their enemies. The Javanese eat their friends; and, that refinement may not be wanting in their civilization, they sauce them with lemon juice and Cayenne pepper. Nations more ancient, whom we must not quote for fear of showing our learning, did the same.

Trade, commerce, is especially the produce of civilization; it is the strongest evidence of a civilized country and state of things, next to law and the gallows. In European civilization, every man's trade is to overreach his neighbour. It is the highest proof and mark of

civilization, to cheat best and most—to overreach first your friends, and next your enemies, or reversely; the merit is much the same either way. In Negroland (that Negroland has strange notions of civilization) a man leaves his commodity on the ground to the purchaser's appraisalment; it is bought, or not, by a counter declaration: an Englishman would steal it, and never pay the price, or he would give a promissory note which he never intended to pay, or a bill of exchange which would be protested, or become bankrupt before payment was due.

And yet England is clearly the more civilized nation of the two; since it makes gunpowder for them to shoot each other, and builds up a Liverpool, with docks and a Lord Mayor and a corporation, that it may transfer them from cultivating millet and cocoa-nuts at home for themselves, to hoeing coffee and boiling sugar for other people; and makes them mad in Africa with the rum which its civilization and chemistry produce in the West Indies, that they may be chained in tiers and carried to make more rum, so as to keep up the system of commerce and civilization.

In the ancient modes of civilization, in old Saxony, old Germany, old England, old Ireland, old Scotland, a man lied and swore, and was hanged to save his friend's life. In the modern, the proof of civilization is to lie and swear for the purpose of hanging him—or else to let him be hanged, and drawn and quartered too, if it is necessary, while we look on and exclaim—how shocking!

Marriage, like hanging, has its civilization too. In Catholic land, the bride is sprinkled with water called Holy—in Lapland with water of another description. In Georgia, she is carried by the sword—in England, by a settlement—in New Holland by a good sound cudgelling. In England again, by preaching and conversion—while, in Greenland, she is converted by blubber and oil—in France, by her mother and the family confessor—in Italy, by the prospect of freedom and a cicisbeo—and in New Zealand by a present of naked skulls and baked heads.

Each process, and many more which it would be endless to enumerate, is equally civilized—all equally pride themselves in politeness and perfection—all despise others: and who shall decide?

If we believe Boswell and Johnson, it was a Highlander's politeness to his chief to “cut his bones” for him. In Japan, the gentleman proves his perfect civility and civilization, by cutting open his abdomen upon a gentle hint from his chief—letting the “abominable” viscera, as some one calls them, fall out. Civilization, in Great Tartary, consists in sneezing whenever the Lama thinks fit to give the audible sign. In China, it is for the lady to lame herself, by condensing her foot into the cavity of a tooth-pick case—in Nootka, to carry a log of wood in her ears—in one place to black her teeth, in another to draw

them, in a third to file them into nails—here, to fill the head with grease and white powder—there, with grease and red powder—elsewhere, with grease alone.

Who shall decide whether the most civilized nation is that to which Nature has given the protuberance behind, or that which must imitate it by borrowing a cushion from the mantua-maker?—whether she who daubs her cheeks with carmine, or she who plasters it with red ochre, approaches nearest to civilization?

Which carries the strongest evidence of civilization? the Chancellor's wig, or the endless tail of a Chinese, the turban of a Moslem, or a Kevenhuller hat, breeches or kilts, caftans or spencers, twenty wives or one, crooked sabres or straight ones, smoking tobacco through the mouth, or taking it into the nose? Each despises the other—who is the judge?

It is the essence of civilization to have nothing to do; nothing to do is the only gentleman. To be a gentleman, is to have mounted to the summit of civilization. A pig has nothing to do—but to eat; a Turk has nothing to do, or tries hard to do nothing; an Englishman, an European, is always doing, always in a fuss. The Turk is the civilized man—the other is a barbarian.

The Englishman imagines himself civilized because his laws would reach from here to Turkey, and his lawsuits from the Hejira to the second coming, when the great pit will be divided among the hungry souls of the Moslem. The Turk thinks himself the civilized native because all his laws are in his bible, and his suits are determined in five minutes—thus do opinions differ. Jonathan considers himself an ultra-civilizer on his mother-land, because he can bully his superior, because the more you ring the bell the more he won't come; because he can judge causes and keep an alehouse; because he has got rid of all troublesome observances—at least he "guesses" that he has advanced "a grade." Europe guessed that it proved its civilization by multiplying and magnifying the trouble and number of its observances: Jonathan, and the book of Court Etiquette of Louis, are in diametries on this insoluble point.

If we descend to other matters, it was the quintessence of civilization in Ireland, and it is perhaps the same still, to imprison your best friends, lock them up, and make them drunk first and sick afterwards. The more the host and the guests approached to the state of beasts, the more civilized were they esteemed. In Scotland, the mode of proof was the same, but, instead of claret, the material was whisky. Civilization in these lands, and in England also, was proved, is proved, by sending the ladies to their own retreats and despising them, that greater freedom may ensue for dirty conversation and guzzling. France proves its civilization by attending them to the *Salon*, as they did to the *salle à manger*.

Again, an Englishman picks his teeth and gargles in his water-glass at dinner, in presence—does, in company, every thing that nations

otherwise civilized perform in private; while Madame de Rambouillet proves her civilization in another way, in analogous matters. If an Englishwoman has ought to conceal in her love of flowers, she contrives that all the world shall know it; the Frenchwoman has no subterfuges, and nobody guesses, or is at the trouble of trying to guess. All countries have their separate estimates of civilization.

An approved mode of civilizing uncivilized nations, is to sell them a blanket-full of small-pox; set them by the ears by means of some gunpowder and methodist preachers; cheat them out of beaver with Brummagem guns; rob them of their lands, and so forth. Logan, on the contrary, proposes himself as the only civilized man, and his nation as the only civilized nation; and he despises the uncivilized barbarians who cheat him with psalm-singing and bad locks. In this case alone, our decision is easy: Logan and his people "have it" hollow.

The Greeks were a highly civilized people—they proved it by making housemaids of their wives and treating them with neglect, while they worshipped Phrynes and Aspasia. The Romans were not less civilized—they did not admit their wives and daughters to eat with them at table, they did not permit them to taste wine—they considered them as furniture, the law made them chattels, they sold them to their friends. And mark how civilizations agree. The Otaheitan chief is a Greek and a Roman in the matter of dinner; a drunken butcher in Smithfield sells his wife also. These are concordances of civilization.

The Greeks and the Romans were the only civilized people of the world—the rest were all barbarians. Barbarous Egypt was covered with temples and pyramids, any one of which would have extinguished all Rome. Rome civilized her town by importing the barbarous obelisks of barbarian Egypt. Barbarous Babylon would have contained all the towns of civilized Greece, and more—she had been a barbarian from the flood; civilized Greece, a thousand years after, was to be charmed by the harp of Orpheus. She throve wonderfully in civilization, it cannot be denied—when she borrowed all the learning, art, and science of barbarous India, and called it her own. What was the barbarism of the one, became the civilization of the other.

Greece proved her civilization again, by making her women turn in a mill, like horses. Norman chivalry proved its civilization by worshipping its women. The fashion of treating women, say moralists, is the test of civilization—it remains to settle whether the Norman savages or the philosophers of Greece were the most civilized. The volcanos of the Dead Sea broke loose to put an end to—what was it? barbarism or civilization. Here doctors differ, and nations too—we do not decide.

The civilized Greeks boxed, like Kentucky men, at their compositions, gave each other black eyes, and scolded like Billingsgate. Alexander carried this civilization into the land of the barbarous Persians and Indians. They wore swords and armour in times of peace,

at home, and among their friends. So do the Malays, and the savage Moors. Here civilizations agree again; and the civilized Scythians fought over their cups, as did the civilized Athenians and the civilized Paddies.

We are a civilized people, *par excellence*, by means of our arts; by the art of navigation especially; by the art of printing, more especially still; by drinking tea, most especially of all; by distilling gin and brandy, very especially. But these arts did not civilize the people who taught them to us: thus civilization, in our latitude, is not civilization in another, as we have proved before.

Barbarians show their civilization by their tolerance in matters of religion—such is the consequence of being conceited. All civilization is indeed but conceit—for we conceive our's to consist in murdering each other to decide whether bread is flesh; whether a man with a mitre on his head may make every man kiss his toe; whether, of two other men without mitres, Wesley is better than Whitfield, or Whitfield than Wesley.

As to dancing, civilizations change with the age as well as the latitude. Minuets de la cour, highland reels, waltzes, quadrilles, corants, jiggs, and so on, each and all are civilized, some when and where, and barbarous at other whens and wheres. Thus there have been times and places where civilization consisted in bag wigs, in steel armour, in shaved crowns, shaved beards, mustachios, false rumps, boots, silk stockings, and endless more matters—but these belong to the civilization of fashions, and that, in itself, is an endless chapter.

We must not make our's endless, and shall therefore end—leaving the remainder to those who choose to study the policies, usages, religions, dresses, manners, morals, virtues, vices, amusements, and so on, of mankind. Let those who can, define civilization—let those who know how, define barbarism. Let him who can regulate the age, the plan, the mode, of civilization, write his chapter also—we have done our duty. Let him who can trace the evanescent limit between civilization and barbarism define it; let him inform us who of all is the civilized man, which of all was the civilized age, which of all is the civilized age, what religion, what laws, what manners, what customs are customs of civilization.

If he is at a loss, let him judge and define as a Hindoo, as a Laplander, as an Italian, as an Australasian, as a Samoiede, as a Greek, as a Kamtschatkan, as an Englishman, as a Greenlander, a Turk, an American, a Cossack, a Russian, a Siamese, a Spaniard, a Pole, a Paddy, a Calmuc—he cannot fail to find it out. If he is still at a loss, let him begin with Adam, and end with George the Fourth. We expect his solution with impatience; for, till then, we really know not how to balance ourselves, (in spite of Lord Chesterfield,) how to eat, drink, or think, sit, stand, or lie, clothe or build, fight or make love, build up governments, or pull them down.

WINES.

NO. III.—ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, &c.

IN examining the wines of Italy, we have an opportunity of learning what was the taste of the ancient Romans on this subject; though indeed the descriptions, both of their scientific writers and of their poets, are often unintelligible. Yet, if we could make any discoveries of this nature, it would seem that our best chance would consist in comparing with their accounts, the present Italian wines that still bear the same names. We are quite sure in this case, that as far as the geography goes we must be right—as the places retain their ancient names, and wines are still cultivated where they formerly were. We still drink of the produce of Massicus and Verona, of the Alban mount, and of Cœcubus. Nor have we any reason to think that the climate of Italy is changed for the worse. On the contrary, indeed, we know, from the description of the ancients, that, in many places at least, it is improved: that the winters certainly are milder, if the summers are not hotter. It has been said, that less care is taken of the vineyards and of the vintage, by the modern Italians, than by their classic ancestors; of this, however, we may be allowed to doubt. We are quite sure that the general state of agriculture in Italy, at present, is superior to what it was under the Romans; and it is not probable that the department of wine should have fallen off, while the others were improving.

On comparing, indeed, the present wines, in some cases, with the descriptions of the poets, we must acknowledge that they do not confirm and justify the praises bestowed on them; but something must here be allowed for poetry, which is not always to be taken as evidence for matters of fact. The wines of Verona are not at present in repute, but they must formerly have been far otherwise, if we can trust to Virgil's apostrophe:

—et quo te carmine dicam

Rhœtice? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.

The Falernus ager is enclosed by the sea and by Mount Massicus, Callicula, and the Vulturinus; and this tract, of old famous for its wines, still produces very good ones; probably as good as they were when praised by Horace. Indeed, though the general agriculture of Italy has been improved, we find that the methods used in the wine-harvest are the same now as formerly. The grapes are gathered and pressed in the same manner; and if it is not always a very careful one, we have no reason to think it was ever better; and that the ancient Romans had bad wine, we are sure even by the testimonies of the poets themselves. Horace says:

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum

Cantharis.

And this was made in the territory near Rome. No one could have

been a much better judge of what wine ought to be, if we can trust his description :

Lene et generosum requiro ;

a character which comprises every merit, and the effects which he describes are most unquestionably such as good wine ought to produce :

—Quod cum spe divite manet

In venas animumque meum

Quod me commendet amicæ.

But, indeed, if we imagine that the present low reputation of the Italian wines has been the consequence of a real degeneracy, the same must be allowed of all the surrounding countries described by the ancients—of Sicily, Greece, and Asia Minor. The Greek poets are loud in the praises of wines which appear now to us abominable. This is more likely to be change of taste ; though, indeed, if there ever was such a wine as that described by Homer in the *Odyssey*, which required to be diluted with twenty waters before it was weak enough to drink, posterity must truly be much fallen off in this respect.

As to the question of taste—if this be really the cause, as is likely, we may remark, that in the Italian wines there are peculiarities of taste, which are disagreeable to the transalpines accustomed to French wines, or to the few German and Spanish, or Portuguese ones in common use. There is often a lusciousness, and often a peculiar flavour of the soil ; and it is easy to imagine how this may have been, as it is now, agreeable to some palates if not to others. We need not ask for a stronger proof of this than the relish which the modern Greeks have, as their forefathers had, for the flavour of turpentine in their wines. We may as well, perhaps, imagine our tastes vitiated as that theirs was bad.

However, even in ancient times, if we are to believe Pliny, the Cæcuban and Falernian both, had lost much of their old reputation : the former, in consequence of a canal which Nero formed across the vale of Amyclæ ; and the latter, from its very celebrity, which occasioned so great a demand that the cultivators bestowed all their attention on the quantity rather than the quality. This, in our own days, is exactly what has happened with respect to many of the wines most in repute—to the clarets of Bourdeaux, and even to our Port and Madeira.

It is remarkable, however, about the Cæcuban wine, that, according to Pliny, it grew in the low marshy grounds of the bay of Amyclæ, among the poplar-groves ; a tree marking the moisture of the soil. Such soils are not esteemed fitted for this purpose ; the vine, on the contrary, giving the best produce in dry and loose soil, such as is that of the Bordelais, of the Hermitage, and all the volcanic soils of Italy, the Canaries, and Madeira. Yet the same practice still prevails in that country ; and, indeed, if it were not so, the flat plains of Lombardy could produce no wine at all. Perhaps it is to this cause chiefly

that we must look for the principal defects of the modern wines of Italy; although the manufacture is also conducted in a very dirty and careless manner: a system under which the best vines and the most favoured climates must fail to yield good wines.

We must, however, observe, that some of the Italian wines that were extolled by the ancients, still retain their reputation. At the extremities of the Adriatic gulf, there was raised a wine which the Romans called Pucinum, on the banks of the Timavus and in the vicinity of Aquileia, which is still in great request at Trieste. The Rhetian wine also, that was praised by Virgil, is still drank and admired both at Venice and Verona. The same may be said of the wines of Luna and Florence, as well as those of the Alban mount, including Frescati and Gensano; the former being much esteemed all over the North of Italy, and the latter in Rome. The wines of Vesuvius, well known by the name of Lachryma Christi, are now no less celebrated than they were among the ancient Romans, and are probably not less deserving of it.

Pliny has given a long list of the Italian wines of his day; selecting apparently the best, but distinguishing among them different kinds of excellence; and it is very doubtful if the same tastes would not have found those of modern Italy equally agreeable. We are quite sure that this people had peculiar tastes in wine; and if we may judge from the frequent use of dilution, it is probable they were attached particularly to the sweet and luscious ones, such as is now that of Lipari; an opinion which is indeed confirmed by many other passages in the works of their writers. It has been also observed that they drank them hot—a fashion which we may think singular, but which is common among the Chinese, who even drink their spirituous liquors in the same manner. After all there is nothing very wonderful in this; as we do the same with our mulled wines and our negus, to say nothing of all the compounds called flip, and so forth; nor while we drink boiling hot punch, is there any good reason why, like a Chinese or a Highland smuggler, we should not also drink whisky hot from the still.

But that we may sum up these scattered remarks on a subject on which so little real information is to be procured, we shall give Horace's brief catalogue of the best wines of Italy in his judgment:

Cæcubum et prelo domitam Caleno

Tu bibes uvam, mea nec Falernæ

Temperant vites, neque Formiani

Pocula colles.

We cannot pretend to go far into the history of modern Italian wines, as it would leave us little room for what we have had to remark on other parts of this subject.

The badness of those of Lombardy is popularly attributed to the method of training the vines. This is not the sole cause at least, since those of Tuscany, which are treated in the same manner, produce excellent wines. The real reason is, that the soil of Lombardy is too

rich for the vine, which only affords the best wine in dry and rocky lands. The wine of Vicenza, which grows on hills, is a proof of this, even among the Lombardy wines; as are those of Verona, of the Euganean hills, and that which grows near Piedmont, called *il vin rosso delle colline*; which are all of a good quality.

The *piccolit* of Friuli, and the *Vino de Breganza*, are among the best of the strong wines of Lombardy; but these, like many others of this class, are often underrated, from being drank too new. In Tuscany, the well-known Florence wine is excellent, as is the *Montepulciano*; but the best of these bear carriage so ill, that they are no longer the same when drank in London, or even in Rome. It is indeed said, that all these wines are mixed or adulterated for a foreign market. The sweet wine of Lipari, formerly noticed, may bear a competition with all of this race, except Tokay, and the various sweet wines of Frontignan or Perpignan.

But the Italian wines, and particularly the ordinary ones, are so carelessly made, that it is impossible they should be good. Rotten fruit, stems and all, are pressed indiscriminately, and in the most dirty manner; while so little attention is paid to the after management and finings, that they drink dregs, dirt, and all. If those wines are fundamentally injured by the want of care in separating the unsound from the sound grapes, by their being bruised in the carriage, and by other similar negligences, so they are by the mode of fermentation, being suffered to remain in the open vat from a fortnight to six weeks, according to the various fashions of different districts, till the whole flavour is dissipated. If we add to these, the absurd commercial restrictions of the Italian states, we shall not have much reason to be surprised that the wines of this country are not better.

We must not here, however, forget the *Aleatico*, nor that analogous wine from Chianti near Sienna. The *Carmignano* is esteemed, and it is said that a wine resembling claret is made at Artimino. That of Nissa, called *Belet*, is a light wine, yet with an unpleasant flavour, now well known in England. Albano and Montefiascone have long been celebrated for their muscadell wines, as are both the red and white ones of Orvieto; but we need not prolong this account of a class of wines little known among us, and not likely to be better known.

We had formerly occasion to notice the general resemblance which some of the wines of Spain bore to those of the South of France, and yet, on a general view, they may still be judged inferior, even when they do compare. The red wines are commonly heavier, and marked by more unpleasant flavours, though there are, of course, numerous exceptions. In the white, Spain bears the comparison better, though its Malmsey will as little admit of being compared to Rivesaltes, as its Val de pennas does to Burgundy. From what exact causes the general imperfection of the Spanish wines arises, is not easy to say; as it possesses great variety of grapes, and every kind of soil and climate in which the produce ought to be good. If, however, we remark that all

the Spanish wines, which are objects of foreign commerce, and chiefly those which are managed by foreigners, are the best, it is probable that the whole evil must be sought in defective attention, defective cultivation, and defective manufacture. The modes of making the wines are peculiar, and often negligent; and they are also materially injured by the use of skins for transportation and preservation; while, from not regarding them, or having them in too great abundance, the natives pay no attention to their age or preservation. A better government, a reform of manners and habits, and the extension of commerce, foreign and domestic, would probably elevate the wines of Spain to the highest rank; but of all these, there is at present little probability.

In Galicia, the best wines are those of Ribadavia, and of Tuy near Compostella; and that of Biscay, known by the name of Pedro Ximenes, is also esteemed, though little is exported. Navarre produces good wine at Tudela and Peralta; and the Grenache of Aragon is celebrated as a sweet wine, though by no means abounding in flavour. Catalonia is one of the most productive provinces; its annual quantity being estimated at six hundred thousand pipes. The Sitges and Grenache are well known as sweet wines, and the best are said to be produced near Cardona. Though the red wines are thick and heavy, and of a disagreeable earthy flavour in general, there are some which lose this flavour, together with a great part of their colour, and which then become sufficiently drinkable wines. The Benicarlo, called black strap (with some others) by the soldiers of Gibraltar, is the name most commonly applied to these wines, although this is in reality a Valencia wine; and another, named Ribaz, is, when old, not undrinkable, though often very offensive when new. If Englishmen find that Benicarlo is very like Port, it is not very surprising; as immense quantities of it are converted into Port wines, not only in Portugal, but in London, where the merchants also are frequently bold or impudent enough to sell it unmixed, except with brandy, as Port wine. As such, it certainly possesses some advantages to them, beyond its difference of price—as it deposits the colour in the course of a year or two, and then passes for very “fine old crusted wine.” If this forms part of the consumption of the Catalonian wines, a large quantity also is imported into Bordeaux, for the purpose of manufacturing Clarets as was formerly mentioned, and the quantity annually introduced exceeds four thousand hogsheads, whence we may conjecture the profits made by this species of fraud. He, who has once tasted Benicarlo, however, must know little of wine if he ever mistakes it for Port again; and it is not at all difficult to recognise the Clarets that have too much of this wine and not enough of the flavoured wines of Bordeaux.

The Medina del Campo, near Valladolid, produces the best wines of Leon as do the vineyards of Tierra del Campo, Rioja, and Miranda de Ebro, in old Castile. In New Castile, the Valdepeñas is a wine

sometimes imported into England—but, though lighter than the Spanish red wines in general, it has no possible resemblance to Burgundy, as is asserted. The wines of Manzanares and Albacete, in this province, are also celebrated, as are those of Ciudad real. In Spain itself, all the wines of La Mancha are held in great reputation. The Fuentaral, a sweet wine grown near Madrid, is highly praised.

The celebrated Tinto is the produce of Alicant, and the same district furnishes abundance of red wines, such as those of La Torre, St. Domingo, Perales, and Segorba. The district of Benicarlo, a wine which we have just named, belongs to this province. Andalusia produces the Rota, a well-known and highly-coloured wine, but is still more famous for its Sherry, or Xeres, so well known in England, as also for its Paxarete, a sweetish, and sometimes a dry wine, less commonly imported. This variety, in the latter, arises from the accidental drying of the grapes, whence the fermentation becomes more or less imperfect. The Sherry is made from red and white grapes indiscriminately—and hence, apparently, its deep colour. If lime is used in the vat, as is said, this will account for its comparative freedom from acid, an ideal merit on which it is now the fashion to lay much stress. We might imagine that this wine was naturally strong enough, even for an English taste, and yet it also receives additions of brandy. In the same vicinity, San Lucar, Zalogna, and Carlon, produce Tinto wines; and the Montilla of Cordova is also quoted as a wine in esteem.

In Granada, Malaga is well-known for its Mahmsey, and its ordinary sweet or Mountain wines, sufficiently familiar in England to require no particular notice.

The wines of Portugal are unfortunately somewhat too well known in England, though all are not aware of the infinite frauds practised in the manufacture of them, either in the country or at home. If the genuine growth of the Oporto grape is a valuable wine, there is scarcely a pipe of it that ever reaches England, and indeed scarcely any that is suffered, in the country itself, to preserve its natural character.

The company of the Upper Douro is or was the possessor of this monopoly, holding a preemption over the growers, and at a maximum price. They cannot therefore sell to any other person, and are under no temptation to increase the good quality of their produce. The district is divided into lots, some of which furnish the *vinhos de feitoria*, and the other the *vinhos de ramo*, of which the former are intended for exportation. The best of these are reputed to grow at Pezo da Regua; and the wines are chiefly deposited here, to remain three years before they are transmitted to Oporto. Some of the inferior wines however, such as Hormida, Galafura, Abassas, and others, are mixed with these; or, the demand exceeding the supply, as happens in the case of Clarets, it is necessary to increase the quantity by substitution, and also to lower the quality of the whole, to prevent the hazard of comparison.

If the company of the Alto Douro has lately been new modelled, it remains to be seen what the result will be. But the chief benefit is likely to arise from the increased consumption of French wines, and the consequently diminished demand for those of Portugal. The result of this will be, first, that the land will not be overstrained to produce more wine than it can bear, and that the worst wines will not be so abundantly substituted for the better ones. Thus a class of wine which has long disappeared from the market may again be produced, or exported; and thus also there will be less room for those fraudulent adulterations of a grosser nature, practised both in Portugal and in London. It is a valuable fiscal regulation that will thus operate in two beneficial modes at once.

When we name the frauds practised in this trade at Oporto, it is but a slight one to mention the artificial colour so often given to those wines by elder and other berries, which were cultivated for that purpose, and of which the effect is assuredly not to give colour alone, since their flavours must injure the wine. Hence the resemblance, we doubt not, so often said to exist between Elder wine and Port wine. The fundamental fraud, for fraud we must call it, is the admixture of brandy. The good wines of the Douro are sufficiently strong without it, though the bad are not—and thus it is one of the ready modes, and indeed the readiest, of passing off a bad wine for a good one. This is abundantly easy—because the majority of consumers having no taste, and judging of wine merely by its strength and colour, are easily imposed on. And it has been good policy thus to corrupt their tastes with the love of strong wines, as, without this, the fraud could never have been rendered effectual.

It is most certain, whatever may have been said to the contrary by ignorant or interested persons, that brandy has not the effect of checking the fermentation of wines, or of preserving them. So far from stopping the acetous fermentation when commenced, it often aggravates and accelerates it, or else it remains in a distinct mixture. In the light, as in the brisk wines, it destroys both these qualities—while, in similarly destroying the chemical constitution of the wine, it discharges the colour, as may be tried at any time, and ultimately leads to the ruin of the wine. No French wines will bear it, unless it be those of the South of France, which resemble the Spanish wines, and it is equally destructive to the German ones. And even these have their characters changed, and finally ruined.

There is only one mode in which it ever can be little offensive—but even then it is not innocent. This is when a fermentation so complete is established by fretting-in, as to entirely re-make the wine—but even then the character of the wine is no longer what it was. And this never can happen when the dose of brandy is so large as it is in most of the Portuguese wines. In these, the result is literally grog, if it may be so called, or a mixture of brandy and wine, more poisonous

than brandy and water, inasmuch as it is three or four times as strong. Every one who has any taste can discover that of brandy in all the inferior Portugal wines, and in many of the better ones; and though age may diminish that flavour, the evil remains. And wherever that taste is most distinct, they may be assured that the wine is false and bad, while it is a generally safe rule also, that the strongest Port wines are the worst.

The last and greatest of all the evil results is, that this very taste for fiery wines, originally produced by the merchants to further their own fraudulent views, is that which has led to those grosser adulterations so common in London, by which materials (of which it is impossible to conjecture the nature) are connected with a liquor which is sold as port wine. Without this taste, it is impossible that a fluid so utterly unlike to wine, could for a moment, have been palmed for it on the most senseless public. The adulterations by means of Spanish wines are comparatively innocent, since these are frauds only on the pocket, while the others are such on the health also. For our parts, we should be well pleased to see the Portugal wine trade exterminated, that we might at once get rid of the whole of these poisons, which, whether we will or not, we cannot avoid drinking, since they meet us in some shape everywhere. That it should at least materially diminish, will not be one of the least beneficial consequences of reducing the duties on French wines which cannot be thus adulterated. That serious diseases are produced in England by the unbounded use of Port wine, is but too well-known to all medical men.

It remains only to notice the white wines of Portugal, which, however some of them may naturally be good, are almost all equally ruined by mixtures and by brandy. These white wines are produced in the province of Tra los montes and Portuguese Estremadura, at Torre de Moncorvo, Bemporta, Lamalonga, and other places in the former, and in the latter, at Carcavellos, Setuval, Colares, and Santarem. The Carcavellos is the common Lisbon wine of London, if that may be called wine which has generally none of the properties of it. That it is, or may be a good wine, we know; and indeed for a wine not French, there are not many better white wines. But when any thing which has the colour and air of wine may be sold as such, provided it be strong enough, it is not wonderful if Lisbon wines are manufactured as they are for our market.

We have accused the merchants, jointly, with the gross tastes of the English consumers of this corruption; but there is some excuse for the latter, and that excuse must be sought in the outrageous duties on imported wines—the outrageous duties that have been, at least. In England, certainly, if not everywhere else, the main or sole object of drinking wine is to produce intoxication, more or less; with many, it is to make themselves drunk, to speak plainly. High duties render this expensive; and high duties on weak wines may fairly be said to render

it impossible. It is matter of necessity and economy both, therefore, to buy and to drink the strongest wines; and thus that wine comes to be most valued which produces its effect soonest, while the gradual corruption of taste brought on by the habit, teaches the manufacturers to make them gradually stronger and stronger. It is known how true this is, by the history of the Oporto manufactures, which had at one period become so fiery and potent, that at last the drinkers themselves gave in, and a reform became necessary. Nothing but this utter corruption of taste, and increase of duty and frauds, could have introduced brandy into Sherry, which is naturally half brandy already, nor into Madeira, which is surely strong enough by nature to satisfy the most inveterate drunkard. And that it is a modern practice appears very certain, since we can very nearly trace the origin of it in our own days, as we decidedly trace the increase of it. There might have been "lime" in Sir John Falstaff's sack, but there was no brandy, and he found it sufficiently "comfortable" without that addition. Were it not for an idea of disgrace and vulgarity, as well as of base economy attached to it, we are very sure that Port drinkers would soon degenerate into brandy drinkers; and it is a diseased and unnatural state of stomach already which is not content with French wines, which finds them too "cold," and must qualify them with Sherry or Madeira.

The wines of Madeira and the other African islands, are the last that remain, with the exception of those of Greece.

The cultivation of wine in Madeira seems to have commenced about 1450, and has gradually increased with the improvement of the produce, and with the increase of the British demand. There are four distinct wines produced here—the Madeira is well known, the Tinto, or red Madeira, the Malmsey, and the Sercial. Of the latter there are not above fifty pipes made, as this peculiar grape requires a peculiar soil. The produce in Malmsey is also limited, and the Tinto is an indifferent wine. The total produce of the common Madeira wine is estimated at about fifteen thousand pipes; of which the East Indies and England consume above five thousand each, the rest being unequally divided between the West Indies and America.

But it must not be supposed that this wine is all of that quality which we generally attach to the name of Madeira wine. There are various degrees of goodness, and there is not one-fifth which is such as Madeira was when the demand was limited in the manner it was thirty or forty years ago. America is almost a new consumer, and the demands of the other consumers have also increased in an enormous proportion. Hence the cultivation of the vine has been extended to the northern and to other parts of the island, which produce only a very indifferent class of wines. These, like the bad wines of Portugal, must also be rendered potent by means of brandy; and farther, the quantity must be increased by mixtures—while, in a similar way, it is not for the interest of the merchants that much very good wine should

be seen in the market. Madeira wines can therefore be judged of, like Ports, by the quantity of brandy which they contain—and whatever may be the strength of a wine, it is easy to distinguish the genuine from the manufactured. Though these wines are strong, and also artificially flavoured by means of bitter almonds, there is a flavour in genuine wine which the fabricated never possesses; and its strength conveys a feeling of solidity and fullness not to be described in words, quite different from that thinness and pungency united, which attend all wines that are strengthened by brandy.

It is true, however, with respect to Madeira wines, that they are not so uniformly tampered with as those of Portugal, being classed for the different demands. The English and the East India demand include the best class, and the cant name of *London particular* is familiar. America it is equally understood is treated with the worst wines; but it must not be imagined that all London Madeira is good, or that all that is drunk under that name is Madeira. Large quantities of the wines of the Canaries and the Azores are manufactured into Madeira, or imported as such, and many such operations are also carried on in London. Without this the demand could not be supplied, since it far exceeds the produce. In fact, the convertibility of all these strong white wines is by no means difficult, as far as ordinary judges are concerned; and thus by means of the numerous cheap wines of Spain and Portugal it is always easy to produce any supply of any wine which happens to be called for. When Sherry was the fashion, the supply of Sherry was boundless, as that of Canary had been in times prior. Madeira became the mode when West and East Indians began to teach us how to eat and drink; and now that his Majesty has discovered that Madeira is poisonous, Sherry is once more as abundant as can be desired. This is the purse in Peter Schlemihl, which contains whatever is wanted. Of Canary we hear no more, yet we drink it; and it is one day Sherry and another Madeira. When the British public shall have learned that a name is a name, that wine is wine, and that there are other wines in the world than Port, Sherry, and Madeira, it will perhaps discover too that it can drink better wines, and more wines, and more genuine wines, and cheaper wines.

It is a popular prejudice that all wine is genuine as it is called, or that it is the immediate and simple produce of the grape, and of one grape, one vintage, and one operation. It little knows the truth, as little as when it buys tea, and imagines that it has thus been imported from Canton. Where this is really true, is in France and Germany, generally speaking, where wine is well made and well understood—as it is in Spain and Italy, for opposite reasons, being neither understood nor cared for. In all there are exceptions it is true; but in France the great exception is in Claret, as already pointed out, and in the majority of mixtures and adulterations we trace English interference, English demand, English taste, or English merchants. To produce

average wines by mere mixture of wines, is the least degree of this interference, and it is one which is sometimes justifiable. We have already shown where it is fraudulent, and the grosser kinds of fraud we need not repeat.

We mentioned the Azores, and their produce in wines is very considerable. The chief vineyards are at Pico, and as the principal commerce is from Fayal, these wines are known by the name of Fayal wines, though produced also on all the other islands of this group. The consumers, however, do not know them by this name, as we have just pointed out.

The Canaries also produce abundance and variety of wines, once forming an important object of commerce with England. That is true still, the thing the same—the name only changed. Vidogna or Teneriffe, the produce of Teneriffe, is still, however, sold in London under its own name, though much more is passed as Madeira, to the inferior kinds of which it is often equal if not superior. But as “no gentleman” would give Teneriffe at his table, the merchant naturally converts this idle vanity, which, with us, values every thing, not as its worth, but as its name and cost, to his own profit. The Malmsey of Teneriffe is also an excellent wine, and was probably the sweet Canary of our ancestors, though now apparently sold as a Madeira Malmsey. Gomera and Palma also produce abundance of good wines, and many of them are quite equal to the better if not the very best Madeiras.

We are bound to say something about America on this subject, (although there is not a great deal to be said,) since Dr. Henderson has omitted it altogether. And since we have thus far criticised his omissions, we are bound to say that a work which had been announced for seven years, and on which neither time, labour, nor expense seem to have been spared, ought to have been more full, if not more correct. It was to be a History of Wines, ancient and modern, and it ought to have been one. It is easy to see that wherever printed authorities were very accessible, there is no want of materials; or that he has extracted freely, and we will admit usefully, from the well known works on this subject. But there has been no research after rare works, even on matters of antiquarianism and *learning* as it is called; a class of books not difficult of access in London at least. Still less do we trace any attempts to procure original or unprinted information, or to seek it in casual books treating of other subjects. Whatever an industrious compiler, a mere compiler of books, a Pinkerton or a Mavor might have effected, he has done, but nothing more. There is a vast mass of information to be extracted from living witnesses, and there was much to have been gained by travelling, but we do not find it here. And, really, the last omission is particularly unpardonable; as we can conceive nothing more delightful than to be obliged to drink down information all over Europe, from Bordeaux to Tokay, and

Tokay to Monte Pulciano. If we had inherited the doctor's office, we would have been the finest tasted gentleman and taster in Europe by this time; whereas it is plain to be seen that he does not know even the colour of Rivesaltes or the twang of Ribaz. It was a subject that required *taste*, as well as compilation—judgment as well as labour; and if the doctor had exercised more judgment on it, he would have been spared our judgment on it—of which doubtless he thinks he has had enough. To return to America.

The vine grows in many parts of North America, and is wild even in Canada. That it was found very far north by some of the earliest navigators, by the Icelanders, is well known, though the exact place which they visited not having been ascertained, we do not now know what was their Vinland. We are not aware of any attempt to make wines in Canada; but the Medoc grape has been cultivated in Pennsylvania, and some tolerable wine, resembling claret, but with a peculiar flavour of the soil, has been made. It has also been made in Kentucky, where the vine has equally been cultivated; and we have no doubt that, in time, when the Americans shall have more leisure, many parts of the United States will become manufactories of wine.

In Spanish America attention has been paid to this subject, and the wines of Passo del Norte, in New Mexico, are said to be excellent. Parras in New Biscay, and Saint Louis de Paz, as well as Zelaya in Mechoacan, are also noted for the abundance and goodness of their produce in this article. In New California the vine is an important object of cultivation, and the produce of San Diego, San Juan, San Gabriel, Santa Clara, and a few more villages along the coast, is the most esteemed. In Peru abundance of wine is also made, in the divisions or Corregidones of Truxillo, Zana, and St. Jago, as also in the government of Guamanga, Cusco, Arequipa, and in the provinces of Paz. From many of these provinces and places there is even a considerable export trade, not only in wines but in brandies. Such is the case also in the government of Chareas, in the ancient corregiones of Sicasica, Jamparnes, Lipes, and others; and the produce of Chili is equally abundant and esteemed; this province supplies the whole consumption of Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, and Paraguay.

It remains lastly to consider the wines of Greece, about which, however, our information is not very copious. Whatever facilities the soil and climate may afford, they are very much defeated by the agricultural and political defects of the country, and by attachments to ancient practices, as well as by that neglect from which the wines of Italy suffer so much. Thus a vast quantity of wine is spoiled by carelessness in the manufacture, and in the after treatment by the use of turpentine, derived from the ancients; by the adoption of skins instead of casks, as is the case in Spain; and by the want of cellarage. Yet many good wines are produced, and there is in some parts a con-

siderable export trade. Should there ever be created a British demand for these wines, it is probable that a great improvement would result in them; but this will scarcely happen as long as our countrymen shall remain satisfied with the very few which custom has made familiar, or until it shall become a fashion and a matter of pride, to produce at the table variety as well as quantity. At present so few of the Greek wines are to be found here, or even out of the country, that we cannot even describe the qualities of many of these wines, otherwise than from vague reports.

Macedonia produces wines in abundance, but we are not exactly acquainted with their nature. In Albania, on the sea-coasts, the most esteemed are those of Valona. The wines of Livadia are chiefly the produce of Lepanto, Cheronea, and Megara; and in the Morea, the most noted are the sweet wines of Napoli di Malvasia, whence the name Malvoisie and Malmsey have been transferred to a great class of sweet wines, the produce of other countries.

In the Ionian Isles, Corfu, Santa Maura, Cephalonia, Zante, and Cerigo, produce abundance and variety of good wines, of which the red wine of the last, and the sweet ones of Zante, are much esteemed. In Candia, the Malmsey of Mount Ida, bears a high reputation, as do the wines of Kissanos, Rethymo, and Spachia; these last being chiefly consumed by the Turks and the native Greeks. To us the sweet wine of Samos appears one of the most agreeable of the whole tribe, being light and free from the tarry and heavy taste which characterises the much more famous wines of Cyprus. The wines of Scio, in ancient days, were considered the best in existence, since Virgil compared them to the nectar of the gods, and Cæsar used to regale his friends with them on great occasions. Whether the wines or the tastes have changed we do not pretend to say; but at present the wines of Scio do not assuredly deserve this extravagant reputation. The red and white sweet wines of Tenedos, as far as we have tasted them, seem to us excellent; and there are many good wines among some bad, little known, the produce of all the smaller islands of the Archipelago. We must here correct a mistake of Dr. Henderson's, who represents the wine of Kissanos as a Claret. He ought to have known that the French term *Claret*, does not mean Claret, but is commonly applied to white wines; and if we mistake not, the same blunder has occurred more than once in his book. It requires something more than mere translation to compile on such a subject; at any rate, it requires to translate correctly.

The most celebrated of the Greek wines is the Cyprus; but like many more, its celebrity appears to us greater than its merits. Wines, like men, owe a good deal to their names. The best Cyprus wines are produced from vineyards formerly belonging to the Knights Templars, being at first red and turning yellow with age. There are also white

Muscat wines of various qualities, so that the name Cyprus is not always a warrant for the goodness of the wine. It is a general remark, indeed, that we may repeat, respecting all wines, that no judgment can be formed from names, particularly from such as are found in the English markets. It is of no consequence what the real value of a wine is, if the name is not an approved or a fashionable one; and hence while many different wines also are sold under the very few names best known in England, there are others to which whatever they may be, some name suiting the opinion or taste of the day is given; while the merchants and dealers on the spot assist themselves in increasing this confusion.

This finishes the total catalogue of modern wines, as far as our limits permit us to treat this subject, and we have attempted, by avoiding as much as possible any irrelevant or superfluous matter, to bring the whole into as continuous and condensed a shape as the subject easily admitted. It is for that reason that we have generally omitted every thing that related to the soils, cultivation, manufacture, and philosophy of the subject, and also what belonged to the commerce, as well as to the antiquities of wine. We have thus saved abundance of repetition, and shall consequently be able to bring into one short and condensed view, all that is most interesting in the natural history of wine, whether as relates to the growth, or the manufacture, or the substance itself. A few pages will thus contain what, in the book to which we have alluded, is scattered and divided over the whole volume, and which, even thus diffusely treated, is not always very clear or full.

We are sensible, however, that we shall here be expected to say a few words on the ancient history of wines, in addition to the scattered remarks introduced under those of Italy, for the purpose of varying a dry subject. But here, independently of Dr. Henderson's book, we desire to refer to a very able antiquarian essay in the *Westminster Review*, by a writer who has shown himself capable of treating the subject much better than the work which he professes to review. These remarks will save us the trouble of writing much that we might have said on the same department.

The prevailing taste for sweet wines among the ancients, and chiefly among the Greeks, is a fact that leads us to doubt their judgment in wines, and also to doubt the excellence of those which they have praised so loudly. As to the evidence from Athenæus or from any poet, it appears to us worth nothing. Poetry has its phraseology; and he who praised that which made him happy or drunk, must have used poetical terms of praise, be the wine what it might. Burns has equally lauded his John Barleycorn, and Coralan and Dermody their potsheen; and on the same principle, after ages might suppose that whiskey was the rival of nectar. That wine was mixed with honey is no great proof of its goodness or of their taste; and their boiled

wines were apparently thick and sweet wines, prepared by boiling down the must before fermentation. With respect to inspissated wines that could not be drunk without dilution, they could have been only syrups, particularly if, as in the case of Homer's Maronean wine, they required or admitted twenty measures of water to make them drinkable. Such dilution is not applicable even to alcohol, far less to any imaginable wine; and we must, therefore, conclude that many of those drinks were rather sherbets than wines.

This mixing of wines, which meets us every where, is a very unintelligible part of the subject. In the Scriptures we find it throughout, as well as in the classical authors. Thus there were wines that became thick by age, and bitter by keeping. Wines were mixed with *φάρμακα*, with drugs; and although many of them might have been the flavouring matters used in our own day, such substances as wormwood and turpentine would scarcely have been used with any wine possessed naturally of good qualities. The prevailing taste for turpentine seems itself a condemnation as to the ancient Greek wines; and still more unintelligible is the Roman practice of mixing salt water with them. Still we know that the ancients did possess wines of various qualities, strong, bitter, red, and acid as well as sweet; while we are perfectly well informed of the effects of them, and assured that, whatever dilution they might have used in some cases, they retained the power of making themselves "royally drunk." How this could be effected, however, with the Mendeian wine, which was so weak that it bore only three parts of water, we confess that we do not understand; since we should now be troubled to gain that end with our double brandied Sherry.

We feel, however, that we need not venture further on a subject to which we could not add any material information in addition to that already before the public; and we shall, therefore, terminate for the present, referring our readers to Dr. Henderson, and to the other essay which we have named, for details which we need not repeat, when we have left ourselves no room to comment on them.

THE BALLAD

or

THE LIVING SKELETON.

I.

COME all you tender gentlemen

And ladies eke—come near!—

And list to a young skeleton,

All in his twentieth year!

2.

France gave me birth—I know not
 My sire—and yet my heart
 Knocks at my ribs, and whispers
 That it was—*Buonaparte!*

3.

I was not a fat baby,
 But look'd suckled in a hearse;—
 Some said, I know not with what truth,
 That I was *boned* at nurse.

4.

All as I grew I simply lived,—
 Drank water through the year;—
 I vow, though I'm a skeleton,
 I never tasted bier.

5.

I touch'd no fish, no fowl, no meat,
 No salted pork—no fresh;—
 What does a person in my line,
 I should like to know, with flesh?

6.

My childhood past, I grew up
 My anxious parents' joy;
 I frisk'd about without my calves,
 A bonny bony boy!

7.

The damsels of the vineyards
 Gaz'd at me soon and late;
 With one, I had some slender hopes,
 That I should change my state.

8.

But she believ'd me not sincere,
 And call'd me a deceiver;
 She saw through me, she frankly said,—
 And really I believe her!

9.

Grown up a man, with no inside,
 Like Bartlett's Fulham coach,
 And seeing, when I walk'd to the glass,
 Something like Death's approach!—

10.

And wishing to provide my friends
 With cash for their old age ;—
 I took a place for England,
 And came here by the stage.

11.

But now I much repent me
 That I set up for a show ;
 The people pull my ribs about,
 And thumb my knee-pans so !

12.

To be sure I'm much admired,
 And am said to set the ton :
 I've so much the *beau* about my legs,
 And the *blade* about my bone.

13.

Yet alack ! all those around me,
 So mercenary be ;—
 That for an extra guinea,
 They would skin a flint or me !

14.

Oh ! my keepers, as suspicious men,
 The officers should seize ;
 And search them, when they've lock'd me up,
 And take their skeleton keys.

15.

They deal right wretchedly with me,
 Stripping me like a slave ;
 I swear they've no more bowels
 Than I am said to have.

16.

'Tis strange what gulls the English are !
 They pay away their coin,
 Merely to see a man, that has
 No chump end to his loin !

17.

Well !—when I get to France again,
 I'll order well-fed clothes ;—
 And seat me in an easy chair,
 And take a *bone* repose.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.*

THE first thing that strikes one on opening this volume, is the air of pomp with which the author gives it to the public. The very title-page is calculated to fill an ordinary reader with profound awe, for the poet assumes in it all his dignities, puts on all his state :

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.

POET LAUREATE,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY, OF THE

ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY OF HISTORY,

OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF THE NETHERLANDS,

OF THE CYMBODORION,

OF THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY,

OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY,

OF THE BRISTOL PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY,

&c. &c.

Go forth, my little book!

Go forth, and please the gentle and the good.—*Wordsworth.*

There is something supercilious even in the motto; and it seems to say the most contemptuous, cutting things in the world, to those persons who, lacking gentleness and goodness, are not pleased with this virtuous little poem. Having passed the title-page—the brass plate as it were on the door of the work—our awe is further heightened by some little delay of access, as we are marshalled through a suite of Preface, Dedication, and Proem, before we get to the Poem. In the first, the author commences by quoting the observation of a friend, “that many stories which are said to be *founded* on fact, have in reality been *foundered* on it;” his poem he avows is founded on fact, but by no means foundered on it. He gives the tale to us, as the publicans say, “neat as imported;” plainly assuring the reader that it is “so singular, so simple, and withal so complete, that it must have been injured by any alteration.” When we read this passage, we laid our account with perusing the most common-place and vapid of all possible stories, and it will be seen that we were not mistaken.

The dedication to Miss Edith May Southey, which comes next, contains many curious facts that must needs be extremely acceptable to a public greedy of any kind of news. In the first sentence, Mr. Southey condescendingly reminds his little lady that she is ten years old, and that she was born on the first of May.

Edith! ten years are number'd, since the day,
Which ushers in the cheerful month of May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,
Was blest.

* One volume, 12mo. Longman and Co. 1825.

In continuation, he gives some cogent reasons for her name of May, explaining, that she was christened May, not alone because she was born in May, but also because her papa knew a good man of the name of May. It is made manifest, indeed, that no name of May was ever bestowed on more solid grounds.

— Thou therefore didst the name partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year;
But fittier was it given thee for the sake
Of a good man, thy father's friend sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy name.

Mr. Southey records a singular event which happened when his good lady was in the straw. During this period, a thrush sung from the top of a poplar-tree with a perseverance truly surprising in a creature encouraged by no expectation of sack and salary.

— Over all,
One thrush was heard from morn till even-fall:
Thy Mother well remembers when she lay
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost spray
At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe was heard;
And when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love preferr'd.

Immediately after the surprising anecdote of this "indefatigable bird," the poet becomes completely unintelligible on the subject of dandling and kissing Miss May.

How I have doted on thine infant smiles
At morning when thine eyes unclosed on mine;
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine;
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still-repeated wiles
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,—
Something I ween thou knowest; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood in its winning years
The attemper'd soul to tenderness can move.

He concludes by recommending the poem before us to little Miss, in the following pompous and conceited strain:

Take therefore now thy Father's latest lay,—
Perhaps his last;—and treasure in thine heart
The feelings that its musing strains convey.
A song it is of life's declining day,
Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite,
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle love with ill-spent breath;
A reverent offering to the Grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of Death.

Skipping the proem, which is about the duke of Wellington and Loyola, we pass to the poem, the story of which, "so singular, so

simple, and withal so complete," is as follows:---We shall give the plot as far as we can in Mr. Southey's language, which, though very indifferent poetry, makes passable prose. "A feeble nation of Guarani race, thinned by perpetual wars, had taken up a resting-place among those tracts of lake, and swamp, and wood, where the Mondai flows to Empalado's bed. There the tribe a safe asylum found from human foes, but not from pestilence," for to speak it in our own profane tongue, the small-pox broke out,

How brought among them none could tell, or whence,
and they all died incontinently excepting one pair, Quiara and Monnema, who built themselves a wigwam, and sedulously applied themselves to repair the breach which the small-pox had made in the Guarani population. The good man, Quiara, is described in a few words---he could remember twenty summers, and knew perfectly whatever his father had taught him---he was a good shot with a lance, and what schoolboys call a *dab* at the bow, but for chasing a buzzing bee, and following him home to his hive, he was unrivalled. Monnema's accomplishments are described at greater length, and therefore we do not care to meddle with them---they are summed up, however, in these words:

In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.

In the next stanza we find her several months gone with child. "The appointed weeks go by, and now her time is come and none is nigh to help." This, however, is no great matter, as "human help she needed none." Parturition was a mere joke to her.

A few short throes endured with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new-born son,
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

The good man, Quiara, being obliged to attend to his hunting and shooting, could not, we are told, observe the good old Guaranal custom of lying-in after the delivery of his lady, and of being "nursed and dieted with tender care, like that to *childing* mothers due," according to the fashion of his forefathers. Five years after the birth of this poppet, Monnema is in the family way again; but just as she is about to lay her burthen down, "and slide into the stream, and all is done," Quiara is inopportunately swallowed by a jaguar. Here closes the first canto of this "singular, simple, and complete story." By this time Mr. Southey calculated that his readers would necessarily be about half heart-broken---he therefore addresses them in the following maudlin strain:---

O Youth or Maiden, whosoe'er thou art,
Safe in my guidance may thy spirit be!
I wound not wantonly the tender heart:
And if sometimes a tear of sympathy
Should rise, it will from bitterness be free—
Yea, with a healing virtue be endued,
As thou in this true tale shalt hear from me
Of evils overcome, and grief subdued,
And virtues springing up like flowers in solitude.

This explanation, though charitably meant, was really perfectly unnecessary, as we are quite confident that there is nothing in the whole poem in the least likely to wound the tenderest heart: the Laureate, however, on the contrary, evidently apprehends that he has been playing the deuce with people's hearts, and makes sure of raising sweet tears of sympathy; under this whimsical impression he thinks it necessary to hold out a promise of quarter to the reader—

Safe in my guidance will thy spirit be!

I wound not wantonly the tender heart:

Lord bless the man!

Monnema's distress on the loss of her mate gives occasion for a trite simile—a shipwrecked seaman on a rock—shell-fish—rain-water—hope. We cannot help thinking that we have heard this sung with unbounded applause at Sadlers' Wells, or may-be we have seen it printed with the music in the old Gentleman's Magazine.

The seamen who upon some coral reef
Are cast amid the interminable main,
Still cling to life, and hoping for relief
Drag on their days of wretchedness and pain.
In turtle shells they hoard the scanty rain,
And eat its flesh, sun-dried for lack of fire,
Till the weak body can no more sustain
Its wants, but sinks beneath its sufferings dire;
Most miserable man who sees the rest expire.

He lingers there while months and years go by:
And holds his hope tho' months and years have past.
And still at morning round the farthest sky,
And still at eve his eagle glance is cast,
If there he may behold the far-off mast
Arise, for which he hath not ceased to pray.
And if perchance a ship should come at last,
And bear him from that dismal bank away,
He blesses God that he hath lived to see that day.

Monnema's second child is a daughter, called by the cacophonical name of Mooma. As the young folks grow up they become most especially curious about religious matters, and mamma is obliged to ransack her memory for all the various accounts she has heard of the matter, in order to satisfy their inordinate cravings for ghostly information. Amidst a jumble of wild superstitions, Monnema remembers to have heard some particulars of the faith of certain white men who "served a maid more beautiful than tongue could tell, of human race."

But for her beauty and celestial grace

The highest heaven was now her dwelling-place.

The poet then goes on to picture something resembling the tawdry exhibitions of Catholic puppet-shows.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set,
And, moving in their order round her head,

The stars compose her sparkling coronet.
 There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed
 A Babe divine, who was to judge the dead,
 Such power the Spirit gave this awful Child;
 Severe he was, and in his anger dread,
 Yet always at his Mother's will grew mild,
 So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled.

In the third Canto the good family are discovered by Dobrizhoffer the Jesuit. He first stumbles upon Mooma in the woods, who instantly divines who and what he is, for "*his garb and beard she knew*;" and from these respectable premises she jumps to the conclusion that "all that her mother heard had then been true." The extent of the discovery thus made by a beard, is only to be matched by the remarkable anagnosis in the Arabian Nights, where a mother discovers her son by tasting a cream tart. The scene between Dobrizhoffer and Mooma is illustrated in an engraving. An old gentleman in a black gown is staring at a young lady in no gown at all. Surely a person of Mr. Southey's extraordinary decorum should have spared tender modesties the scandal of this exhibition. In the original story we find that the Jesuit, taking the alarm at the scantiness and transparency of the lady's cloathing, presented a towel to her, which she, having folded it several times, placed on her head as a shield against the sun, until admonished to make another use of it. This anecdote does not, however, appear in the poetic version. Dobrizhoffer carries the good family with him to St. Joachin's, but a town life unhappily does not agree with their constitutions, and Monnema sinks beneath the weight of a malady which the poet has, with nosological exactness, placed to the account of change of air, water, food, and habits. Her fate is given in the style of a newspaper obituary---

With Christian rites her passing hour was blest,
 And with a Christian's hope she was consigned to rest.

Mooma falls sick soon after, and droops and withers of course, like a flower. Yeruti also is confined to his bed. The sister dies exactly as all maidens die in poetry or religious tracts. After this event, the case of the family is thus pithily set forth:

— Already two
 In their baptismal innocence were dead;
 The third was on the bed of death they knew,
 And in the appointed course must presently ensue.

Surely most bellmen can write better poetry than this.

Yeruti recovers from his malady, but on learning the death of his friends, he loses his relish for the world, and insists on being baptized that he may go too---(that is the poet's phrase.)

Regular his pulse, from all disorder free:
 The vital powers perform'd their part assign'd;
 And to whate'er was ask'd, collectedly
 He answer'd. Nothing troubled him in mind;
 Why should it? Were not all around him kind?

Did not all love him with a love sincere
 And seem in serving him a joy to find?
 He had no want, no pain, no grief, no fear:
 But he must be baptized; he could not tarry here.

His wish hath been obtain'd, and this being done
 His soul was to its full desire content.
 The day in its accustomed course past on:
 The Indian mark'd him ere to rest he went,
 How o'er his beads, as he was wont, he bent,
 And then, like one who casts all care aside,
 Lay down. The old man fear'd no ill event,
 When, "Ye are come for me!" Yeruti cried;
 "Yes, I am ready now!" and instantly he died.

Much as we were struck with the felicity of the last line, it seemed to us on first reading it, that we had met with something like it before; and, after a moment's recollection, we called to mind a couplet from which it is obviously plagiarized in a song of a certain miller, who being on his death-bed, bequeathes his mill to that one of his sons who proves himself the greatest rogue:

To thee the mill I give, he cried,
 So said, he closed his eyes and died.

Tol de rol de rol, Fol de rol de ray.

In each couplet there is the same off-hand style, the same "*slick right away*" manner of dispatching both man and song, and if Mr. Southey is not indebted to the effusion we have quoted, the coincidence is curious and worthy of note.

Thus ends the Tale of Paraguay; in which the poet has strangely mistaken doldrums for pathos, and imagines that he could affect the feelings by merely describing a succession of death-beds, very much in the style of those that figure in the Tracts, but not perhaps quite so poetical.

In the notes at the end of the volume, we find some curious and some pleasant matter. The little lady to whom the book is dedicated, must not, however, insist on understanding every thing in this work, "meet for youth," which her papa has recommended to her especial attention. Take for example this anecdote, (p. 162,) "Cat-like, the jaguar is a good climber; but Dobrizhoffer tells us how a traveller who takes to one (misprint for *a tree* we suppose) for shelter may profit by the position: In promptu consilium; *urina pro armis est: hac sit igridis ad arboris pedem minitantis oculos consperseris, salva res est. Quâ datâ portâ fuget illico* (i. 280.) He that first did this must have been a good marksman as well as a cool fellow, and it was well for him that he reserved his fire till the jaguar was within shot." Fie, papa!

THE JOURNAL OF A DETENU,
AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE EVENTS IN PARIS
DURING THE
FIRST FOUR MONTHS OF 1814.

No. II.

March 31.—A fine morning, Mr. T—— called upon me at half after six. We walked to the Barrière Montmartre, which we found shut, and proceeded thence to the Barrière des Martyres, which was wide open, with National Guards posted at the entrance. Passing through, we found the allied army, and feeling ourselves under their protection, considered as terminated our arbitrary detention of eleven years. Near the barrier a Russian band of music was playing, and a group, composed of a few French of both sexes, and some soldiers of the Allies, quietly listening to it. Close to this, some horses killed in the battle were lying. We walked up Montmartre: the streets were filled with Russian, Prussian, and German soldiery, forming part of the Silesian army, but mostly Russians; some sleeping, some bedecking themselves, others shaving their comrades or waxing their mustachoes. Most of them had a sprig of box in their caps and a piece of white linen bound round their left arm: the latter had been worn about three weeks, and was adopted to distinguish the allied army among themselves, as the variety of uniforms in the different corps had occasioned many fatal mistakes. A dead body, half stripped, was lying by the side of the old road, near the Poirier sans pareil, probably that of the last Frenchman killed yesterday on his flight to Paris. The hollow, on the left of the road, was full of soldiers sleeping among piles of arms. The summit of the mountain was covered with troops, and on every part were the remains of watch-fires, made with vine-props and surrounded with empty bottles. We were struck with the quiet manners of the soldiers, and the mild physiognomy of the Russians. No one paid the least attention to us, although we were the only persons who ventured so far among them. Never was any assemblage of men gazed on by me with greater interest. I felt indebted to them for my deliverance from captivity: they had revenged their country, and raised the Continent of Europe (as I then thought) from the degraded state to which it had so many years been subjected. These troops, a few hours before, had been the furious and terrible agents of destruction; but of this not the smallest vestige was now apparent in their manners, or even the least appearance of the exultation of victory. Descending on the north side of the mountain, we saw three or four dead soldiers in the field below the well, and some dead horses. About half a mile further in the plain was an open battery of artillery and a camp, forming the

most picturesque assemblage of figures I ever beheld. The Russian cannon and carriages have inscriptions on them in Russian characters, and their colour, as well as that of the tumbrels, is bright green. The lids of the Russian tumbrels form angles of about 45° with the sides. There were several cannon and tumbrels, which had been taken from the French, with "Liberté, Egalité" on them: the gun-carriages and tumbrels of the French are lead colour, their roofs are flat segments of circles. So striking was the novelty of the scene, that even the most trifling and minute circumstances forcibly attracted my attention. We made acquaintance with a Russian officer of rank, who spoke excellent French, and when he knew that we were English prisoners, was most cordial, and affably communicative relative to the events of the campaign. He told us that "Napoleon * was moving upon St. Dizier, and the corps of Witzingerode had been left to look after him, but that if he attempted to return upon Paris, he would be received by Sacken's corps, which formed a reserve to guard the passage of the Marne at Meaux. Nothing, however, was to be apprehended from the French army, which was almost destroyed by recent disasters. The quantity of artillery, which had fallen into the hands of the Allies, he described as immense; but notwithstanding all, the war is not yet over; we have just sent off troops after the army which has evacuated Paris." He wished us to believe that the whole glory of the campaign was due to the Russians, speaking of the Prussians only as interesting from their misfortunes. Of the French he spoke with the greatest contempt. He did not expect that the allied sovereigns would make their entry into Paris this day. The different orders, with which he and the other officers were decorated, having excited our attention, he explained them to us. One medal interested us highly: it was that given to every person who had been in the Moscow campaign: it is of silver, suspended by a sky-blue ribbon. On one side is a triangle in the midst of rays, and in the centre the Eye of Providence, beneath the year 1812. On the other side is, in Russian characters, "NOT UNTO US, O LORD! NOT UNTO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME BE THE GLORY." Literally it is—*Not us, not us, but in His name.* The following wood-cut displays a fac-simile of the medal:

* General Muffin told me, that on the 22d of March a French courier was taken by the Cossacks between Vitry le Français and Sezaune, bearing a letter from Napoleon to Marie Louise, in his own hand-writing, but so badly written as to be nearly illegible. Towards the conclusion of it he said he intended approaching his fortresses, and that he was now moving towards St. Dizier; the latter word, of so much importance to decypher, was so badly written that they were several hours making it out. The letter was the same day sent to Fismes to Blucher, who forwarded it to the Empress with a letter in German, saying that as she was the daughter of a respectable sovereign who was fighting in the same cause with him, he had sent it to her; and that as he was in the rear of her husband's army, should other letters fall into his hands, she might rest assured they should be regularly forwarded to her.



We returned by the new road, under the windmills, along which artillery, pointed on Paris, was ranged from one extremity to the other. These were dragged up yesterday evening, immediately on the Allies obtaining possession of the hill. I was afterwards informed by General Baron Muffin, quarter-master-general of the Silesian army, that the Emperor of Russia had given orders that, if the capitulation was not ratified by midnight, Paris should be cannonaded; but upon Muffin asking if he should "*bien allumer la ville?*" he replied: "No; it is only to frighten them into terms, by showing that we are masters." As shells were not to be thrown into the city, no howitzers were planted, but fifty twelve-pounders were so placed as to command every part of it. Posterity will scarcely credit the fact, of such a numerous invading army arriving within ten miles of Paris, the inhabitants of that metropolis being ignorant of the numbers and of the impending danger.

Bands of music were playing—officers going the rounds: one seemed of very high rank from the general demeanour towards him; another (a Russian) general in full uniform, on horseback, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, we saluted as he passed, and said we were English; this the aide-de-camp translated, as he did not understand French. He instantly gave us his hand in the most polite and hearty manner.

We breakfasted at Mr. L——'s, and then went with him, Miss L——, Miss D——, and Mr. D—— to the garden of the Tuileries, but found the gates locked. Walked on to the Place Louis XV.—it was a quarter after ten o'clock—a few National Guards were there, and about a hundred persons, of whom ten or twelve at most had white cockades in their hats. M. du Dresnay*, M. de Guerry, and

* M. du Dresnay is a native of Brittany; when very young he emigrated with his father to England. He afterwards told me, that the preceding evening he agreed with M. de Guerry to meet early in the morning and attempt a royalist movement. They went on the Place Louis XV. at seven in the morning, and at eight o'clock put up a white cockade, promising to stand by each other and never to take it out. M. du Dresnay was accosted by M. de Choisseuil Praslin, colonel of the National Guard, and desired to take out his white cockade. M. du Dresnay refused, as now every one could show their opinion—this was his. M. de Guerry was son of the President of the Parliament of Rennes: he was afterwards killed in Brittany during the hundred days.

M. de Vauvineux were of the number. We enquired of a poor looking elderly man, who, as well as several others, had only a bit of white rag in his hat in lieu of a cockade, what all this meant? He told us that Louis XVIII. had just been proclaimed, but by whom he did not know. Some of those who had assumed the cockade had the air of saying: "This have we done—will any of you follow our example, or dare prevent us?" but upon a trifling dispute occurring at a few paces from us, most of those who had white cockades, or bits torn from their pocket-handkerchiefs in their hats, hastily took them out. M. de Choisseul Praslin, in his uniform of the National Guards, drew one gentleman, who had a white cockade, from the crowd, and appeared as if trying to dissuade him from espousing the Bourbon cause, but without success. We left the Place, and just as we reached that end of the Rue Royale next the Boulevards, we saw M. Finguerlin, the banker, and four other gentlemen, with white cockades, on horseback, ride into the Mairie of the first arrondissement in the faubourg St. Honoré, followed by about fifty persons on foot. They remained there about five minutes, and on coming out waved their hats and shouted, "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII.! Vivent les Bourbons! A bas le Tyran!" This was echoed by the people and the National Guard posted there, some of whom at the same time tore the tri-coloured pennon from their pikes, and trod it under foot. At this moment a band on foot appeared: at its head I saw M. Edward (the duke) de Fitzjames, in the uniform of the National Guard, M. Thibaut de Montmorency, M. Gillet, and M. de Mortfontaine, all with white cockades, vociferating *Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII.! Vivent les Bourbons!* they proceeded up the Boulevard, followed by a few of the rabble shouting. We also went and saw M. Louis de Chateaubriant on horseback, courageously galloping about alone, crying, *Vive le Roi!* This young gentleman's father, the brother to the author, was guillotined during the Revolution. Another group, composed of three gentlemen, one of them with a brace of horse-pistols in his belt, rode about crying, *Vive le Roi!* and joined the first party, which was now increased to about a dozen persons, and had made two standards by fastening a white pocket-handkerchief to a walking-stick. Among them was M. Archambaud Perrigord, brother of Talleyrand, and M. de Maubreuil, who had divested himself of his cross of the legion of honour and tied it to his horse's tail. They continued parading the Boulevards as far as the Rue Montmartre, followed by a few persons on foot, shouting *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons! A bas le Tyran!* A few English bludgeon-men would have suppressed this apparently futile attempt. Several of the bystanders appeared not to understand what it all meant, or who the Bourbons were, others beheld it with indifference, some with the fears of Buonaparte's revenge, and many with contempt. Indeed it really was a pitiful display; for so little support did the partizans of royalty receive from the surrounding multitude, that even the prin-

Principal performers appeared to have much difficulty in exciting themselves to continue their hazardous undertaking. No one, however, molested them, nor did I hear a single cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* or in favour of liberty. About half a dozen of the allied officers came in pairs, or with a single soldier as an orderly, and rode along the Boulevards. By twelve o'clock the Boulevards were crowded with people of every class, all appearing in high spirits, and anxious only for the new show that was expected. The number of white cockades slowly increased; many of them were only bits torn from white handkerchiefs, and some even of paper, for as none of the shops were open, ribbon could not be procured.

Ten minutes after twelve Veyrat, in his uniform of Inspector-general of the Police, on a cream-coloured charger, and accompanied by the only two *gens-d'armes* I saw during the day, passed along the Boulevards without noticing the white cockades or the Bourbon cavalcade, consisting of sixteen or eighteen persons, and which had continued riding up and down until the trumpets of the Allies were heard, when it preceded the triumphal entry of the conquering army, who reached the Boulevard des Italiens at twenty minutes after twelve. It was opened by a band of trumpeters, succeeded by cavalry fifteen abreast. The Russian officers spoke in the mildest manner to the spectators, requesting them to make way, as there was no line of troops to keep it, and announced that the Emperor Alexander was on a white horse, and would come after the third regiment. A most gorgeous assemblage then appeared, composed of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwarzenberg, the Hetman Platoff, General Muffin, * Lord Cathcart, Lord Burghersh, Sir Charles Stewart, (Lord Londonderry,) and the numerous staff of the victorious armies, on the finest horses and in the most splendid uniforms. The Emperor was in green, with gold epaulets; in his hat was a bunch of pendant white feathers, similar to those of a cock's tail; he smiled and bowed very courteously. The King of Prussia, who looked grave, was in blue, with silver epaulets, and rode to the left of the Emperor. Prince Schwarzenberg was on the right. Lord Cathcart, in scarlet regimentals, with his low flat-cocked hat, formed a striking contrast to all the others. Sir Charles Stewart was covered with orders, and conspicuous by his fantastic dress, evidently composed of what he deemed every army's best. As soon as the conquerors appeared, the people began to shout "*Vivent les Alliés! Vivent nos Libérateurs! A bas le Tyran! Vivent les Bourbons!*" The officers received, in the most courteous manner, the salutations which all classes, and the fair sex in particular, poured upon them. One of the Russians, smiling said, "*Vous voyez que nous ne mangeons pas des hommes,*" alluding to the articles in the French newspapers. When the sovereigns

* Blucher did not enter Paris this day (as the newspapers mentioned); he was confined to his room at Montmartre from a complaint in his eyes.

arrived, the acclamations redoubled; but to the occasional cries for the restoration of the Bourbons, Alexander made no answer, and appeared to take no notice, though in his manner he was highly gracious. The officers around him repeatedly cried out, "Vive la Paix!" To the shout of "Vivent nos Libérateurs!" one of them replied: "Nous espérons l'être." This magnificent pageant far surpassed any idea I had formed of military pomp, and lasted, with one short interval, until ten minutes after four o'clock. The cavalry were fifteen abreast, the artillery five, and the infantry thirty. There probably passed along the Boulevards forty-five thousand troops: I did not hear any conjecture that there were more than fifty thousand, or less than thirty-five thousand. All the men were remarkably clean, healthy, and well cloathed: their physiognomies strongly indicated their national characteristics, and the countries from whence they were brought to this extraordinary scene. A great variety of form was displayed in the helmets of the cavalry, some of which nearly approached the antique in beauty and in shape. The bands of music were very fine. The precision with which the infantry marched was universally admired: most of them wore a piece of white linen round their left arm, and a sprig of box or laurel in their caps. A considerable number of the Russians had the medal of the campaign of 1812, and there were few of the officers who were not decorated with more than one order. This splendid procession was closed by horses led by dirty livery servants and a considerable number of clumsy, dirty travelling carriages, mostly empty, though in some few were officers of distinction, either sick or wounded. The people, astonished at the prodigious number of troops, repeatedly exclaimed: "Oh, how we have been deceived!" Just below the Madeleine, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother to the Emperor of Russia, quitted the procession, and placed himself by the side of the road to inspect the troops as they continued their march. M. de St. Blancard Gontaut, and a few others of the ancient regime, were standing near him, with whom he entered into conversation, affably naming the different regiments as they passed. In one of the Russian corps he remarked that there were many "Mahommedans Mussulmans," and mentioned the province from whence it came, but which I could not hear. Of another he said: "Those are the men who fought so desperately at Pantin, and were very near forcing the barrier of Paris;" of another: "There is the regiment you were told was cut in pieces." This was succeeded by one which the French bulletins announced to have been annihilated. "Now," said he, in a sarcastic manner, "men who were killed never return, and yet there they are. Look at the fine appearance of these men, who have bivouacked for these six weeks." He stopped one of the officers as he passed, and, presenting him to the bystanders, said: "There is the hero who beat Vandamme;" the officer bowed and blushed. This condescension encouraged one of the common people to ask him if it was true that Vandamme was sent to

Siberia! He replied: "No, he is at Moscow." Another asked him if Moreau were really dead? He replied: "Does any one doubt it?" As the people crowded forward, he very civilly requested them to get out of the way of the horses, and not to push one another; then seeing some men place themselves before a woman, he told them he thought the French were more gallant. The rabble, who were unaccustomed to this kind of treatment, were enchanted with it, and vented the most bitter execrations on the government for deceiving them in every circumstance relative to the Allies. As the regiments passed, he stopped several of the officers to shake hands with them; they at the same time kissed a gold medal of the Emperor, which hung at his breast. He smiled and nodded to several of the common soldiers, crying, "Brave! brave!" they returned a most risible grimace, expressive of their delight at the distinction shown them. M. Sosthenes de Rochefoucault rode up to him and spoke for a few moments: the Duke received what he said with evident coldness and indifference, and M. de Rochefoucault rode away much hurt. He afterwards told me, that on the mob, at his instigation, fixing the cords about the statue of Napoleon on the column in the Place Vendôme, he rode to the Duke Constantine, and informing him what he had done, requested a guard to prevent any mischief that might ensue. The Duke received him very coldly, and answered, that not having received any orders, he could not grant what he asked. The Grand Duke paid the greatest attention to minutiae of uniform: a sword-knot untied, the sack of corn which the horse-soldiers carried behind them hanging a few inches too low, or the smallest derangement in any part of their accoutrements, was instantly perceived by him and the neglect noticed. When his own regiment of cuirassiers came up, he put himself at its head and went forward, joined his brother, who, with the King of Prussia and the generals-in-chief, were on the north side of the road in the Champs Elysées, near the Elysée Napoleon, seeing the army defile off. The Grand Duke Constantine is tall, stout, well made, with a fair complexion; his profile is scarcely human, his nose that of a baboon; he is near-sighted, contracting his eyes when looking attentively, which are covered with uncommonly large light eyebrows, hanging over them like brambles; his voice is hoarse and husky; he has a rough soldier-like manner, sarcastic yet affable.

M. de St. Blancard Gontaut gave me a bit of white ribbon, which I put in my hat, not with any intention of espousing the cause of *legitimacy*, or that of the Bourbons, but as a symbol of revolt against the despotism of Buonaparte.

The procession having closed, I walked on to the Place Louis XV., and there met the sovereigns surrounded by the generals-in-chief, and their staff, all on horseback, returning from the Champs Elysées. The Emperor of Russia was giving his hand in the most unreserved manner to the shouting populace, who, unrestrained, pressed around him. The

Emperor then went to the Hotel de l'Infantado, the corner of the Rue St. Florentin, the residence of Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, and there established his quarters; the King of Prussia's were at Eugene Beauharnois' Hotel, Rue de Lille, No. 82. The street was suddenly crowded by officers and cavalry, all of whom took the greatest care not to hurt those persons who unexpectedly found themselves intermingled with them. Having with some difficulty extricated myself from the horses, I went along the Rue de Rivoli, and arriving at the Rue Castiglione, saw a man mounted on the acroterium of the column, in the place Vendôme, attempting, with a large hammer, to break the colossal statue of Buonaparte off at the ancles. The little victory which it held in the left hand had already been thrown down, as this work was begun about three o'clock. A ladder, placed in the gallery above the capital, gave access to the statue, round the neck of which a rope was fastened, reaching to the ground: After the man had continued hammering for some time, the mob below made some ineffectual efforts to pull it down. Two men again attacked with hammers the ancles of the statue; while they were thus employed, a fellow mounted on its shoulders, sat upon the head, and getting forward, offered the grossest insult to the statue of the August Napoleon, (NEAPOLIO. IMP. AVG. inscription on the pedestal of the column,) and remounting on the head, he waved a white handkerchief, and cried, "Vive le Roi!" These feats were encouraged by the shouts and clapping of the surrounding multitude. Another rope was brought and fixed to the statue; to the lower extremities of the ropes several others were fastened to facilitate the united efforts of the mob, who, after making several vain attempts to overthrow the statue, desisted at night fall. I then approached the column; the *on dit* of the keeper who was within the iron railing which surrounds it, told me that all this was doing by order of the Emperor of Russia. A large pitcher of wine was on the steps, glasses of which a man was offering with great civility. A sans-culotte, after drinking, said—"See what it is to be treated by gens comme il faut; they provide glasses, while that canaille, who are now kicked out, suffered us to drink as we could." The general belief was, that this attempt to pull down the statue of Napoleon was made by order of the Allies: no one appeared to feel any indignation, and most certainly the greater number of those assembled were pleased. M. de Maubreuil was the person who excited the mob to the deed, although M. Sosthenes de Rochefoucault arrogated to himself the merit of it; he did, however, distribute money, as well as M. de Maubreuil. While this was going forward, a few gentlemen, in company with a group of ladies, M. Leopold de Talmont, aid-de-camp of the Minister of War, and another gentleman and two ladies, in a second group, were standing in the Rue Castiglione, near the Rue St. Honoré, with white cockades in their hats. Each party had a printed address in favour of the King, which

they read aloud by turns, at an interval of a few minutes; and at the conclusion of every reading attempted to raise a shout, by crying "Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!" which the by-standers but feebly joined in. However, no opposition, or even the smallest symptom of one was evinced.

The following is a copy of the address:—

AUX HABITANS DE PARIS.

Habitans de Paris.—L'heure de votre délivrance est arrivée; vos oppresseurs sont pour toujours dans l'impuissance de vous nuire:

VOTRE VILLE EST SAUVÉE!

Rendez grâces à la Providence! adressez ensuite d'éclatants témoignages de votre reconnaissance aux illustres monarques et à leurs braves armées, si lâchement calomniées; c'est à eux que vous devrez la paix, le repos et la prospérité dont vous fûtes privés si long temps.

Qu'un sentiment étouffé depuis tant d'années s'échappe, avec les cris mille fois répétés de Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII! Vivent nos généreux Libérateurs!

Que l'union la plus touchante et l'ordre le plus parfait règnent parmi nous, et que les têtes couronnées qui vont honorer vos murs de leur présence, reçus comme vos sauveurs, reconnaissent que les Français et surtout les Parisiens, ont toujours conservé au fond de leur ame le respect des lois et l'amour de la monarchie.

Paris, 31 Mars, 1814.

One of these gentlemen came up to me, and looking at my bit of white ribbon said: "Sir, I suppose you know that there is to be a meeting of those persons who are determined to support that noble cause, at No. 45, Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, and where we hope that you will attend." In the mean time the officers of the allied army were riding about, some apparently in search of lodgings, others to gratify their curiosity; some had a few soldiers in their suite, but all took the greatest care not to incommode the people, going at a foot-pace, and requesting leave to pass in the most courteous manner. One of them observing my white ribbon, bowed and exclaimed—"Ah, la belle decoration!" All these officers had a white piece of linen round their left arm; this symbol misled several persons in the course of the day with regard to its object and intent: I heard M. Leopold de Talmont ask his companion, if he was sure that this white scarf signified attachment to the Bourbon cause? observing at the same time that he began to entertain some doubts about it. The shops in the Rue St. Honoré were shut, from fear of pillage; but there was not the smallest disturbance of any kind, although the streets were thronged with people and allied officers. A very small number of the following notice was stuck up—the only official publication of the capitulation, the news of which did not penetrate into several parts of the Faubourg St. Jacques until the middle of the day.

PREFECTURE DE POLICE.

Paris, le 31 Mars, 1814.

Citoyens de Paris.—Les événemens de la guerre ont amené à vos portes les armées des Puissances coalisées.

Leur nombre et leurs forces n'ont pas permis à nos troupes de continuer la défense de la Capitale.

Le Maréchal qui la commandait a dû faire une capitulation : il l'a fait fort honorable.

Une plus longue résistance eût compromis la sûreté des personnes et des propriétés.

Elle est aujourd'hui garantie par cette capitulation, et par la promesse de sa Majesté l'Empereur Alexandre, qui a donné ce matin au corp municipal les assurances les plus positives de sa protection et de sa bienveillance pour les habitants de cette Capitale.

Votre garde nationale demeure chargée de protéger vos personnes et vos propriétés.

Restez donc calmes et tranquilles dans ce grand événement, et montrez dans cette occasion le bon esprit qui vous a toujours signalés.

(Signé)

LE BARON PASQUIER,

Préfet de Police.

Et LE BARON CHABROL,

Préfet du Département de la Seine.

After dining I walked in the Palais Royal ; all the shops were shut, from fear of pillage, except Mothet's the glover's, which was crowded with officers making purchases. All the coffee-houses were open except Lemblin's, and thronged with officers of the allied armies, (mostly Russians,) National Guards, and other citizens of Paris, among whom the greatest harmony and conviviality reigned ; the war seemed to be forgotten, and they were now only emulous which individual should make the greatest clamour. I went to the Café de la Rotonde, as there the greatest numbers were assembled. I found Captain Baker and his wife, Americans of my acquaintance, drinking punch with some Russian officers, whose invitation to join them I accepted. One a Cossack, covered with orders ; the other a general, named Macdonald, of Irish parents, but now in the service of Russia, a very friendly agreeable man, speaking very good French, but not a word of English. He advised me to lay aside my white ribbon ; hinting that the intentions of Alexander with regard to that cause were not positively known, and that whether the Allies could hold Paris was extremely doubtful. Walked in the garden with these officers. None of the more elegant Cyprians made their appearance ; but there was an inundation of Grisettes, who expressed great discontent at the decorous manner in which the Allies conducted themselves. Going out of the Palais Royal, I saw the Emperor Alexander's declaration, which had just been stuck up in the Rue du Lycée.

DECLARATION.

Les armées des puissances alliés ont occupé la capitale de la France. Les souverains alliés accueillant le vœu de la nation Française ;

Ils déclarent :

Que si les conditions de la paix devoient renfermer de plus fortes garanties ; lorsqu'il s'agissoit d'enchaîner l'ambition de Bonaparte, elles doivent être plus favorable, lorsque, par un retour vers un gouvernement sage, la France elle-même offrira l'assurance de ce repos. Les souverains proclament en consequence, qu'ils ne traiteront, plus avec Napoleon Bonaparte, ni avec aucun de sa famille ; qu'ils respectent l'intégrité de l'ancienne France telle qu'elle a existé sous ses rois légitimes ; ils peuvent même faire plus, parce qu'ils professent toujours le principe que, pour le bonheur de l'Europe, il faut que la France soit grande et forte.

Qu'ils reconnoissent et garantissent la constitution que la nation Française se donnera. Ils invitent par conséquent le sénat à désigner sur-le-champ un gouvernement provisoire qui puisse pourvoir aux besoins de l'administration, et préparer la constitution qui conviendra au peuple Français.

Les intentions que je viens d'exprimer me sont communes avec toutes les puissances alliées.

(Signé)

ALEXANDRE.

Par S. M. I. le secrétaire d'Etat, COMTE DE NESSLRODE.

Paris, 31 Mars, 1814, trois heures après midi.

Imprimerie de Michaux Imprimeur de Roi.

Went to the Café des Arts, and from thence, at about half after ten, with Favart and Gautherot the painters, walked across the Place Carousel, which was covered with baggage-waggons; the horses were not unharnessed, but the drivers were fast asleep under them, and such was the state of security they apparently felt, that not a sentinel was in all the Place. Along the quay of the Louvre were cavalry sleeping in the same state of incautious and presumed security. The barracks of the Quai Buonaparte were filled with Russian cavalry and infantry. Under the walls of the quai, on the banks of the river, a considerable body of Russian soldiers were bivouacking; round the blazing fires many were sleeping; some washing their linen, others cooking. Several, entirely naked, were cleansing themselves: some of whom were occupied in the following curious manner—they were holding their shirts over the flames, at the same time turning them rapidly round to prevent their catching fire; the thus inflated and scorching shirt was suddenly rolled up, with a view to destroy its minute and many-legged inhabitants. Having, for some time, amused ourselves with this curious and picturesque scene, we returned by the same way we came, and passed through lines of sleeping soldiers on the quai, and waggons on the Place Carousel. Not a light was seen in any of the apartments of the palace of the Tuileries; and we met no one in the deserted streets, with the exception of some small patrols of the allied horse. But on the Boulevards des Italiens there was a considerable number of Russian forage-carts laden with hay, and escorted by Cossacks, going to the westward.

The senate was sitting during the battle. The twelve mayors of Paris and the Council of the Department of the Seine were assembled at the Hotel de Ville. The Prefects of the Department and the Police were riding about the City, and visited the two Marshals who commanded at the battle.

At a little after six o'clock, the Mayors not having received any communications from the Prefects, and the rumours of a capitulation having reached them, sent a deputation to Marshal Marmont; he was at dinner when it arrived; he told them he had capitulated for the army only, and they must do what they could for the city. In consequence of this, eight of the Mayors and Municipal Council of Paris; the Baron Chabrol, Prefect of the department of the Seine;

the Baron Pasquier, Prefect of Police ; together with Count Alexandre de Laborde, and M. Tourton, who went by order of Marshal Moucey, commandant of the National Guard of Paris (he having quitted the capital to join the Emperor) jointly representing the National Guard, having joined the municipal body at the Hotel de Ville, left Paris at between one and two in the morning, accompanied by Colonel Count Orlow and another officer, who had been delivered to Marshal Marmont as hostages for the capitulation. They came from Marshal Marmont's house to the Hotel de Ville about midnight, having been there from the time the capitulation was first drawn up. They arrived at four o'clock, at the Chateau de Bondi, the Emperor of Russia's head-quarters, who was then sleeping. While waiting his levée, tea was served them, and the Duke of Vicenza (Caulincourt) arrived from Napoleon. At seven o'clock the deputation was admitted to the Emperor of Russia, when it offered the city of Paris to his moderation, and the hospitals, the Hotel de Ville, and public establishments to his protection. He received them in the most courteous manner, saying, that he expected to have seen them the preceding evening. They replied, that they had not been informed in time, what had been then done. The Emperor observed, that there was no necessity for their coming in the night, as the morning would have been time enough. He began a discourse that Napoleon had wantonly invaded his states, and a righteous judgment had brought him to their walls. The Baron Thiboneau, sub-governor of the Bank of France, and also one of the Council of the Department of the Seine, solicited a safeguard for the Bank. He replied, it was unnecessary, as the whole city was under his protection; that he had no enemy in Paris, and only one in France; and assured them that not a soldier of his army should enter the city until the deputation returned. He entered into conversation with them: he asked M. Bathelmy if he knew where M. Talleyrand was, and how he was inclined to act on this occasion. M. Tourton then requested of Alexander, that the National Guard should continue the service; to which he agreed. About eight o'clock they withdrew, affected even to tears with gratitude for a reception so different from what they expected. Caulincourt was then admitted to the Emperor, who refused to listen to any proposition, and declared he would not make peace with Napoleon. The Duke of Vicenza's troubled and dejected countenance, on coming out, betrayed the failure of his mission.

Count Alexandre de Laborde informed me that on the arrival of the deputation, M. Nesselrode, with whom he was previously acquainted, took him into the recess of one of the windows, and there questioned him respecting the state of public opinion in Paris, and what was to be done; or rather, what the French intended doing. He replied, that before he could answer that, he expected him (Nesselrode) to

tell him, upon his honour, the number of troops the Allies had in France. Nesselrode said, there were a hundred and fifty thousand before Paris, and that fifty thousand were with the Emperor of Austria. Laborde, upon this, said that the talent of France was for the Regency, and the new interests of France; but that the old nobility and the *Salons* of Paris, were strenuously for the Bourbons unconditionally; that the mass of the population would only receive the Bourbons with a limited monarchy; but that if they were desirous of obtaining more ample information, he advised them to consult M. de Talleyrand—he being the person most conversant on this subject, as the statesmen (*hommes d'état*) habitually met at his house. Upon this Nesselrode asked if he was in Paris; M. de Laborde replied, he was on the preceding evening, but that Napoleon had ordered him to go to Blois. Nesselrode immediately despatched M. de Laborde to Talleyrand, desiring him not to quit Paris, and in case of his refusal, to detain him by force; at the same time ordering the Count de Dunow, aid-de-camp to Prince Walkonski, Major General of the Emperor of Russia, to accompany him, that he should not be impeded at the outposts. The Emperor of Russia sent another messenger, that he should take up his quarters at M. de Talleyrand's: this had been previously arranged by the Duchess de Courland. M. de Laborde and Count de Dunow returned to Paris on horseback, followed by a Cossack, (the first that entered the city.) They met on the road the Duke of Vicenza, (Caulincourt,) with an agitated look, galloping to the Emperor of Russia's head-quarters; they bowed in passing, but did not speak. M. de Laborde arrived at Talleyrand's a few minutes after seven in the morning, and found him in his dressing-gown. Upon communicating what had passed at Bonde, and adding, that he had on the Place Vendôme, a battallion of the National Guard* devoted to him, Talleyrand told him to go into the drawing-room and make the same communication to those he found there, and then ask Abbé Louis what he was to do. In the drawing-room he found Abbé Louis, Monsieur de Pradt, Archbishop of Mechlin, and the Duc d'Alberg, who had been there about two hours, to whom M. de Laborde communicated the nature of his visit. M. Louis pulled out a white cockade, and said, "take that." This, however, he declined accepting for the purpose of offering it to the National Guard.

Count Dunow breakfasted with M. de Laborde, and then returned to head-quarters, with M. de Talleyrand's acquiescence to the Emperor of Russia's desire that he should remain in Paris.

From twelve at night until five in the morning a large quantity of official papers were brought out of the *Etat Major* in the Place Vendôme, and burned before the door.

* The third of the second legion.

Early in the morning, before the barriers were open, the soldiers of the allied army climbed up the palisades of the barrier Rochechouart to look into Paris; they threw the following proclamation, by Prince Schwarzenberg, over the wall, and through the iron gates.

HABITANS DE PARIS.

Les armées alliées trouvent devant Paris. Le but de leur marche vers la capitale de la France est fondé sur l'espoir d'une réconciliation sincère et durable avec elle. Depuis vingt ans l'Europe est inondée de sang et de larmes. Les tentatives faites pour mettre un terme à tant de malheurs ont été inutiles, parce qu'il existe dans le pouvoir même du gouvernement qui vous opprime, un obstacle insurmontable à la paix.

Les souverains alliés cherchent de bonne foi une autorité salubre en France, qui puisse cimenter l'union de toutes les Nations et de tous les Gouvernemens avec elle. C'est à la Ville de Paris qu'il appartient, dans les circonstances actuelles d'accélérer la paix du monde. Son vœu est attendu avec l'intérêt que doit inspirer un si immense résultat; qu'elle se prononce, et dès ce moment l'armée qui est devant ses murs, devient le soutien de ses décisions.

Parisiens, vous connaissez la situation de votre Patrie, la conduite de Bordeaux, l'occupation amicale de Lyon, les maux attirés sur la France, et les dispositions véritables de vos concitoyens. Vous trouverez dans ces exemples le terme de la guerre étrangère et de la discorde civile; vous ne sauriez plus le chercher ailleurs.

La conservation et la tranquillité de votre ville seront l'objet des soins et des mesures que les alliés s'offrent de prendre avec les autorités et les notables, qui jouissent le plus de l'estime publique. Aucun logement militaire ne pèsera sur la capitale.

C'est dans ces sentimens que l'Europe en armes devant vos murs, s'adresse à vous; hâtez-vous de répondre à la confiance qu'elle met dans votre amour pour la patrie et dans votre sagesse.

(Signé)

LE MARÉCHAL PRINCE DE SCHWARZENBERG,

Le commandant-en-chef des armées alliées.

While the guards of the Emperor of Russia were entering Paris in grand parade, the Silesian army moved by the outer Boulevards, crossed the Seine by the bridge of *Jena*, opposite the Champ de Mars (this purposely on account of the name as General Muffin told me) to the Orleans road, where they took their position across the road, having on their left the steep valley through which the little river of the Biere runs. At the same time the Austrian army marched over the bridge of Austerlitz, and took up their position on the Fontainebleau road, on the same line, and having the valley and river on their right. This position of the armies General Muffin said was excellent, for, should Napoleon arrive by either of these roads and join the army which had evacuated Paris, and march upon the city, the army on the road by which he arrived was to fall back and give battle, while the other army was to take him in flank, and in the rear. This was the same plan which was afterwards executed with such success at Waterloo.

After the guard had defiled before the Emperor of Russia, and Muffin had conducted the Emperor to Talleyrand's, he returned to Montmartre, where Blücher had remained indisposed the whole day with an *on dit* complaint in his eyes, and did not go into Paris for two days afterwards. The fact was, that the excitation of the late

events had temporarily affected his mind*. When the Emperor of Russia arrived at Talleyrand's he retired with him into his closet, where they remained for some time. Talleyrand was frightened, and hesitated to avow his wish for the rejection of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, but the Emperor encouraged him by saying, that he had sufficient force to overcome any force that Buonaparte might oppose to him, and that he was determined not to treat with Buonaparte nor any of his family.

Talleyrand requested permission of the Emperor to introduce Abbé de Pradt and Abbé Louis. This being granted, a council was held, at which the King of Prussia, Prince Schwarzenberg, the Duc D'Alberg, Messrs. Nesselrode, Pozzo de Borgo, the Prince Lichtenstein, Talleyrand, De Pradt, and Louis, formed a semicircle, and Alexander walked to and fro. The restoration of the Bourbons was urged by the French. Alexander replied, that however it might be his wish to restore the Bourbons, yet he must own that he had not perceived the slightest manifestation of such a feeling; nay, so far from it, that only six days ago at Fere Champenoise, several raw troops just taken from the plough, allowed themselves to be cut in pieces in the cause of Napoleon, when a cry in favour of the Bourbons would have saved them. After some discussion, the Emperor agreed not to treat with Napoleon, nor any of his family. De Pradt retired into a corner of the apartment with Michaud, and the Emperor's declaration was hastily written with a pencil, and two hours afterwards stuck up in Paris.

The formation of a government *pro tempore* was agreed upon, its members named, and De Pradt had the mortification to find he was not among those fixed upon.† The restoration of the Bourbons resulted from this council, for Muffin told me that on their march the Bourbons were never thought of: all they intended was the overthrow of Buonaparte.

* At Oxford, the following year, this gallant soldier took the honorary and not inappropriate degree of Doctor of Canon Law.

† Sir Neil Campbell, in a subsequent conversation, informed me that the King's Proclamation at Hartwell was brought to the Allied Army by Monsieur. Sir Neil first saw it in the hands of Wrede, who received it from Schwarzenberg; he showed it him in a mysterious manner, and as a secret. The intents of the Allies, either not being fixed, or at least far from being known, he obtained it for ten minutes, and went into a stable, where he copied it with a black-lead pencil; he had two or three thousand printed at Provins: when obliged to fly from that town, he, in going through Mormans early in the morning, and closely pursued by the French, took a bundle of them out of his holsters, and hung them on the hooks of a butcher's shop. The Austrian Commandant tore down the Hartwell Proclamation at Dijon, where they had been stuck up.

The Allies most certainly had formed no plan of what they were to do on arriving at Paris.

The report that their ammunition was expended at the battle of Paris is not true.

A considerable number of allied troops that had not complete uniforms, marched round the outer Boulevard, and entered Paris after dark for none in loose brown great coats were in the triumphal entry, while all those quartered in the barrack opposite the Tuileries were so dressed.

Viscomte Sosthenes de Rochefoucault, son of the Duc de Doudeauville, and son-in-law to M. Mathew de Montmorency, told me that he, mounted on horseback, accompanied by M. Falon, and followed by two servants, distributed some white cockades as they proceeded in different directions to join the Bourbon party on the Boulevards. When the sovereigns were stationed on the north side of the Champs Elysées to pass their troops in review, he rode up to them, and solicited them to restore the Bourbons. At the same time a number of the persons of the ancient regime, who had surrounded the sovereigns, made the same request. To such extent did the admiration of the allies extend, that the Comtesse Perigord got up behind a Cossack: but though the sovereigns, and particularly the Emperor of Russia, received them in the most gracious manner, yet they gave them no answer to their demand; and M. Sosthenes de R. said it was evident it was not their intention to restore the King. He then addressed himself to the generals who surrounded the Emperor, and asked what could be done to influence the Emperor. One of them replied, that it was not the intention of the Emperor to force any government on the French people, and that it rested with them to declare. Sosthenes then addressed the people, but, said he, *the people preserved le plus morne silence.* Sosthenes then said to the general, this silence must be attributed to fear, and that if the sovereigns would declare they would not treat with the "*Usurper*," the people would no longer hesitate to declare. He proposed to overthrow the statue of the usurper from the column of the Place Vendôme. The aid-de-camp of Alexander seized this idea as excellent. Sosthenes then mounted his white horse, and harrangued the people; (he is a man of very engaging manners, an agreeable though not a powerful voice, a handsome person, and considerable French energy;) and at the same time distributing *gold* among them, they followed him to the Place Vendôme—forced open the bronze door in the pedestal of the column and procured cords. Only meeting with resistance from one individual, who was soon overpowered, they began to fix the cords. He rode to the Grand Duke Constantine, to inform him of what he had done, and to request a guard to prevent any mischief. His reception has been already stated. Vide p. 243.

In the evening, M. Sosthenes de R. went to the meeting at M. de Mortfontain's, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, who presided, but could not obtain either order or reasonable action; all was noise, tumult, and clamour—each asserting his services, his claims, the epoch of his

emigration, or boasted how he had betrayed under pretence of serving the usurper: at last Sosthenes jumped on a table, and roared out they were losing time, and that the only thing they had to do was to send a deputation to the Emperor of Russia, praying him to restore their legitimate King, he offering to go. This was agreed to, and three other persons were added, M. Ferrand, M. Casar Choiseul, and the third he said he had forgotten. In going out of M. de Mortfontain's, he met M. de Chateaubriant coming in, and induced him to go with them. They arrived at the Emperor's at nine o'clock; the Emperor had retired: they were received by M. Nesselrode. M. de Chateaubriant would not speak—M. Ferrand could not—Sosthenes announced their business; but they did not offer any written address to the Emperor. Nesselrode replied:—

“Je quitte à l'instant l'Empereur Alexandre, et c'est en son nom que je vous parle. Retournez vers cette assemblée et annoncez à tous les Français que l'Empereur, touché des cris qu'il a attendu ce matin et des vœux qui lui ont été si vivement exprimés, va rendre la couronne à celui à qui seul elle appartient. Louis XVIII, va monter sur son trône.”

They then returned to the meeting, and were received with acclamations. A scene of tumult and confusion began, all desiring to be heard, or at least to speak. There was no means of dissolving the meeting: at last it occurred to M. Falon to extinguish the lights, and this alone forced them to separate.

The *Moniteur* of this day was only half a sheet, and that did not contain a single word relative to the army, or foreign news. The articles announced the payment of the funds; judgments respecting the claims of individuals by the Grand Judge; four columns of poetry, and a tour in Italy. The theatres were announced *as if* they were open; and a notice from the Hospice civile:—“Le Conseil des Hospices de Paris invite les habitans à faire le plus promptement possible vu l'urgence en leurs municipalités respectives de nouveaux envois aussi abondans qu'ils pourront de linge à pansements, charpie, draps, chemises, et autres objets de fournitures utiles aux blessés.”

The only cause by which a state different from the usual one of Paris might be suspected, was that no price of stocks was mentioned. M. Sailliant de Juiney appeared at nine in the morning in the Place Vendôme with a white cockade in his hat.

Morin, who had formerly been administrator of the army, with two others, were arrested by the National Guards in the Rue Montmartre, for wearing white cockades. About nine o'clock they were conducted to the Mairie of the 3d arrondissement. The National Guard tore their cockades out of their hats, and trod them under foot. The Marquis de la Grange immediately went to General Plateau, prefect of the palace to the King of Prussia, and who had already come into Paris,

who gave orders to set these men at liberty. The Marquis de la Grange presented Morin this day to General Sacken the newly-named Governor of Paris, who issued the following order:—

Ordre de son Excellence le Général-en-chef gouverneur militaire de la Place de Paris, le Baron Sacken :

Tous les journaux qui s'impriment à Paris sont dès ce moment mis sous la police de M. Morin, qui ne fera rien imprimer et qui ne laissera rien imprimer sans que les dits journaux et autres papiers publiés ne me soient représentés et soumis à mon approbation.

Tous les agens et toutes les autorités obtempèrent aux ordres de M. Morin pour cet objet de police et d'imprimerie.

Paris, le 31 Mars, 1814.

(Signé) SACKEN.

Morin named the following Censors ; De Mersan, for the Journal des Debats ; Salgues, for the Journal de Paris ; Michaud, for the Gazette de France ; and *ordered* them to announce that the white cockade had been assumed, and that the allied armies had been received by the shouts, a thousand times repeated, of Vive le Roi ! Vivent les Bourbons !

April 1st.—At eight o'clock in the morning I went to the Place Vendôme. The ropes still remained affixed to the statue of Buona-parte ; but a sentinel of the National Guard, placed at the foot of the column, prevented any further attempts to pull the statue down. The gates of the Tuileries continued locked. Some few shops in the Rue St. Honoré were open ; and a considerable number of officers of the allied army roaming about, each Russian followed by one or more light cavalry armed with pikes fourteen or fifteen feet long.

The declaration of the Emperor Alexander, which had been stuck up in different parts of Paris, was read by the people with great eagerness, and many of them were copying it. The proclamation of Prince Schwarzenberg was also stuck up, but that of the Emperor of Russia produced the greatest sensation.

Walked in the garden of the Palais Royal, and then rambled about the streets of Paris. Officers of the allied army, and many of the soldiers were every where seen gazing about ; but still few shops were open. Those who wore white cockades, were often insulted, and some of the National Guards tore them out of the hats of those who wore them. In the course of these rambles, I saw the Emperor Alexander on foot with four or five attendants on the Quai Voltaire. Most of the shops in the Rue Thionville (now Dauphine) were open. The theatres opened this evening. At Feydeau instead of the Theatre Imperiale de l'Opera Comique, "Theatre de l'Opera Comique," was printed at the head of the bill. But at the Opera Academie Imperiale de Musique the usual title remained. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwarzenberg, and a great number of officers of the allied army were at the Opera. They were received with enthusiasm by the crowds at the theatre. Between

the acts the air of *Vive Henri IV.* was performed, the words were loudly called for. Lays came forward with a paper in his hand, and sung the following impromptu to that air.

Vive Guillaume
Et ses guerriers vaillans;
De ce royaume
Il sauve les enfans.
Par sa victoire
Il nous donne la paix,
Et compte sa gloire
Par ses nombreux bienfaits.

Vive Alexandre!
Vive ce roi des rois!
Sans rien prétendre,
Sans nous dicter des lois,
Ce prince auguste
A le triple renom,
De héros, de juste,
De nous rendre un Bourbon.

The ladies in the boxes showered white cockades on the pit, who received them with acclamations. *Le Triomphe de Trajan* had been announced, but the Emperor of Russia desired it might not be performed; modestly disclaiming the incense of this celebrated piece. *The Vestal* was performed.

The overthrow of the insignia of Buonaparte, which decorated his box, was loudly called for by the audience; but as this would have interrupted the performance too long a time, a cloth was thrown over them.

Price of Stocks this day—5 per cents. 49. 50. 51; actions de la Banque de France 640. 680. 675.

In the *Moniteur*:

Avis. Le public est prevenu que le depart des courriers de la Poste aux lettres aura lieu aujourd'hui comme à l'ordinaire.

Caulincourt having solicited an audience with the Emperor of Russia he obtained it between three and four, while Talleyrand was at the Senate.

April 1.—The Senate assembled this day, at half after three in the afternoon, Talleyrand president. They voted the establishment of a government pro tempore, (*gouvernement provisoire*), composed of five members, who were charged to present to the Senate the Project of a Constitution suited to the French people. The five members elected were:—M. de Talleyrand, prince de Benevento.—M. le Sénateur, Comte de Beurnonville—M. le Sénateur Comte de Jaucourt—M. le due de D'Alberg, conseiller d'état—M. de Montesquion, ancien membre de l'assemblée constituante. There were sixty-one senators present.

Roux Laborie, the secretary adjoint to the *gouvernement provisoire* told me that the sittings of the *gouvernement pro tempore* were always held in the entresol of Talleyrand's house.

The great change which had taken place at Paris was made known to those parts of France where the newspapers could penetrate, by the insertion of Prince Schwarzenberg's declaration, and the following in the *Moniteur* of this day:—

“ Copie d'un note en date de 31 Mars, 1814, adressée par le Comte de Nesselrode à M. le Baron Pasquier préfet de police.---Par Ordre de S. M. l'Empereur mon maître j'ai l'honneur de vous inviter M. le Baron à faire sortir de prison les habitans de Coulomiers. M. M. de Varennes et de Grimberg détenus à Sainte Pelagie pour avoir empêché de tirer sur les troupes alliés dans l'intérieur de leur commune et avoir sauvé ainsi la vie de leur concitoyens et leur propriétés.

S. M. desire également que vous rendiez à la liberté tous les individus qui, par attachement à leur ancien et leur legitime souverain ont été détenus jusqu'ici.

Vous voudrez bien, M. le Baron, faire insérer cette lettre dans tous les journaux.

(Signé) LE COMTE DE NESSELRODE.

And also:—

Paris, le 31 Mars, 1814.

M. le Baron.—J'ai l'honneur de vous adresser une proclamation que M. le Maréchal Prince de Schwarzenberg vient de publier au nom des puissances alliés. Je vous ordonne de la faire insérer dans tous les journaux, l'afficher aux coins des rues, en un mot, de lui donner immédiatement la plus grande publicité possible.

Agreez l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

(Signé) LE COMTE DE NESSELRODE.

Habitans de Paris, &c.

The Emperor of Russia having intimated that he wished to receive the officers of the National Guard this day at the *Etat Major* in the Place Vendôme, which they had appropriated to the same purpose for their corps, on Saturday the 2d, to deliberate whether they should on that occasion assume the white cockades, and also if the National Guard, who mounted guard near the Emperor of Russia's person should wear it. The majority were for the measure, but the two chiefs of the legions of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau were of opinion that great inconvenience might result from proposing it too soon—they therefore waited on the Emperor with the tri-colour cockade, which also was worn by those on the post assigned to him. The deputation, which consisted of the twelve chiefs of legions, and the four of the staff, was received extremely well by Alexander, who made no observation relative to the cockade or on the state of public opinion. All that passed was, his complimenting them on the order which reigned in Paris by their exertion. They did not wait on the King of Prussia.

(To be continued).

THE MUSICIAN AT YORK.

York, Sept. 12, 1825.

DEAR C.—The Minster performances commence to-morrow, and I have stolen a few minutes from the noise and bustle of this place, to inform you how matters are going on. The death of the Earl of Carlisle, which happened a few days ago, had very much disheartened the good people of York, who anticipated much injury to the Festival from it; but the gloom occasioned by this event is wearing off, and every one is in the greatest anxiety for the uplifting of the six hundred voices and instruments on Tuesday. As the first rehearsal with the full orchestra takes place to-day, you may easily suppose that the place is crowded with the London professors. I noticed in the street yesterday, Madame Caradori and F. Cramer, Lindley, Keisewetter, &c. The application for lodgings has been immense, and the people who come from London are put to great inconvenience in procuring such as are tolerably decent and at a reasonable expense. I assure you, that the inhabitants of this city are not at all distinguished for a romantic generosity in refusing a proper remuneration for the conveniences with which they furnish you; and when I inform you that a single house, during the Festival week, is let for the paltry consideration of one hundred guineas, my character for veracity may suffer in your opinion. But such is the fact; and so fertile are they in expedients, and so zealous for the accommodation of strangers, that if they have in their houses a large room or even one of moderate size, they contrive, by means of a partition of deal board, to double their opportunities of benevolence, often at the expense of making both their inmates uncomfortable. On the opposite side of the way, for instance, from the place where I am writing, there is one of these rooms with a window in the centre which furnishes light on one side to a stout old gentlemen, who is a visitor here for the Festival, and on the other to a man and his wife. It happened, that the lady being dressed rather early in the morning, and wishing for some air, thoughtlessly threw open the window; the old gentlemen, who was still in bed, not relishing this abrupt exposure of his person to the elements, rushed desperately to the window in his night-gown, and pulled it down with considerable vehemence. The lady, affronted with his behaviour, called her husband, and now came the tug of war—he, with a vigorous tenacity, keeping the window down, they, with a pertinacious obstinacy, endeavouring to raise it up, and at last succeeding—the frenzied old gentleman, in the conflict of his passions, sparing neither age nor sex, aimed a furious blow with his arm round the partition, in the earnest hope of encountering the

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visages of his enemies, but failing in the attempt, he retired from the field in despair. So much for lodgings.

York Minster, you have doubtless heard, is one of the grandest Cathedrals in England, and admirably adapted for sound—it is of itself an ample recompense for the fatigue of a journey from London; and though now very much disfigured by the erection of scaffolds and other carpenter's work, yet quite sufficient of it remains untouched to justify this character. The performance will not take place in the choir of the cathedral, on account of the vast number of performers and the great concourse of auditors; but the keys of the organ are, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, brought out from the back of the instrument to the front of the orchestra. I heard the last voluntary yesterday (Sunday) morning at the Minster, and was delighted with the tone of the organ, though I cannot say so much for the performer, Mr. Camidge; he uses too many of the squalling high notes of the instrument, without a sufficient supply of bass, or even of the tenor part. In the afternoon I heard a very bad anthem by Travers, a very unusual thing from this really excellent composer; but this was, however, one of his least happy efforts, one of the principal features in it being an old hacknied phrase from Handel's Hailstone Chorus. Dr. Camidge was at the organ, and his playing is still more unchurchified than his father's; one would think he had been a pupil of Mr. Atwood's, who plays an introduction to an anthem in the style of an overture to a melo-drame. I expect some Sunday to hear the Carillons introduced at St. Paul's. The diapason movements with which the doctor favoured us, were too theatrical and light to be in keeping with the solemnity of a cathedral; and you know I am something spoiled for this sort of playing by constantly hearing those two excellent graspers of the church chords, Wesley and Novello. Dr. Camidge's performance on the organ is full, but not smooth; he seems a perfect master of the mechanical difficulties without an atom of genius, and, moreover, is not much troubled with that oppressive quality, modesty; but this is in common with all other country professors, who are the most conceited and opiniated personages on the face of the earth. The singing of the Cathedral choir is as bad in effect as it is full of pretension; there was a counter-tenor singer hooting yesterday afternoon until I was nearly distracted; and the whole of them deserve mention for their ingenuity in keeping half a note too flat throughout the performance of the anthem. You will be much disgusted when I inform you of the gross omissions of some of Handel's most admirable chorusses, and the choice of inferior ones, which I find, on looking over the different selections for the Music Meeting. The committee of management must have confided the important business of choosing the pieces for performance to people who were totally incompetent to the task, or who, at least, had a very strange taste

in music. Perhaps the great Mr. Crosse of Hull, who wishes to be thought a connoisseur by meddling in musical affairs, (in which he only exposes his ignorance,) had some hand in the selection. Among the pieces from the Oratorio of Samson, these wisacres have omitted the beautiful chorus, "Then round about the starry throne." In the Judas Maccabeus they have still more unpardonably omitted that masterly composition, "Hear us O Lord, to thee we call;" and also, "We never will bow down," with the glorious fugue, "We worship God alone." These chorusses, from their solidity and grandeur, are best calculated to produce an effect in the Cathedral, and I am much grieved to find others substituted for them which are comparatively common-place. As every point is carried here, as in other musical societies, by the intrigue and stratagem of a few busy individuals, I have no doubt that there was some design in the omission of these chorusses; but it is rather unfortunate, that the public should suffer their loss, just at the time when so fine an opportunity occurred of doing them justice. You will hardly believe, that all piano-forte concerto players are most studiously kept from the York concerts, in order that Dr. Camidge and Mr. Philip Knapton, who are both of this class of performers, may not be outshone by any London stars. This may be very well for Dr. Camidge and Mr. Philip Knapton, but totally unworthy of the county of York. As the concerts will form no part of the attraction of the Festival, consisting chiefly of pieces which we have heard repeatedly performed at the Philharmonic Concert in London in the very best manner, I shall not weary you with a long account of them, but you may depend upon receiving one as accurately as I can furnish it after each day's performance in the Minster.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.—The performances in the Minster have commenced this morning, and my brain is so confused with the remembrance of delightful musical effects, and the gay and splendid appearance of the company assembled at the Cathedral, that I find it by no means an easy task to arrange my information in a proper and consistent manner. Since the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, there has been nothing heard in the way of sacred music which approaches the grandeur and sublimity of this Music Meeting. As soon as the Cathedral was filled, which was at an early hour, (and, thanks to the excellent management of the Committee, the access to it was most convenient and delightful,) the appearance of so many elegantly dressed women, the magnificent orchestra, the tasteful decorations of the galleries, and above all the divine building itself, with the sun shedding its light through the windows of stained glass, presented a coup d'œil which defies description, but may easily be imagined by any one who has witnessed the splendour of a coronation.

To those who dote on antiquities, York Minster must be an everlasting source of delight—every foot of it is connected with some legend or fine association. The tombs of the old abbots, the bishops recumbent, the quaint figures which are dispersed here and there, the grand effect of the arches, and the religious solemnity of the whole, is in perfect keeping with the fine church music which I have heard to-day. With these feelings, you must not be surprised if my enthusiasm overturn the coolness and sobriety with which a critic should notice matters of such weighty importance. But though I have been far from receiving unalloyed pleasure to-day, some of the chorusses have given me such heartfelt delight, that I feel strongly inclined to spend the whole of this letter in praising them. But to my task. The music opened this morning with the "Gloria Patri," from Handel's Jubilate, composed for the Peace of Utrecht. The directors of the concert have very injudiciously omitted the few bars of introductory symphony which begins piano, in order that the crash of the whole instrumental and vocal band might be heard at once. This is the chorus which is performed at the anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Pauls: it was admirably sung, and the grand double fugue, "As it was in the Beginning," quite overpowering. The chorus-singers were very effective and well drilled in their parts, the basses particularly good; the whole of them sang well in tune, and led off the points with decision. Dr. Boyce's charming duet, "Here shall soft Charity repair," was done ample justice to by Messrs. Vaughan and Phillips; the accompaniments to this are full of the elegance and refinement of the Italian school. This was followed by the chorus, "See the proud Chief," of Handel, one of his most glorious pieces of musical painting. The dignified and pompous nature of the movement, and the repetition of the first word at intervals, keep the imagination in a state of suspense and excitation. The trombones had here a most mellow effect from the size of the building, and the pedal point at the end of the chorus was grand. The next was an air by Miss Travis, from a *service* by Mozart, (as announced in the bills, in order to qualify good Catholic music for bad orthodox ears,) in reality, the Agnus Dei of Mozart's Mass, No. 1. It was totally spoilt from being played in allegretto time, at least three times as fast as the sentiment and character of the music require it. But these mistakes are by no means unfrequent in orchestras: Mr. Greateorex is not well acquainted with the style or time of modern music; but whether he were to blame or not in this instance I shall not pretend to determine. Miss Travis has a sweet voice and style of singing. A recitative and air for Mr. Sapio, from the Oratorio of Joshua, was omitted. The next chorus, "Behold the listening Sun," was effective, but some chords upon the organ staccato were bad; the expression of the words, "Breathless they pant, they yield, they fall, they die," with the subsiding of the whole band to pianissimo, was

admirable. [In this place, the arrival of the Duke of Brunswick interrupted the performance for some minutes.] A motet of Mozart followed: in the first chorus the time was unsteady for want of sufficient rehearsal. Mr. Vaughan sang a tenor solo, in which the modern effects of the orchestra in the accompaniments came out to great advantage. The last chorus is perhaps as highly wrought a production as ever fell from the pen of man; the original words are, "Pignus futura," and it is adapted from the litany of this composer. "O had I Jubal's Lyre," sung by Miss Farrar, was the next in succession. A very disagreeable song, much too high for the compass of this lady's voice, which is not a very pleasant one: she jerks out her tones, and makes theatrical cadenzas, which are out of place in a cathedral; but this is a fault which almost all the singers at the Minster commit. Purcell's grand anthem, "O give Thanks," was badly introduced on the diapasons of the organ by Dr. Camidge, who, I think, discovers no feeling for the solid effects of church music. Miss Travis and Miss Goodall, Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Sapio, Terrail, Phillips, and Bellamy, sang the solo parts. The doctor, however, accompanied the verse, "Remember me, O Lord," very well. This composition is beyond praise. Miss Stephens sang "Pious Orgies," but not well. The act concluded with the last chorus in the Dettingen Te Deum, which is always a treat.

The second part commenced with Handel's first Grand Concerto. The fugue is very melodious and full of nice sequences. Signor Dragonetti always took care to inform me when the basses came in: he has been the salvation of many of the pieces which were wavering and uncertain in the time. Braham sang the recitative, and "Total Eclipse;" but his voice was flat and his cadence vulgar. A recitative and air by Miss Wilkinson is not worth notice. The chorus followed, "Fixed in his everlasting Seat." Recitative, Mr. Vaughan, and air, "Why does the God of Israel sleep," is a very uninteresting composition, but seems to be a favourite with the singer, if singing it at a great many concerts be a test. The chorus, "Then shall they know," was a terrible botch: the singers were all abroad but contrived to end together. The recitative, "Heaven, what noise!" was appropriate for Mr. Bellamy: it was indeed "horribly loud." Mr. B. is a wretched singer, without either voice or taste. The chorus of Philistines, "Hear us, O Lord," is admirably expressed, and was very well sung. Miss Stephens sang, "Let the bright Seraphim," very delightfully, and Harper's trumpet accompaniment was delicious.

For the third act there was an anthem by Dr. Camidge; recitative and air, Madame Caradori, from "Il Sacrificio d'Abram," by Cimarosa; national hymn of Haydn, adapted to some canting and methodistical words by John Crosse, Esq. F.S.A., A.S.S., &c. &c. of Hull; air, Mr. Sapio, "O Liberty," (violoncello obligato, Mr. Lindley); chorus, Hämmel, "Hark! the Grave," &c.; recitative and air, Miss Stephens, "If guilt-

less blood," Handel; selection from a mass of Beethoven; song by Miss Goodall from Bochs's Deluge, which I wish had been washed away at that memorable event; and selection from Beethoven's Mount of Olives.

As all these pieces deserve separate mention, I shall give you an account of their performances as briefly as possible. Dr. Camidge's composition, though by courtesy called an anthem, was full of the most florid and undignified accompaniments, quite modern and not at all expressing the feeling of the words. The first words, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts," &c. instead of being set as chorus, which the words seem to require, was set as a verse for six voices, and performed *sotto voce*. A quartetto, by Miss Travis, Knyvett, Vaughan, and Belamy, was the best part of the composition. You will feel with me the absurdity of introducing the works of such composers as Dr. Camidge and Bochs, when we have so many standard and classical compositions. I am unable to guess what Bochs does here, unless it be with his tinkling harp to play duets with Mr. Nicholson on the flute, and to ravish the young ladies with their united clanking and tootling. Madame Caradori's *Scena* was divinely sung—her beautiful voice made its way through the Minster more easily than that of any other. The music of *Cimarosa* was in parts full of passion and deep feeling, and though occasionally theatrical, was a fine specimen of writing. Haydn's beautiful Hymn to the Emperor was out of place here. Of Lindley's accompaniment to Mr. Sapio's song, I cannot speak in sufficient praise: his taste and elegance, his fine tone and delightful feeling, go directly to the heart. Hümmel's chorus was fine music, but to which justice was not done in the performance, as was the case with Beethoven's compositions. Miss Stephen's charmed every one with her song, "If guiltless blood," and particularly with the last movement, "And if to fate my days must run." This is a movement in Handel's most delightful manner: the truly pious resignation is most admirably expressed. The chorusses of Handel have been by far the most effective part of this day's performance. The absence of Madame Ronzi de Begnis has very much disappointed the people of York, but I think her loss at the Cathedral is not at all a matter of regret. This lady's forte is in opera music, and her singing in that style is not to be excelled. Madame Caradori and Miss Stephens are the best of the female singers here, and Vaughan and Phillips among the male. I had almost forgotten to inform you that we have had a furious protest from a Quaker of this city against the Music Meeting, and some dissenters in London have been so officious as to send a large pamphlet for the same purpose.

Wednesday, Sept. 14th.—The Messiah has attracted an unusual assemblage of persons at the cathedral to-day—indeed, York has not been so crowded for a long time as upon this occasion. The inha-

bitants of all the surrounding towns and villages began to arrive here at daybreak, and long before the opening of the doors they were thronged by an impatient multitude. This Oratorio is a great favourite of the country people, who, by their perseverance and robustious exertions, possessed themselves in the most remorseless manner of all the good seats, to the great mortification of the Londoners. The Archbishop, who was absent from the first performance on account of the Earl of Carlisle's death, honoured us with his presence to-day. He is a nice-looking old gentleman, so much like our old favourite Munden, of Drury-lane Theatre, that if it were not a sort of profanation to speak thus of a dignitary of the church, you would swear he had stolen one of his wigs. He is like him besides in an arch and roguish expression of face, which is partly suppressed, from the gravity of his office and character. The Dean is a pallid, studious looking man, of a much greater benignity of manners than his brethren of this stamp are famed for. The whole of the Oratorio of to-day was performed beautifully—the singers, both solo and chorus, exerted themselves to the utmost. Vaughan's recitative, "Comfort ye my People" was the finest piece of singing which was heard at the Minster to-day, he conceived the words admirably, and his voice, when not forced, is perfectly beautiful. Madame Caradori retired without singing the second part of "He shall feed his Flock," which was appropriated to her in the bills;—it is said that some offence was the cause of her leaving so suddenly; but this is hardly fair or respectful to the public, who have hired her to sing for their amusement. Mr. W. Kayvett sung, "He was despised," with real pathos and feeling, but his voice is hardly of sufficient power for this building. Our old favourite Miss Stephens, has, I think, been labouring under a little nervous agitation; for these two days she has sung rather too sharp—her style is, however, as beautiful as ever. Miss Travis is a most unpretending and delightful singer; her performance of the songs in the Messiah must always please as long as a sound musical taste exists. Mademoiselle Garcia fails in this style of music, and I do not think it right to employ her to sing it, as it requires peculiar study. Phillips and Braham sang very well to-day, and the last-mentioned in particular, exerted himself to the utmost, and actually sang with good taste. You are aware, of course, that Mozart has put additional accompaniments to the Messiah, and it is not at all to the credit of Greateorex's taste that he does not, on all occasions, encourage the performance of them. If it be urged that in one or two cases the accompaniments are not in keeping with the solidity of the composition, these little defects are so admirably compensated by the many rich effects of the wind instruments, that the objection is easily overruled. They were, however, performed to one song, "O thou that tellest," and the effect of them was truly divine;—in this instance

Mozart has created the song afresh without impairing its original character, and has loaded it with beauties. I missed the holding notes of the wind-instruments, particularly in the chorus, "Surely he hath borne our Griefs;"—by the way, Dr. Camidge is quite unfit for his seat at the organ—he has a most delightful instrument, but he does not know when to throw in the effects: he suffers all the opportunities of cramming in a good chord to go by, and uses it when not wanted. In the introduction of the overture, Handel doubtless intended the harmonies to be sustained on an organ, but the band of stringed instruments were left to go through it by themselves. This is not like a good musician. Dragonetti's playing in the fugue of the overture is a fine specimen of the way in which this grand artist conceives the meaning of his author. Every stroke of his bow told, and he articulated the passages in a way in which no one can pretend to approach him. Lindley also deserves mention for his accompaniment of the recitatives. I must not forget to tell you that a poor blind man, who sat near me, to-day, waving his hand with some considerable force, in a fit of enthusiasm at one of the chorusses, struck a lady on the crown of her bonnet, which he completely knocked in, and otherwise damaged her pericranium—the astonishment of the woman at the unexpected attack, and the mortification and confusion of her assailant was a subject for Hogarth.

The Concert-room, which is a fine new building, opened last night, and was attended by a splendid company, who chattered incessantly during the performance of one of Beethoven's finest symphonies, that in D. Mori led the concert, and played a concerto of Mayseder's with the old subject of the "Plough Boy" introduced. There was a great deal of noise in the room, and it was not likely that with such an audience he would take much pains; his playing was consequently not quite so refined as usual—but yet admirable. Lindley accompanied Braham in the celebrated Cantata of Alexis, which was most unreasonably encored, but in this the audience were deservedly disappointed, owing to the obstinacy of the old violoncello player, who refused to gratify them. These concerts are of a most ridiculous length, and of great expense, each ticket being 15s.; the receipts of the balls and concerts are to defray the cost of the erection of the building. Nothing else occurred worth notice, except that Mr. Crosse, of Hull, in handing one of the singers to her place, from an unfortunate slip of his foot, came down on his face, to the mirth of the whole room.

Thursday, Sept. 15.—Of this music it may truly be said, that "appetite doth grow with that it feeds on." This is the only place for a real cormorant and devourer of suspensions and church effects, to glut an unbounded and insatiable craving. Although the selection from the Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus of Handel was far from happy, and that from Haydn's Creation not very effective, (on account of the

immense size of the building, and the delicacy with which the accompaniments were played rendering them inaudible,) yet there has been a sufficient supply of good music to render this day a very delightful one. The crowd has been greater than either of the preceding days, and some females were very much hurt in the rush, which took place at the opening of the doors. I do not wonder at the objection which some of the Deans of York have raised to a musical performance in the cathedral, for the confusion which has prevailed for the last two days is seldom exceeded in a theatre during the attraction of a favourite performer. Even women lose all sense of the natural delicacy and decency of their sex, and struggle for precedence in a manner truly disgusting. The music commenced with the overture to *Saul*, which was well performed. "Mourn ye afflicted Children," the first chorus in *Judas Maccabeus* was very badly performed, and the chorus singers were much out of tune, a fault from which I must say they have as yet been free. The duet "From this dread Scene," sung by Miss Goodall and Miss Travis, is a charming composition, and the former of these ladies in particular is so much improved, that I can hardly recognise her as the same person I have heard in London with so little pleasure. Braham has been undoing all that he had done for his reputation yesterday; in the opinion of sound musical judges, vulgarity and bad taste were the predominant qualities of his singing to-day. I do not much wonder from the hum of suppressed approbation which followed his song of "Sound an Alarm," and from knowing how dear applause is to a singer, that he consents to pander to the depraved taste of the multitude, and forfeit his own character as a musician. He ought to have retired from the profession long ago; he is now too old to sing any thing without effort; his powers are exhausted; he screams and raves it is true, but he produces no tone, and we are too much annoyed with his performances even to laugh at them. Mr. Vaughan has hitherto completely carried away the palm from all the singers who have been at this festival. I shall never forget his manner of singing the introductory Recitative to the *Messiah*, "Comfort ye my People:"—it was finely conceived. His voice, when not forced, is a volume of pure tone, and he resorts to none of the little tricks and artifices to produce effect which performers who are less conscious of talent are obliged to adopt. You would have been delighted with him. The songs which have been selected from the *Judas Maccabeus* are for the most part some of Handel's worst compositions, so tedious, so threadbare of ideas, and so unmelodious, that they are wearisome to the last degree. I must, however, except a lovely song, "Wise Men flattering," which Miss Stephens sang divinely. The chorusses have not altogether gone off with that spirit for which they have hitherto been distinguished. Those which produced the best effect were "Fallen is the foe," and "Zion now her head shall raise." In the

piano part of the former, the effect produced by the repetition of the word "fallen," was particularly fine, and the organ was well introduced; the latter is altogether one of the most triumphant and extatic compositions of its great author;—towards the conclusion I could not help noticing a most exquisite seventh which the tenors are made to sustain—this is a piece of great genius, and renders the cadence the most satisfactory imaginable. The trio and chorus "Disdainful of danger" had a beautiful effect, and this finishes the list of Handel's compositions which I heard with any pleasure to-day. The second and third parts of the music were from Haydn's Creation. Mr. Phillips has not sung so well to-day as usual; not that he has been guilty of any bad taste, (after the manner of Mr. Braham,) but that his low notes have not been well in tune; in speaking recitative he should not imitate Bellamy, who is a most indistinct and artificial performer in this particular. It is always a matter of regret when a good singer takes for a model one infinitely his inferior in every requisite. If Mr. Phillips would cultivate a more distinct articulation of the words of his songs he would produce a much better effect. I have this morning had an opportunity of comparing the ancient and modern styles of church music, and full justice has been done to the latter, (for the chorusses in the Creation have been well studied since the last Festival,) and I am more and more convinced that no composer can vie with Handel in the oratorio style; his unadorned simplicity and poetical feeling of his subject, affect me infinitely more than all the ingenuity of accompaniment and flowing elegance of Haydn. In my opinion, the feeling of Haydn's Creation (with the exception of the description of Chaos, &c.) is not of a profound nature, nor is it of the legitimate church style, the motives of the airs, the subjects of the chorusses, and, above all, the accompaniments, are of too light a description to accord with the gravity of this kind of music, and yet it is a most glorious production, although I question its title to be called Oratorio. In speaking thus of the Creation, you must not for an instant suppose that I undervalue the genius of its great composer; let the inventor of the symphony and quartetto, and the father of modern orchestral efforts, be always mentioned with veneration and enthusiasm; it is very little injury to the fame of Haydn to be second in one style only. It may appear trite, and almost ridiculous at this time of day, to be writing the praises of Handel, but I will defy any one who is well read in music to cease wondering at the happy invention which he has displayed in some of his chorusses, particularly those in which three or four subjects are employed, each subject admirably expressing some sentiment, and then the whole working together in fugue with the greatest freedom. It requires a musician to appreciate the difficulty of choosing musical phrases which have so many duties to perform. Handel is the Michael Angelo of musicians,

with infinite grace and tenderness in addition to the grandeur of his conceptions. He has none of the effects of light and shade with which more barren composers contrive to excite attention to their works—but keeps up the interest of his chorusses purely by fine expression of the words, fine counterpoint, and fine modulation. May the memory of Handel and Purcell (to whom also all this will apply) be always cherished with affection by all true lovers of music to the end of time, as the greatest poets in their art, that the world has produced. If Handel could have been present during the performance of some of his chorusses at the York festival, to hear his magnificent ideas so well expressed, he would have received a pleasure to which, during his life he must have been a stranger, his Oratorios being generally performed in a theatre, and consequently with a feeble and impoverished effect, compared with that produced in this glorious building.

There is some talk here of altering the situation of the orchestra for the next Music Meeting; it is at present placed immediately under the great tower of the cathedral, and the general effect of the band is much deteriorated in consequence; the violins and smaller wind-instruments made no way into the body of the building, the greater part of the sound ascended into the lantern which was over the heads of the musicians; the basses came out well, as did also the horns, bassoons, and trombones. The organ also is unfortunately situated at the back of the orchestra, and with a false front for the sake of appearance, that it could not make its way through so many wooden obstacles, and the tone seemed stifled. The place proposed for the orchestra on a future occasion is immediately opposite to its present situation; it will merely exchange with the ladies and gentlemen who occupy the guinea seats. This will be a great improvement, although the beautiful organ must be sacrificed to it.

The most finished piece of singing which I have heard to-day was the air, "With Verdure clad," from the Creation, by Madame Caradori; this was an exquisite performance, and made amends for a very tiresome and common-place air which she had to sing in the first part, from the Judas Maccabeus, "So shall the Lute and Harp awake." Miss Wilkinson has not increased her reputation to-day, and Miss Farrar has luckily had nothing to do. The Concert yesterday evening was led by Keisewetter, who, I am sorry to say, appears in indifferent health: the room was crowded to excess, and the heat tremendous. The most interesting features of the performance were the grand symphony (Jupiter) and "Placido il Mar," from the opera of Idomeneo, by Mozart; a concerto on the violoncello, by Lindley, and a delightful madrigal by Linley, (not the violoncello player,) "Let me careless," sung by Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, Phillips, and Bellamy. Keisewetter led the Concert admirably; in Mozart's symphony the pianos and fortes were well attended to; and the im-

mortal Adagio movement, which is generally spoilt at the Philharmonic Concerts in London, from being played too fast, had here its proper effect. Lindley's Concerto was not played in so delightful a manner as is customary with this charming performer; there was some defect in his instrument, or in the formation of the room, which prevented the tone of his violoncello from making its way. Among the nuisances of last evening, one of the principal was Mr. Bochsa; it is really too much that the audience should be condemned to hear a military concerto, or something equally wretched, every evening of the Concerts;—and then how heart-breaking to think how much the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music must lose by the absence of their amiable instructor—how Dr. Crotch must be puzzled to explain the chords—and how much at a loss for want of one of Bochsa's military concertos to illustrate his lessons in harmony. Really this grave professor and his harp overcome the patience of those who do not pretend to depth in the science of music. Lord Burghersh, Mr. Bochsa, J. W. Wade, Esq. and Mr. Hawes, are four very great musicians in their way, and their compositions have this remarkably satisfactory quality, that when you have once heard one of them it will last you your whole life. As for Mr. Braham, he is an old man and hardened in his vicious style of singing, and therefore you will not be surprised when I tell you that in an echo duet, which he sang with Miss Stephens, he was the laughing-stock of the whole orchestra; but he is insensible to ridicule, or he would have reformed long ago. I have no objection to his giving way to his taste for flourishes, &c. in the concert-room, and especially when he sings his own compositions, which it is impossible to spoil; but in the cathedral, with compositions which are not so well fortified from injury from injudicious singing, it becomes one at least to remonstrate against a style of performance which would almost disgrace Duke's Place. A standing toast for certain persons in the musical profession should be, "Success to ignorance and pretension."

Friday, Sept. 16.—The last morning's performance has taken place, and I advise all those who wish to hear Handel's chorusses as they were intended by the composer, to take their places in the coach, and secure their lodgings at York for the next Festival. I have heard several professors, who have travelled on the Continent, affirm, that this Music-Meeting infinitely surpasses any thing of the kind which is known there. The confusion at the doors of the cathedral was not so great this morning as it has been for the two preceding, yet several people have had their ribs tolerably crushed: a poor woman was forced by the pressure of the crowd between two posts, and could not be extricated until the carpenters were brought to loosen them. The selection of to-day has been by far the best of the three, yet it was of an inordinate

length, lasting from twelve o'clock till near six. The company were evidently anxious to be preparing for the Fancy Ball, which divided the attraction with Handel. Two of the chorusses from the Dettingen Te Deum opened the performances of this morning. "We praise thee, O God," and "To thee Cherubim," &c. These magnificent compositions afforded me as much pleasure as any thing which has been performed here, and in the last particularly how truly inspired is the expression of the words, "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory." Miss Travis sang a very sweet song from Solomon, "What though I trace." The more I hear this lady, the more I am pleased with the simplicity of her style and sweet voice. A chorus of Handel followed, which is not very well known, "Let none despair;" it is upon a fine walking bass, and the voices burst in upon it with an expression of confidence truly admirable. In all these chorusses the words seem merely translated into a more beautiful language, the sentiment will remain as indelibly stamped in the musical notes as it can in the copy from which the composer set it. If I were to consult my own pleasure, I would pass over the solos as mere impertinences compared with the stupendous inventions in harmony which have been heard to-day. Mr. Phillips has not sung so well this morning as usual; his song, "Tears such as tender fathers shed," did not excite much attention. The Dead March in Saul, and part of Handel's Funeral Anthem, "When the ear heard him," were admirably performed. What a piece of simplicity and exquisite musical painting is the Dead March? It was heard with breathless attention, and is of itself a lasting proof that a few natural chords will touch the most profound and deep-seated feelings of humanity, when a succession of learned harmonies would have entirely failed. The selection from the Funeral Anthem was beyond all praise. The parts of the quartetto were doubled by the principal singers, who did justice to the composer's intention, and so far were entitled to praise. By the way, if people were more frequently to attend to the merits of a composition, than to the performance of singers, they would be much oftener pleased; the composer is generally lost sight of, and the whole attention directed to the manner in which Mr. or Miss displays his or her ignorance and vulgarity. The musician is a mere scape-goat, the singer every thing;—this is a most extraordinary abuse of what is right. In the days of Handel, if a singer gave offence in his presence, he used to take her by the waist, and throw her out of the window;—this was a laudable practice, and Greatorox should revive it. The Chorus, "He delivered the poor that cried," is upon quite a new model, full of pathos and beauty. A song by Miss Stephens, from Esther, followed, "Praise the Lord with cheerful noise," one of Handel's most ugly compositions, for he had a remarkable talent for the ugly at times. This song was chosen for the

purpose of introducing Dr. Crotch's amiable coadjutor, Mr. Bochsa, with his paltry harp; it was a most nauseous exhibition, and the cadenza, which was many minutes long, made one feel ashamed of one's species. A cadenza is generally an offence against good taste, but in a cathedral it is intolerable. Mr. Bochsa and Miss Stephens had evidently been planning their runs and imitations, and thought by such sickening stuff to captivate the multitude; but it is time that this gross charlatanry should be done away, and the profound theorist would have only have had his desert, if the Archbishop had dismissed him and his harp from the Minster. A grand chant by Pelham Humphries was performed to the "Venite exultemus," and "Jubilate Deo." This is in the true cathedral feeling, and is another instance of simplicity and grandeur. It was accompanied by the organ only, with the band breaking in at the "Gloria Patri." The effect of announcing the "Gloria Patri," with the bass of the great organ full, and the chords on the choir organ, is one of the best in cathedral playing. This chant was a great treat. Mr. Vaughan sang the air from *Athalie*, "Gentle Airs, melodious Strains," accompanied by Lindley on the violoncello. As the latter gentleman whenever he accompanies a song, prevents, by his beautiful performance, any attention being paid to the singer, I was disappointed that he did not exert himself so much as usual. Mr. Vaughan sang his song well; he is by far the most sterling performer in church-music of the present day, and combines all the requisites for his profession. Mr. Greatorex's arrangement of Croft's fine old Psalm tune, St. Matthew's, followed. This tune, though excellent of its kind, might, I think, as well have been spared, and an anthem by the same admirable composer have been judiciously substituted. Where so many facilities are afforded for the performance of works written upon a grand scale, it is a pity to throw them on one side for those which do not require so many advantages as are presented by this band and chorus. A motet of Haydn in D minor, introduced into the oratorio of *Judah* by W. Gardiner, Esq. was very fine music, but not well performed. W. Gardiner, Esq. is a gentleman who has many sins to answer for, and among the rest that he has adapted Haydn's Motet to words which are contradictory nonsense—read them, and judge for yourself:

The arm of the Lord is upon them,

By the edge of the sword they fell,

And the rolling thunder he cast on all;

Man against man he set them,

None can escape his fury;

The sword of the Lord devoureth them all.

The Lord he will have mercy,

In peace he keepeth Zion.

Mr. Gardiner should not sacrifice fine compositions for the sake of a little notoriety. Haydn's ghost will torment him if he persist in

spoiling his works. For his other offences I refer you to the "Sacred Music" of Mr. G., in which you will find compositions, originally written for six voices, compressed into four parts, thereby to the great injury of the author's intention; and also that Mr. G.'s name is placed to the bass solo in Purcell's anthem "O Give Thanks." Haydn has suffered almost as much from the writings of Mr. Crosse of Hull. Take a specimen of doggrel by this gentleman, adapted to Haydn's National Hymn. The third verse:

Thee with humble adoration

Laud we now for mercies past;

Still to this most favoured nation,

May those mercies ever last.

Britons then, through future story,

With their prayers shall praises sing—

Chorus.—Lord of life, and light, and glory,

Bless thy people, bless their king.

It must have been curious to observe Mr. Crosse's "eye in a fine frenzy rolling" when he composed this delectable stuff. Poor Haydn! Mr. Gardiner substitutes English nonsense for the Latin sense, and Mr. Crosse has not shown that Hull is a place very favourable to poetic inspiration. After this long digression I return to Handel with great pleasure. His admirable chorus of "The Dead shall live," concluded the first part of the selection. Handel is said to have stolen this from an Italian writer; if this be the case we may well say with Falstaff, "O for a fine thief." Mr. Braham's singing in Luther's Hymn was less offensive than in other compositions. This hymn is a charming tune, but it wants harmonizing afresh; it is susceptible of much better chords than those which are now used. The Hailstone Chorus was performed with great precision. The chorus, "He sent a thick darkness" was a dreadful botch: a darkness seemed to have come over the singers; some were singing a major ending, some a minor. This is the effect of an ignorance of harmony. The song of Mademoiselle Garcia, "Gratias agimus tibi," is not worth mention but for Wilman's admirable Clarionet obligato. The composition is glittering stuff, and the cadence as objectionable as that by Bochs and Miss Stephens. The song from Theodora, "Lord, to Thee each Night and Day," was a tiresome composition, and not sung in tune. Handel's double chorus, "The Horse and his Rider" concluded the act. It is worthy of remark, that this master of effect was well aware of the fine subjects he had in store for fugue in this chorus, and he therefore keeps the attention excited by repeated bursts of the short chorus, "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," interspered with recitative. Mr. Greatorox gave the time of this chorus too fast; and this is a great fault

which may be found with his conducting generally; otherwise, he deserves praise for the light and shade he has thrown into many of the chorusses. It is better that pieces of full harmony should be taken a thought too slow, than that they should be hurried.

The most interesting features of the third part were a fine chorus from *Joseph*, by Handel, "O God, who, in thy heavenly hand," and Mr. Braham's recitative, "Deeper and deeper still;" this was tolerably well sung, though I do not think that a constant trembling of the voice is at all pathetic. In "Waft her angels" he amused himself with a run not remarkable for paternal tenderness. The rest of the performance was gone through with effort; it was much too long, and the band and audience were completely tired out.

The Festival has been altogether the greatest musical gratification which has been experienced in England for many years. Handel, in his chorusses, has carried every thing before him; Haydn is a great writer of symphonies, and Mozart the greatest dramatic musician; but Handel is the oratorio writer. F. Cramer has led the band with his accustomed talent: it is by no means an easy task to keep so vast an orchestra together. The singers, who have taken the most extravagant sums of money for their performance at the Festival, have manifested the greatest indifference to the music, except to show off their respective powers. These gentry, who are perfect ignoramuses compared with such as Dragonetti, Lindley, &c., and whose musical education has not cost them one fiftieth part the trouble, are quite spoilt and overpaid by the public. A voice, and a few theatrical tricks, with a sufficient stock of assurance, will now make a public singer; but it is necessary to have great genius and perseverance to be such a performer as Dragonetti. Although the vocal performers appear before the public with such smiling faces and such amiable looks, their jealousy and hatred of one another is almost proverbial. Mr. Ayrton has, I have no doubt, parted many frays between the ladies at the Opera House; he has been a sort of upper constable there for many seasons, and knows what belongs to the jealousy of singers. I hope yet to see these people properly appreciated.

At the Concert last night Beethoven's symphony in C was performed; it was led by Loder, and I mention it, principally to inform you, that Keisewetter played the same concerto as Mori, and got a larger share of applause.

J. B. Cramer was in the room, and I much regretted that his fine head and fingers should remain unemployed.

S.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. X.

Paris, September 16, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Your immortal Shakspeare awakens the most varied emotions in the human heart, but he never touches that point of the ridiculous, whatever it is, which excites laughter, in an equal degree with Molière in his *Médecin Malgré Lui*. That is only a farce, cry the herd of Littérateurs. Call it what you will, that light production, that little comedy in three acts, shows a vigour of genius which none but the great master of satirical comedy ever possessed. Molière's object was to render physicians intensely ridiculous, to throw upon them an imputation of conduct almost amounting to crime; he wished to strike men of the gravest temper. The rock upon which he was likely to split, was the making the object of his satire odious, rather than ridiculous. As soon as a man begins to hate, he ceases to laugh. The image which Molière wished to place before the eyes of the Parisians of 1666, was that of a physician prescribing, at random, medicines which might occasion the death of his patients. A real physician acting in this way, must have been regarded with horror. Molière, therefore, takes a libertine of the lower class, a man of wit and gaiety, of somewhat the joyous temper of your Falstaff. He is reduced to poverty by his profligate conduct, and is tying faggots in a forest, when some people come, and force him, by dint of a cudgelling, to declare himself a physician; he consequently assumes the medical robe. Molière now represents him slaying his patients, without danger of exciting the indignation of any body, unless it be some puritanical, methodistical moralist, like J. J. Rousseau. This comedy keeps alive the most hearty laugh during the whole three acts, and the author has the dexterity to dismiss us with the impression that even regular physicians often prescribe for their patients at random, even under the most serious disorders. This is rather a long preface to what I have to tell you, but I am glad of an opportunity of pointing out one of the striking excellencies of Molière, to whom M. Schlegel and the English critics seem to me consummately unjust. They have neither delicacy of tact, nor gaiety of temper enough to be competent judges of his merits.

The fact is, liberty is fatal to comedy; from which truth you will, I doubt not, extract the consolatory suggestion, that it is in no very imminent danger of dissolution in France. Poor comedy is, indeed, attacked by a disease of a totally opposite character, and certainly less dangerous; I mean the censorship. A body of seven or eight very malicious men of letters, under the guidance of M. Lémontey,

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T

take upon themselves to prevent any writer from describing our present manners, by which means they earn two hundred and forty pounds a year, and the contempt of the public. The existence of this body has taught us to catch, and to laugh at the most remote allusions. The French were already distinguished for a great deal of this quickness of apprehension; for, among us, women are admitted into society, and men do not pass their evenings apart in grave discussions on the *profitable*. If a Frenchman any evening counts on his fingers the number of hours he has passed in society, he will find that more than half have been passed in talking to women. The effect of three hundred years of this kind of life is, that we are certainly the first people in the world for comedy, a distinction we are in the way to lose, since we are becoming mechanical and industrious like you English, and absorbed in steam-engines, canals, and rail-roads. You are indebted for all these lengthy reflections to a delightful comédie vaudeville by M. Ymbert, the author of the *Ci-devant Jeune Homme*. After M. Scribe he is the man who is most richly gifted with the power of making us laugh, by holding up the mirror to our present habits and manners. You must know, that in the oldest and in the newest nobility of France there are two families equally celebrated for the genius they have uniformly displayed in keeping their places, and floating in safety and success with every wind on that stream of events which has wrecked so many. The Count de Chabrol is prefect of Paris under the Bourbons, as he was under Napoleon; he has two brothers whom he has *pushed*, one of whom is now Minister of Marine. The three brothers are, happily for France, men of considerable merit, but they are natives of Auvergne. From Auvergne, also, M. Ymbert brings the family, whose strange fortunes he exhibits. The piece is called *Le Sous-chef*. To make this title intelligible to your readers, I must premise that the head clerk in a counting-house is called the *Chef*, the second clerk the *Sous-chef*, the inferior clerks *Commis*, and the lowest, the *Expéditionnaire*.

The part of *Sous-chef* is admirably acted by Pothier. This play, which the censorship allows us to see, treats of nothing higher than clerks' places in an office; but the public perfectly understand that the *Sous-chef*, Pothier represents no less a personage than a Minister, and that the places he disposed of in favour of his family were under secretariats of State, or higher offices in the Ministry. This is the reason that all the jokes in the *Sous-chef* are hailed with bursts of laughter, that it has already been acted nineteen nights, and that it will be acted a hundred, unless the police prevents it by some indirect means, as it did in the case of the *Cid* of Andalusia. I am more sorry than you can be that I am obliged to write so much at length to make you understand the charm of a little farce—but it is my duty to paint the society of Paris in its laughing mood. The scene represents the interior of one of the government offices. The Secretary-General,

in a full-dress suit of black, with silk stockings, and a huge shirt frill opens the piece. He praises the zeal of Gauthier, the *Sous-chef*. Gauthier is a man of no talents, but he is the first man in Paris for consuming paper, for writing endless letters, circulars, &c. with extreme rapidity; in a word, for turning off hand, in the shortest possible time, all those *niaiseries*, which in France pass under the name of *administration*. Gauthier usually passes the night in writing those unmeaning letters, compounded of ministerial common-places, which government dispatches into the provinces. Gauthier enters, the Secretary-General informs him that the Director (every body in the house understood this to mean the Prime Minister) had just given him orders to form a new office. The Director wishes the office to be organized and in action within four hours, at which time the offices are to undergo a general inspection. After some pantomime illustrative of the poverty, the wants and the habits of a poor devil of a *Sous-chef*, who has to maintain six persons out of a salary of a hundred and twenty pounds a year, the Secretary-General nominates Gauthier *Chéf* of the new office, with a salary of double that sum. Gauthier is commissioned to appoint the four clerks under him. He therefore wants a *Sous-chéf*, two *Commis*, and an *Expéditionnaire*. At this place, properly begins the satirical comedy, which struck me by its ingenuity, by its allusions to our powerful families, and by its resemblance to the *Médecin Malgré Lui*. At the moment that Gauthier has these places to fill, his sister comes to tell him that three of their brothers, and a cousin, peasants of Saint Fleur, in Auvergne, have just had all their property destroyed by a hail-storm. These four peasants come to the office to see their relation. They scarcely understand French, neither can they read nor write. They have travelled up to Paris to try to get work as messengers, water-carriers, &c. Gauthier's sister, (it was originally his mistress, but since the reign of the Jesuits we are become so rigid that the police would not allow this to stand,) Gauthier's sister then says to him: "Here, we have four relations come to Paris; you have four places to fill, give them to our friends from Auvergne." Here was a general burst of laughter. "But," replies Gauthier, "they can neither read nor write." "What does that signify, have not you the blank appointment on the table?" At length poor Gauthier gives way—this whole scene is spoiled—a sister would not have influence enough over a man to seduce him into the commission of so ridiculous an act; it could be only a mistress. Gauthier sends for four tables, at which he establishes his four Auvergnats. He places four thick blank account-books before them, and instructs them to turn over the leaves incessantly. "The more leaves you turn over, the better you will be paid," says the *Sous-chéf*. He then begins to turn over the leaves with a rapidity and a gravity which make one die of laughing. You will lose the point of this joke if I don't tell you, that when the under clerks in the offices happen to be doing

nothing, and the Chef comes in, their invariable resource is to turn over the leaves of the ledgers. Gauthier is obliged to go out, the Secretary-General enters, and is delighted with the rapidity with which the new Chef has organized his office. He sits down to dictate a letter. The *Commis* are under no embarrassment, for they have not the least idea what a letter is. Gauthier's sister, who is hidden in the closet where the money is kept, writes the letter, and while the Secretary-General turns his back, slips it on the desk of one of the Auvergnats, who has been all this time turning over leaves with the greatest gravity and assiduity. The Secretary-General thinks the letter capitally written, and on Gauthier's coming in, he says: "I have just been dictating a letter to your new clerks—(Gauthier is horrorstruck)—and I am very much pleased with them." This situation is very well worked out by M. Ymbert. Gauthier's affairs would now be in a prosperous train if he were not obliged to leave the office a second time. During this fatal absence the Secretary-General interrogates the rustic Sous-chef, who has been instructed by his brother to answer, "Yes, Sir," to whatever might be asked him. These "Yes Sirs" with which he answers all the Secretary-General's questions, in time, form the most exquisite nonsense and blunders. The Secretary-General grows angry. All goes on very well so long as he reproves the peasants in refined language: they do not understand a word he says; but when the violence of his anger and astonishment leads him to use some more energetic expressions, the Auvergnats comprehend his meaning but too well; they all rise up from their table at once and set about thrashing the Secretary-General. Gauthier returns to the office in a lucky moment for his principal. The enraged Secretary-General insists on inspecting the money-closet (*cuisse*.) Gauthier, who is an honest man, though rather too kind a relation, thinks himself secure from all danger on that score, when the Secretary-General comes out of the closet with a pretty girl, whom he finds there. A full confession becomes Gauthier's only resource, and by way of a fresh stroke of *favouritism* to conclude with, the Secretary-General promises to keep the four peasants in their places, if they will but learn to read and write.

Here you have a very tedious and cold analysis of one of the prettiest farces, which the censorship has allowed the inhabitants of Paris for a long while. You will feel better than I can explain, that to exhibit the incapacity of the four relations of the Sous-chef circumstantially, the author must have written a comedy in three acts at the least; and above all, must have gone into details, which the Censorship would never have suffered. The piece, as we are permitted to enjoy it, has been half cut away. He has therefore been compelled to set all criticism and probability at defiance, and to represent people, who cannot read or write, as obtaining a promise of clerk's places. Such a sort of play could not possibly exist at Philadelphia. In a country

where offences against decency had been the only things prohibited on the stage, M. Ymbert would have drawn a minister making his mistress's four cousins prefects and under secretaries of state, and their utter incapacity would have displayed itself in four different manners. Not a month has elapsed since the restoration, in which Paris has not been amused with hundreds of the most diverting anecdotes concerning the choice of the agents of government. The Director of the Grand Opéra for instance, was Directeur d'Hôpital* at Villers Cotterets. He was appointed to his new office three months ago by M. Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld, on account of the exemplary devotion which had prevented him from even setting foot in the Opera House; so that on the day of his installation, he was obliged to be shown the Salle de l'Opéra in Rue Lepelletier, and instructed how to enter it.

You remember the famous shipwreck of the Medusa, on the Coast of Africa. The government had given the command of that frigate to a nobleman, who had served snuff in a shop for twenty years. M. Corréard, surgeon of the Medusa, who was wrecked in her, made some attempt to represent the total incapacity of the captain, for which he was immediately dismissed the service. Thousands of anecdotes of this kind, which are universally current, are what give point to the extravagance of a scene in which four clerks, who cannot read, are exhibited for twenty minutes gravely turning over the leaves of four huge ledgers. I went to see the *Sous-chef* again last night, that I might satisfy myself of the correctness of my analysis. I perceived with pain, that the police has begun to hire people to hiss it; and I am very much afraid that it will soon be sent to keep company with the Cid of Andalusia. The bursts of laughter were incessant for a quarter of an hour. The Théâtre des Variétés is principally frequented by small tradesmen, yet there was not one of them who was not perfectly aware that the point of the satire was not directed against obscure clerks' places of a hundred and twenty pounds a year, but against places in the ministry, or good prefectships, at the least. I heard twenty clever and witty remarks around me. This is what we shall lose if ever France becomes a nation of steam, rail-roads, and clubs.

* As I get into scrapes with M. le petit neveu de Grimm, and what is worse, mislead his and my readers, by attempting to put into English, titles of office, to which neither title nor office does there exist any thing analogous in England, I shall, for the future, use his words. The matter of the clerks, it is hoped, is made clear. Not so the Secretary General—Secretary General, of what? Directeur d'Hôpital—is this inspector of one hospital? If so, the translation to the Grand Opera seems yet more wonderful. M. Grimm would clear up a variety of confused notions prevailing here, if he would give explanatory remarks, whenever he has occasion to speak of any of those numerous functionaries employed in France, to do a great deal of that part of the business of society which is here done by private individuals, or combinations of individuals. But perhaps this may approach too near the limits of *Steam*, of which he seems to entertain no less horror than of the vapour of the Styx.—T.

In a word, one cannot spend one's substance in two contrary ways. If ever we learn to listen with attention to the sermons of some Irving, we shall lose the *finesse* and the gaiety which are required to laugh at the delightful sketches of M. Ymbert and M. Scribe.

Sigismond de Bourgoyne, a tragedy, by M. Viennet, has been received at the Théâtre Français with unanimous yawns which rendered it impossible to hiss. This unhappy tragedy unites in itself flat imitations of eight or nine of Voltaire's and Racine's tragedies. We are presented with the children of Clovis, who utter the sentiments common to all well educated young princes, such as the Hippolite of Racine, or the Vendôme of Voltaire. There is a husband who advises his wife to marry, after his death, a man who is paying his court to her. These things are either sublime or ridiculous, and M. Viennet is not sublime. The melancholy part of the story is, that M. Viennet has written fourteen tragedies of the same pitch, seven of which have already been accepted at the Théâtre Français. If M. Viennet could but obtain from heaven the gift of intense sensibility, or of a really superior intellect, he would write good tragedies, for he writes well, his style is simple, natural—in a word, purely French; the contrary of the style of Messrs. Ancelot and Soumet. M. Viennet writes epistles, which often come up to the ease of Voltaire, and would be popular in the highest degree if they were but equally distinguished for wit. The public has an insatiable appetite for satires. A satire of four pages might easily be printed in England and imported into France; yet nothing of the sort appears. There cannot be a stronger proof that poetical genius is extinct in France. Two hundred lines, written in the manner of Boileau, and describing the prevailing absurdities of society—whether directed against duchesses or bankers, would establish an author's reputation—nobody doubts this, yet nobody appears in the field.

An attempt has been made this month to get up a reputation for a M. Méry, of Marseilles, who has written a satire against M. de Villèle. It is like M. Viennet's epistles. It is written with the best intention in the world; it is correct, learned; but when you have finished it, you feel no desire to read it again, and in an hour you have forgotten it. M. Andrieux has published the epistle we thought so delightful at the sitting of the French Academy last June. Alas! *Utinam fuisset vir!* There is all the facility, all the easy flow of Voltaire, but we look in vain for those thoughts, sparkling with wit, which make us return twenty times to the *Pauvre Diable*, or the *Russe à Paris*, or *Les Systèmes*, or *Le Tac-tique*. Messrs. Viennet, Méry, and Andrieux are all Liberals. I am a Liberal too, and I should be delighted to praise men of my own party. If M. Lemercier could write like M. Viennet, we should have a great poet. M. Lemercier cannot put his vigorous thoughts into French; M. Viennet does not know what thoughts to clothe with his beautiful verse. I speak now of his epistles; as for his fourteen tra-

gedies, I hold them to be mortally tiresome. The genius of the drama has fled to the Gymnase and to the Variétés, and if one has a mind to be amused, one must look on the bill for the names of Scribe or Ymbert. M. Théaulon, the author of the *Bénéficiaire* and of *Julien, ou Vingt-cinq ans d'entr'acte*, deserves to be named with those gentlemen. As for all the *old reputations*, Messrs. Duval, Etienne, Arnaut, Jouy, Raynouard, Lemerrier, &c. they were very good in Napoleon's time; but the present generation will have nothing to say to them. This does not at all imply that those gentlemen have not an infinity of wit and talent, only they are grown obsolete in their life-time, just as the Abbé Delille is grown obsolete since his death. I would rather, without doubt, have written a fine tragedy than *Le plus beau jour de ma vie*; but no tragedy that has been acted in our time comes up to the merit of that Comédie Vaudeville in its kind. Perhaps a considerable part of the merit of *Le plus beau jour de ma vie*, and of *Le Charlatanisme*, will be lost in fifteen years hence. I recollect, that in 1810 *Monsieur Beauvais*, a vaudeville of M. Jouy's, which now seems to us so flat, was thought delicious. It is very certain that one cannot go to see these little pieces, which are mere sketches, above three times. M. Lemerrier's comedy of *Pinto* will be acted a hundred nights running under Louis XIX. or Henry V.

If all the dramatic writers of twenty years since appear insipid, all our old historians, on the other hand, shrink before Messrs. Thierry, de Barante, and Mignet. M. de Saint Palaye, who treats of chivalry and old times, is puerile and ridiculous, compared to M. Guizot. M. Guizot is however accused of having frequently translated a German writer, named Savigny, while he has contented himself with quoting him, as if he only occasionally borrowed a few sentences.

I reproach myself that I have not sooner mentioned to you the excellent edition of Froissart, published by M. Buchon, which even the possessors of the former editions would find it worth their while to buy. The agreeable Froissart, who has a great deal of the genius of Ariosto, relates quite as much of the affairs of England as those of France.

The literature of this month is very poor, my dear friend. All the aristocracy who buy books, are dispersed to a distance of forty leagues around Paris in every direction. The *Charlatanisme* of the papers is such that nobody but the poor provincials buy books in consequence of their having been praised by the *Débats* and the *Constitutionnel*. For the last two or three years, nobody has bought a book till he could find some of his acquaintance who could say, "I have read it." When such a man is found, whether he be sincere or not, one can easily discover, by four or five questions, whether the book is at all interesting. A great many books are in preparation against the return of the fashionable world at the end of November. The *litterateurs* of the Academy, the people of the old school, whom the young men laugh at, have great expect-

tations of Philippe Auguste, an epic poem in the manner of the *Henriade*, by a M. Parceval de Grandmaison, who is totally unknown as a writer. I am told that he is a member of the French Academy, and that he has already published a book called *Amours Épiques*, a translation into French verse of the Loves of Dido, of Eve, of Armida, &c. It seems that all these loves have not been very successful. Our poor Alexandrine verse can express nothing with brevity and distinctness. There is much more love in M. de Chateaubriant's *Réné*, or in his *Rencontre à Grénade*, (unpublished,) than in all the verse published for the last twenty years. Strange! that to paint love, the most poetical of all passions, the French must have recourse to prose!

Did you ever read *Adolphe*, a novel of M. Benjamin Constant's? He has just published another edition of it. *Adolphe* is a man of brilliant talents, and of no vigour or firmness of character; he has, therefore, precisely the qualities which fit him to please French society. He is connected with a woman whom he has had the weakness to run away with. The whole novel is only a declaration of hate. *Adolphe* tries to make this poor creature understand that he no longer loves her, and that they must part. There is a great deal of affectation in the book, but after all *it says something*, well or ill, which distinguishes it from most modern books. It is said in society, that M. B. Constant has painted himself. In his youth he was celebrated for his bravery and his talents: he is indeed so remarkable for acuteness and vivacity of intellect, that he sees reasons for every line of conduct that can possibly be pursued. This sort of infirmity is very common in France. As vanity has superseded all other passions, the shame is not to change one's opinion, but not to be able to defend any opinion one may have adopted, by witty and brilliant sallies, which may silence your adversary, and above all amuse the whole circle around you in the drawing-room. I cannot here refrain from adding, that the conduct of M. B. Constant in 1815, with respect to Napoleon, seems to me perfectly free from blame. As this extremely clever man is poor, people of the higher classes, who are rich, censured him with consummate injustice for accepting a place of a thousand a-year from Napoleon. These very same people, it is true, crowd to the parties of Madame du Cayla, who accepted an infamous and disgusting place; but then it was worth forty thousand a-year. These, however, are the people whose literary opinions and judgments I must record for your information. Sometimes my contempt for the judges makes me despise their sentences; but this will not do. An attempt has lately been made to puff a novel, called *Charles*, an imitation of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, and of Madame de Staël's *Delphine*. The author tries to paint the intensity in passion, but he does not rise above the moderate. He has never felt deeply enough; he has never felt that all the goods, all the

enjoyments of life, were nothing compared to his mistress. He expresses too much surprise at those little preferences, which are things of course to a real lover, so deeply, so constantly has he felt them. If the author had been a man of acute sensibility, he would have been pardoned every thing, even his ignorance of the language. Instead of seeking in Pascal, Rousseau, Montesquieu, &c. for the form of expression established in the French language, to express such a shade of sentiment, the author of *Charles* invents a word or a trope. This is the constant practice of our young authors. It is true that we can guess what they mean when they indulge their vanity in the pleasure of creating a word, but we do not clearly perceive the extent of their thought; and without clearness there can no more be good French than good painting of the passions. We are not Germans—the more difficult and obscure a subject is, the more clearness we demand in the expression of it. What renders Voltaire the representative of French literature is his clearness. This also is the reason that although his works are twice as voluminous as those of Rousseau, they are sold much more rapidly.

This imperative necessity for clearness has just received an illustrious victim. M. Cousin, who, next to General Foy has the greatest power of moving an audience of young men—M. Cousin, whom we all love on account of his recent imprisonment at Berlin, has just republished *Des Cartes*. We should have been exceedingly glad to procure the greatest possible success for this book; the national honour required it of us: in spite of all these considerations we cannot help confessing that the book is obscure—it has consequently fallen dead. Not one of the copies of *Des Cartes* (nine volumes, octavo) which I have met with in the world, has had more than a hundred pages cut. The only one of *Des Cartes* works which is readable now-a-days, is his admirable *Discours sur la Méthode* (one hundred and fifty octavo pages). It is this unhappy reluctance the French have to accept obscure phrases in lieu of sense, which renders them for ever unworthy to adopt the German philosophy. We have just condemned a work on symbolical language, translated from the famous Creutzer, by M. Guigniant, and puffed by M. B. Constant. This book is like the dreams of a sick man.

Imagine a company of agreeable people embarked on board a vessel, and every evening, by way of beguiling the tedium of the voyage, holding a little academy, in which each person reads verse or prose of his own composition. On stormy days, or even on those in which the ship was changing her course, or at times when any thing was to do to her rigging, I imagine you would see the interest the party would take in each other's compositions greatly diminished or entirely destroyed. Just thus has it been with us during the last month.

Thanks to the liberal papers, which are written with a degree of talent, which the literary world of Europe does not perceive, M. de Villèle's

reduction of the three per cents. became an affair which touched the self-love of every intelligent person in Paris. No book could interest us like the shooting of Bessières or the recognition of St. Domingo, where, *horribile dictu!* they drank the health of the Dauphin and the health of Jean Pierre Boyer at the same time. Our imaginations are absorbed and diverted from the charms of literature, by the fatal resemblance between the restoration of the Bourbons and that of Charles II., which daily becomes more striking. This truth begins to be in every mouth. The government has no power but what it derives from the treasury. Never since the cessation of the barbarism of the middle ages, and since Europe has been governed by that monarchy of modern growth, which has brought in its train wit, vanity, and the spirit of competition, has the world beheld the spectacle of a tyranny, exercised in the most arbitrary and the most stupid acts, over a people who have preserved the privilege of turning them into ridicule the next morning. You must see that M. de Villèle and M. Corbière have thus usurped the whole province of comedy. There is nothing this month so ludicrous as these gentlemen—they have a complete monopoly of the ridiculous. Consider that this is the most sarcastic people in the universe—that the greatest Lord among them is uneasy in the midst of his splendour, if he feels that he is ridiculous in the eyes of the haberdasher next door. We all know that the unhappy Ministers who, as the price of their power, suffer themselves to be held up to public scorn and laughter every morning, are as vain, if not more so, than the rest of their countrymen. An article of M. Fléville's, in the *Débats*, has put M. de Villèle in a rage for four and twenty hours—has hindered him from working, from eating, from sleeping, and has driven him to maltreat and abuse those unfortunate men of letters sold to the government, who, to the inexpressible delight of the public, have complained of it to their friends. On that day, a new pamphlet by Voltaire would have been less piquant than the article in the *Débats*, which put the prime Minister in a rage, and, what is better, in an impotent rage. All other nations are tranquil and rational compared to us. The most atrocious abuse of Blackwood's Magazine, or any other journal, *de mauvaise compagnie*, is probably regarded among you as scurrilities worthy of the rabble of St. Giles's and Whitechapel. They cannot, therefore, give you an idea of the anguish inflicted on Messrs. Corbière and de Villèle by an article in the *Débats*, the thoughts of which are furnished by M. Bricogne, the political arguments by M. Bertin de Vaux, and the style by M. de Chateaubriant. At the appearance of such an article, every other subject of conversation is eclipsed—in the drawing-room of the Duchess as well as in that of the banker's wife. All the wits of Paris study, with malicious delight, to guess at the depth of the wounds inflicted on the suffering vanity of M. de Villèle or of M. Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld.

One of the greatest advantages of the present state of society in France is, that women of all ranks have received nearly the same education, and exhibit only slight shades of difference. The basis of this education consists in great gentleness of manners and an extreme respect for whatever is decreed by the majority of society. The rich women, who were eighteen at the time of Napoleon's downfall, may have become insolent, and try to assume the airs of Duchesses for the last two or three years during which the court has been trying to recover its ground, but they are absolute strangers to the innate *morgue* of the people of the old regime. The court is now only a little melancholy and *ennuyé* company in the midst of Paris—nobody pays any attention to it. In 1786 the court was, on the contrary, the soul of Paris; to observe it was the occupation of all France.

The Jesuits at Saint Acheul (near Amiens) and the converts of the sacred college, take especial pains to teach their pupils the art of being insolent. They are incessantly talking to the sons and daughters of nobles of their superiority to the rest of the population. They admit a few plebeian pupils for the express purpose of serving as butts for the arrogance and contempt of the young nobles. Some very curious anecdotes on this subject are current in society, but they are among those things which are delightful at Paris and would be tiresome in London. The absurdity of them is so great and so laughable, that perhaps you would not believe me—so much the worse for you—this is one of the resources of gloomy people against laughing.

One of the works which has experienced the most signal falls among the reading parties assembled in the chateaus, is *Tristan*, a loyal romance of M. de Marchangy's, who has pretended to paint the manners of the fourteenth century, and to excite our regret for their loss. Sir Walter Scott has led us to the study of the middle ages; the more we know of them, the more do they excite our contempt and disgust, we even begin to find out that the Scotch novelist has given too favourable pictures of past times. This, at least, is the remark I have several times heard at the conclusion of the readings which the ultra journals impose upon *good society*. What for instance can be more false and more tedious, than the *Choix des Lettres édifiantes écrites des Missions étrangères*, (8 vols. octavo.) They consist of narratives of the journeys undertaken by missionaries two centuries ago, and were very interesting in the time of Montesquieu, who continually quotes them. A new edition of them is just published, which all women of rank and fashion are forced to buy. It is hoped that they will thus be prevented from reading English travels—all more or less tinged with the unhappy spirit of philosophy. The latter volumes of Madame de Genlis's *Memoirs* have also been a complete failure. They are a tissue of lies, which, for impudence and total defiance of truth, exceed all that has been printed for the last

thirty years. Madame de Genlis betrays the cause of that *good company* of 1780, which it is the apparent end of her falsehoods to exalt. About that time there prevailed an enthusiastic love of virtue, of which General la Fayette is the sole living representative. The memoirs of the Count de Ségur, peer of France, present a picture of that singular period, upon the fidelity of which I intend one of these days to enlarge. Apropos of M. de la Fayette. The grand business of our ministers at this moment, is to prevent his receiving any honours at Havre, where he will land about the end of September. The best book extant about this great man is, the *Mémoires sur M. de la Fayette par M. Tissot*. (2 vols.) M. Tissot's style is affected; it is a model of the false elegance of the style of 1810, but the facts are correctly given. Napoleon and Danton were great from their talents for action, Mirabeau from his eloquence, la Fayette and Carnot from their virtue. Carnot prevented foreigners from overrunning France in 1793, as they did in 1814. Instead of granting us a charter, the Bourbons, led by the emigrants, would then have hung three hundred patriots in every department in France. They had at that time the sentiments which Ferdinand now exhibits in all their beauty in Spain. Of all the great men that I have named, M. de la Fayette is the one whose conduct is the most thoroughly pure: his is a life worthy of the pen of Plutarch. The admirable instances of grandeur and coolness with which it abounds are little known even at Paris. M. de la Fayette has always been too much occupied to write his memoirs. Nothing will be found at his death but the collection of the letters he wrote to his wife from America.

The ministers will double his triumph by hindering the *industriels*, the *operatives*, according to your present slang, of Havre, (that class which in two years will rule in France,) from meeting to greet this venerable and illustrious man on his landing. At the King's breakfast at St. Cloud, the conversation lately fell on General la Fayette. An illustrious princess spoke very unfavourably of him. "Well," said the kind-hearted, amiable Count d'Artois, "as for me, I always liked him extremely. I have very often played at tennis with him. You are always talking of the chivalrous character—there you have a model of it. At nineteen he dined with my grandfather, Louis XV.—he was liked by the mistress—he was well received by every body—he might have been Marshal of France. He rode admirably—almost as well as I did."

Farewell, your's ever,

P. N. D. G.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

It is with great pleasure that we introduce to the notice of our readers one of the finest works in dramatic music that have graced modern times. Spohr's Opera of Faust has given us so much delight, that our criticism must run into panegyric in spite of ourselves. The story of this opera has already furnished the poet and the artist with ample opportunities for the exercise of their imagination, as Mr. Shelley's excellent translations from Goethe and Retsch's Outlines can testify. It was not to be supposed that a subject so well adapted for musical expression, would be left long untouched in a country abounding with composers, and we are happy that it fell into the hands of Spohr, who has added the finishing grace of music in such a way as to leave us nothing to wish.

As this opera and Weber's *Der Freischutz* exhibit one peculiarity in common, namely, the power of music in heightening the effect of the supernatural and terrible, it may be perhaps not quite irrelevant to notice some parts of the latter, which we think admirably conceived, and to show the distinction which exists in the genius of the two composers. Weber is the musician of imagination rather than of feeling and sensibility—his musical thoughts want connexion; and though his opera as a whole is a perfect specimen of consistency and excellent musical design, yet there is a want of selection in his melodies, and of a revelling in harmonious combinations, that will prevent him from ever becoming a truly fascinating writer. To make amends for this, we must say that the incantation scene in the *Freischutz* is almost sublime; the chorus of spirits in the night air, lingering upon one mysterious note, and the awful and subdued chords which are going on in the band all the time, fill us with horror, and make our blood curdle. It was certainly Weber's intention, in this scene, to excite terror, and he has succeeded; although, in the performances at our English theatres, we lose much by not having the whole done in recitative; a melo-dramatic voice from the magic circle destroys all the illusion of the scene, and we are compelled, to our infinite annoyance, to recognise Mr. Bennett. As Spohr's opera has never been performed in England, it is impossible to say whether it produces an equal effect on the stage to the one we have just mentioned; but of the music we may safely affirm, that, with equal power of imagination and poetical fancy, it supplies all the defects of which we have been complaining in Weber, being full of voluptuousness, elegance, and deep feeling. It opens with a minuet of inconceivable grace and beauty, and Faust and Mephistophiles make their appearance. The presence of the latter is generally indicated by an inharmonic transition, or by a change from the major to the minor key; and we may notice an instance of this in the opening recitative, in which Faust concludes upon the dominant

harmony of G minor, and when his companion speaks, instead of the tonic harmony, we are surprised and delighted with the chord of B (natural) minor: this is sufficient to announce a great musician. In the allegro of the first duet, "Oh che gioja che contento," Faust's gaiety of heart and the melancholy of the other are finely contrasted. As this opera is free from the alloy of a single common-place, and presents a succession of beauties from the beginning to the end, we shall not fatigue our readers by particularizing movements with which they are probably unacquainted, but content ourselves with remarking upon the admirable discrimination of character which the composer has shown in the present work, and also upon his talent for opera music in general. The shade of gloom which is discernible on the first entrance of Mephistophiles, becomes darker and more awful as the opera proceeds, and the wild and superhuman energy of his character is expressed by chords which partake of the sublimity of the church style. The scene in which he summons the witch Sycorax to his presence is an instance of it. Faust, joyous and gay at first, gradually partakes more of the melancholy of his companion. The songs of Rosina (the Margaret of the piece) are full of pathos and tenderness, particularly one in the second act—"Vorrei chiarmarmi la sua." We have also a Cunigonda and Ugo, personages who sing very good music, and of course are proportionably interesting: an aria di bravura, "Orsu, Orsu, erudel," by the former, in the first act, is a perfect specimen of that kind of writing. We cannot forbear mentioning, as particular favourites, an air by Ugo, with chorus occasionally interspersed—"Si spera Cunigonda," in the first act, and in the second a bass song by Mephistophiles—"Va stramando guegli ardori," a song by Rosina—"Chi l'amato," and a movement in Tempo di Polacca, in which the different characters of the opera keep up a sort of dialogue, perfectly independent of the pantomime tune which is playing in the band, and the chorus is occasionally introduced, holding on the long notes of the harmony with wonderful effect. It is evident that Spohr has not borrowed any thing from Mr. Braham's celebrated Polacca—"No more by Sorrow," &c. The music appropriated to Mephistophiles and his troop of spirits, in the second act, is of an unearthly sweetness; and the frequent change of time, and the sudden breaking in of the chorus of devils with their despairing jollity, are most admirable. Spohr has certainly taken Mozart for his model in opera music, and he has completed a work which would have added fame to that great master. His basses are particularly fine and melodious, and he distributes the inner parts in a most masterly manner. His accompanied recitatives are admirable specimens of good modulation. We are aware that praise bestowed on a work of such excellence as this becomes cold and ridiculous: if any thing that we have said induces our readers to look into the opera and judge for themselves, our end will be answered. Until two good bass singers can be found in this country, we must not expect to hear it on the

English stage: an expedition to Germany for this purpose would not be a loss of time.

As fine works in church music will always claim our particular attention, we are glad to meet with a new mass of Cherubini, as an excuse for saying something on one of the most erudite composers of the present day. If a contempt for popularity, and an ardent desire for the performance of works which "posterity shall not willingly let die," claim our respect, Cherubini is entitled to it. His compositions are, "caviare to the multitude," but to those who enjoy refined musical ideas, and new combinations in harmony, they furnish a rich treat. The mass opens with a short introduction in D minor. The kyrie consists of three movements—the last a fugue, the subject of which is led off by the contra tenors, piano: it is worked in a free and masterly manner, and most ingeniously accompanied by the orchestra. The whole design of this kyrie is excellent. The opening of the Gloria is full of energy and fire; and it is worth notice in the writings of Cherubini, that although his instrumental accompaniments are so polished, he never neglects the symmetry of his vocal parts. The "Gratias agimus" is a most delightful terzetto, accompanied by a quintett of wind instruments only in addition to the stringed. The construction of this movement reminds us strongly of Haydn's manner, the vocal parts are flowing, and the orchestral effects rich and well contrasted. The introduction to the "Cum sancto Spiritu" is very original, and the fugue which follows is the best specimen of the kind which we have seen from this author. The two subjects are very obliging, and walk about in an easy and unconstrained manner; this movement is an admirable instance of fine part-writing, in which the greatest effect is produced without the least appearance of exertion. The pedal point is satisfactory. We think the "Credo" not in quite so grand a style of composition as that of the last mass. The "Et Incarnatus," introduced by the wind instruments soli, is full of graceful melody, and at the conclusion the violins are left wandering by themselves, as if to find a key, and fix at last upon that of A minor; and at the Crucifixus the voices are brought in tutti pianissimo, holding on one note the dominant of the key, which continues to the end of the movement. The musician has shown consummate art in accompanying this note with the most curious harmonies—and the violins legati, the tenors and basses gently iterated, and the wind instruments breathing in at intervals, form a complete piece of invention in modern scoring. If this movement "smells of the oil," we wish it was a fault that could be found with more of the compositions of the present day. At the end of the "Et Vitam," &c. there is a good Amen fugue, à la Haydn. In the "Benedictus," a part of the mass for which all good composers reserve themselves, and in which Mozart has been so unrivalled, Cherubini has presented us with an entirely new model. Here we have not only those combinations of the stringed instruments

of which he is the inventor, but melodies which actually have the appearance of perfect novelty—an ingredient of great rarity in these times. The "*Dona nobis Pacem*," is a fugue upon two subjects, with a fine brilliant accompaniment for the violins: this is not perhaps in the feeling of the words, but on the Continent it is thought necessary to end a mass with a grand crash.

Cherubini resides at Paris, where we believe his compositions are frequently performed in the King's chapel. He is not a voluminous author like Rossini, but seems content to be occasionally recognised by a few individuals in putting forth a work like the present, every line of which is the very antipode to common-place. Where there is so much invention, design, and exquisite feeling, we are sure that the composer must find his reward in the lasting nature of his works.

Among the lighter publications of the day, we find, lately printed by Clementi & Co. in Cheapside—1. Steibelt's favourite Rondo (a l'Ecosais) arranged for the Violoncello, with accompaniment for a Bass; by J. Peile.—2. Rossini's Overture to *La Cenerentola*, as a Duet for Harp and Piano-forte, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments; by Gustavus Holst.—3. A Series of Preparatory Exercises for the Piano-forte; by J. Clifton.—4. *Adelgitha*, a grand Scena, as sung by Mr. Braham at the Oratorios, &c.; by J. Blewitt.

The first of these is well adapted for the improvement of young performers on the violoncello. Holst's arrangement of Rossini's overture will much gratify those who are fond of this sort of music, and afford young ladies and gentlemen an opportunity of playing in concert. We can recommend Mr. Clifton's Exercises as useful preparatory studies, although most of the passages which he has brought forward for practice may be found at the end of Clementi's Instruction Book. We are much indebted to Mr. Blewitt for his information as to the grandeur of his composition, for we frankly confess we should never have discovered it from our own observation. An alternate supply of pianissimo and fortissimo, with a good allowance of crescendo, &c. &c. constitute the grandeur of a modern scena. For our own parts we are heterodox enough to imagine, that this is hardly sufficient to produce it. Perhaps grandeur may consist in the wrong accentuation of words, or in absurdity. The words of the scena describe a lady suddenly delivered from death by a gallant champion. We can conceive that *Adelgitha*, in the excess of her feelings, might have danced a hornpipe, but that she should have lamented the absence of her lover in a polacca is what we can never believe, although that species of movement is so well calculated for the expression of tender regret. We recommend Mr. Blewitt to be less grand and more natural.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Oxford.—Rev. J. Charles Johnson, BA. to the Vicarage of Whitelackington; Patron, Rev. C. Johnson, MA.—Rev. John Knight, MA. to the Rectory of Huish, Devon; Patron, Lord Clinton.—Ven. and Rev. Justly Hill, MA. to be Archdeacon and Commissary of Buckingham.

Cambridge.—Rev. W. Moore, MA. to the Perpetual Curacy of Spalding.—Rev. G. Mingaye, Rector of Kennet, to be a Surrogate for the Archdeaconry of Sudbury.—Rev. S. Barker, MA. to be Chaplain to the Duke of Yerk.—Rev. James Hamilton John Chichester, MA. to the Rectory of Loxhore, Devon.—Rev. Daniel Nantes, MA. to the Rectory of Powderham, Devon.—Rev. William Johnson, BA. to the Vicarage of Bilsby, Lincolnshire; Patroness, Mrs. Wayte, Stamford.—Rev. C. Paisley Vivian, BCL. to the Vicarage of Wellingborough, in the County of Northampton; Patron, John Vivian, Esq. Portland-place.—Hon. and Rev. A. A. Turnour, to the Vicarage of Besthorpe; Patron, the Earl of Winterton.—Rev. S. Paynter, BA. to the Rectory of Hatford, Berks; Patron, Francis Paynter, Esq.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

- Part I. of a Series of Plates in continuation of Smirke's Illustrations of Shakspeare. The Forget me not.
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 Mignet's History of the French Revolution.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

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BIRTHS.

August 20. The lady of Christopher James Magnay, Esq. a son.

25. At Kensington, the lady of Nassau W. Senior, Esq. a daughter.

27. In Manchester-square, Mrs. Henry Wilson, a son.

28. The lady of Capt. D. Wilson, 7th regiment, Bombay Infantry, a daughter.

— The lady of Joseph Wild, Esq. of Pylewell House, a daughter.

Sept. 3. The lady of Henry Halsey, Esq. a son and heir.

5. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the lady of Thomas P. Lang, Esq. of 13th Light Dragoons, a son.

10. At Thickbroon Cottage, Staffordshire, the lady of John Shawe Manley, Esq. a son.

— At Little Berkhamstead, Herts, the lady of Thomas Daniell, Esq. a daughter.

11. At the Rectory-house, Alderton, Suffolk, the lady of the Rev. William Addington Norton, a son.

12. In George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Henry Englefield, a daughter.

16. Mrs. Wright, of Euston-square, a son.

— The lady of Joshua Stranger, Esq. of Lansdown-place, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

August 22. At Twyford, Bucks, W. E. Gell, Esq. to Jane, daughter of the late Rev. W. Perkins late vicar of Kingsbury, Somerset.

— At Brighton, Thomas Lisle Follet, of Lyme, Dorsetshire, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, to Letitia, widow of Major-General Norton Poulett.

23. At Great Dunmow, Joseph Fraser Lightbourn, Esq. Gentleman Commoner of Jesus College, Oxford, and only child of Fraser Lightbourn, Esq. of the Island of Bermuda, to Eliza Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Alex. Richardson.

25. At St. Cuthbert's Wells, Somersetshire, Edmund Griffin, Esq. of Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, to Maria, second daughter of the late Thomas Fuller, Esq. of Wells.

27. At Stoke Church, near Guilford, the Rev. Henry Withy, of Merton College, Oxford, to Emily second daughter of James Mangles, Esq. of Woodbridge-cottage.

30. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Charles Henry Okey, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, to Eliza Dunbar, only child of the late Captain William Tod, of the 92d regiment.

— At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Henry Hopley White, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, to Catharine Sarah, third daughter of the late Colonel Daere.

Sept. 1. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, William Frederick Spackman, Esq. of Cornhill, and Burton-Crescent, youngest son of Thomas Spackman, Esq. sen. Paulton House, Bradford, Wilts, to Isabella Ann, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Scott, Esq.

— At St. George's, Bloomsbury, the Rev. E. Andrew Irvine, of Charterhouse, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Rawlinson, Esq. of Russell-square.

— At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, David Martineau, Esq. of Tulse-hill, to Catherine Edgar, daughter of Dr. Hyde, of Paris.

— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Douglas, youngest son of James Halford, Esq. of Piccadilly, and of Laleham, in Middlesex, to Emma Matilda, only daughter of the late Richard Sumner, Esq. of Shackelford, in the county of Surrey.

5. At St. John's, Charles Offley, Esq. of Upfield Lodge, to Arabella Theresa, youngest daughter of Thomas Martin, Esq. of that city, and of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Military Service.

7. At St. James's, Garlick Hithe, C. Henry Blake, Esq. of Poorneah, Bengal, to Frances, eldest daughter of the late William Denis, Esq. of Thames-street.

— At St. Dunstan's in the West, John Cole, Esq. of the Inner Temple and Serjeants'-inn, to Martha, second daughter of William Smart, Esq. of Titchbourne-street.

8. At St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, Luke Hall Clarkson, Esq. of West Basham Hall, Norfolk, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Wordingham, Esq. of Reephram.

— At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Bromley, John Williams, Esq. M. P. for Lincoln, to Harriet Catharine, only daughter of D. Davenport, Esq. M. P. for the county of Chester.

— At Norton, in Suffolk, John Thomas Selwin, Esq. of Down Hall, Essex, and Bosmere, Suffolk, to Isabella, second daughter to the late Gen. Leveson Gower, of Bill Hall, Berkshire.

— At Badsworth, in the county of York, Adam Hodgson, Esq. of Liverpool, to Emily Catharine fourth daughter of the Rev. Henry W. Champneys, Rector of Badsworth.

9. At Newton Kyme, Yorkshire, Randal Gossip, Esq. 3rd Foot Guards, to Christiana, only daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, of Newton Kyme.

12. John Vincent Thompson, Esq. second son of J. Thomas Thompson, Esq. late M. P. for Midhurst, to Margaret, only daughter of John Alderson, M. D. of Hull.

— At Great Houghton, Northamptonshire, Dr. Robert Silleny, Medical Staff, to Frances, third daughter of the Rev. Richard Williams, Rector of Houghton, &c.

14. At All Souls' Church, St. Mary-la-bonne, Captain Lewin, R. N. to Jane, widow of the late William Plumer, Esq. M. P.

15. The Hon. and Rev. Robert Eder, Rector of Eyam, to Mary, eldest daughter of Francis Hurst, Esq. of Alderwasley, Derbyshire.

DEATHS.

August 20. In March-street, Walthamstow, James Corbett, Esq. in his 74th year.

— At Streatham, Jane, wife of Ralph Fenwick, Esq.

21. Mary, wife of Thomas Costellow, Esq. of Tottenham.

23. At Nottingham, Charles, eldest son of W. Robert Keith Douglas, Esq. M. P.

24. At Southampton, George Redman Hulbert, of Aston Lodge, in the county of Derby, Esq.